LIVES

THE MOST CELEBRATED

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

BY

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[Mr. W. C. Macready, as "King John."

WE DESPATCH OUR PREFACE WITH DUE CELERITY.

THIS work has been undertaken for the sole purpose of giving to the world correct and unbiassed narratives of the merits and demerits of our principal Actors and Actresses, and also of their "travels, history," with other interesting matter concerning them. Their invaluable labours claim for them a footing with the other "Children of the Muse," whose genius lives in their works, and are thus handed down to admiring generations. A tablet of the actor's intellectual power should accompany them; his services will therefore be displayed in this "Chronicle of his Mission."

NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

W. C. MACREADY AND HIS FATHER.

William Macready, the late author, actor, metropolitan and provincial manager, and father of the present eminent actor, was a native of Dublin, where he was bred to the business of an upholsterer, by his father, who, at that time, carried on that business there to a considerable extent. William,* however, having during his apprenticeship cultivated a taste for the stage, was in a manner permitted to indulge his favourite predilection; and William, accordingly, exchanged the muslin and damask curtains of the Irish nobility for the more suitable *green* baize of Smock-alley, or Crow-street Theatres. His endeavours at the outset being crowned with success,* he joined a strolling company; and, having performed on almost all the Irish boards, enduring many of those *agreeable* vicissitudes which the learned declare are necessary to make us understand what *true* pleasure is, he returned to Dublin, and joined Richard Daly's company, with whom Mr. Macready was, when Charles Macklin, then in the 87th year of his age, paid one of his last visits (spring of 1786) to the green isle. The latter, desirous of performing *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant*, in his own comedy of the "*Man of the World*," he allotted the part of *Egerton* to the manager, Mr. Daly; but the churlish veteran, Macklin, giving his instructions at rehearsal so harshly, Mr. Daly resigned the *rôle* to Mr. Macready, who wisely took advantage of the manager's imprudence, and at once made the opportunity serve as a stepping-stone to fame. He paid so much attention to the peculiarities of the character, and performed it so much to the author's satisfaction, that he procured him an engagement for the following season at Covent Garden Theatre, which proved Mr. Macready had embarked on the flood tide of his affairs, leading him quickly on to fortune. His *debut* before the criticising eye of the London audience was on the opening night of the season, September 18th, 1786, in the character of *Flutter*, "*Belle's Stratagem*," of which a respectable print of the time gives the following notice:

"The Theatre of Covent Garden opened for the season, with the comedy of the "*Belle's Stratagem*," to which the restoration of Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Mattocks gave it original sprightliness and vigour. The part of *Flutter* was played by Mr. Macready, from Dublin, whose person and features, though neither strickingly elegant or expressive, are sufficiently neat and regular to qualify him for the representation of a variety of comic characters. He bustled through

* No place like Ireland for the cultivation of the children of Thespis.

Flutter with tolerable success; but the part does not show scope enough to enable the comedian to display his powers to full advantage."

His success was so far complete, that the manager prevailed on Mr. Macready to repeat the character, on the first visit of the king and queen to the theatre, which took place on the following Friday, September 22nd, and the performance established Mr. Macready's reputation as a comedian.

This was the first time their Majesties had visited a theatre since the attempt of Margaret Nicholson to stab the king. The choice of such a part as *Flutter* for a metropolitan *debut* was the subject of some observation, though the prudence of Mr. Macready's appearing in that character was obvious. In Ireland, by ingrafting his own peculiarities into the part, he had made it almost his own; and Richard Daly, as manager of Smock-alley Theatre, in opposition to Mr. Ryder, of Crow-street, displayed considerable spirit and judgment. He not only had the best company Ireland could then produce, but engaged the principle London stars, got up the most celebrated pieces as soon as they were established in London, and particularly the "*Belle's Stratagem*," which, at Dublin, had a considerable run, and was represented with magnificence not at all inferior to Covent Garden. During the next and succeeding seasons, Mr. Macready played some of the walking gentlemen, and had now become famous, from his being able to double many of the Irish characters of the celebrated John Johnstone. Before the latter made the attempt, Irishmen were badly supported at all the London Theatres. Moody lacked the *spirit;* Rock wanted more *refinement;* and Robert Palmer, to fill up the vacuum, made some laudable attempts, but was deficient in the great principle, *nature*. Johnstone's humour was genuine and characteristic. Macready was his countryman, with experience on the Irish boards; and though not townsmen, were intimately acquainted with each other in Dublin. When in London, they played, season after season, on the same stage, with success, Macready still profiting by the existing friendship. Moody and Palmer were both Englishmen, and talented they were; but Rock was an Irishman, a jewel wanting the lapidary's skill; he had spirit and humour too; rough, but natural. Macready, as will be seen, turned manager. Johnstone in a few years retired, and Rock was recalled (September, 1803) to succeed. Churchill speaks of the noble-spirited Moody, as an actor, in high terms; but then Churchill knew nothing of Rock or Johnstone. The mantle of the former evidently fell upon that Hibernian satellite, Charles Connor; and that of the latter served to shroud in eternal night poor Connor's worthy successor, the unfortunate Tyrone Power. Kilkenny produced the former two, and Dublin and Waterford the two latter.

During Mr. Macready's leisure hours, he had been tempted to turn his literary abilities to some trifling account, and in 1792, produced a farce at Covent Garden Theatre, called "*The Irishman in London*," of which he was the author of three scenes only, the part of *Edward* being taken *verbatim* from James Whitely's (an ever cherished name, the Webster of the provinces) "*Intriguing Footman*, or *the Humours of Humbug*." Mr. Macready was at this period living in

Charles-street, Fitzroy-square;* where on the 3rd of March, 1793, the present William Charles Macready, and subject of this memoir, was born, the first child of a happy union. In the course of the following season, our hero's father foolishly suffered his name to appear as the author of "*The Village Lawyer*," a farce, of which it appears he had not the honour of writing a single line. It is an adaption from the French, by Mr. Charles Lyons, a gentleman who at the time of his altering the piece for the Irish stage, was the conductor of an academy near Dublin, where he was living in 1834. This plagiarism is certainly not very creditable to the memory of Mr. Macready, it is a species of humbug not entertained in the present day, and a disease our legislature has done well to remedy. In the beginning of 1795, new pieces seem to have crowded in upon the management of Covent Garden Theatre, and Mr. Macready was cast somewhat stronger than usual. In "*The Mysteries of the Castle*," he was the *Bernardo;* in "*Crotchet Lodge*," *Dashly;* in "*England Preserved*," the *English Squire;* and in "*Windsor Castle*," *Spencer*. On the first of May, he produced for his friend Johnstone's benefit, a comedy, called "*The Bank Note, or Lessons for Ladies*." This piece is judiciously cut down from William Taverner's "*Artful Husband*," and is worthy of any stage; but an esteemed poet says:

> "I hate the man who builds his fame
> Upon the ruins of anothers name."

Soon after this Macready became manager of the Birmingham Theatre, and having left Covent Garden entirely in consequence of a disagreement about salary, opened the Royalty Theatre, on the plan of Sadler's Wells, for the winter season. This scheme, like a similar one which but a short time previous had been attempted by John Palmer, proved unsuccessful; though Palmer, in the first instance, endeavoured to open and establish the New Royalty on a footing with the then so-called major-houses, and, with no legal authority, persevered with Roman-like resolve against the patented power of the Covent Garden and Drury Lane managers. It was under John Palmer's management, and just before Mr. Macready took the Royalty, that the little Jew boy, who afterwards become the finest tenor in all Europe, warbled forth for the second time, "*The Soldier Tired*." Mr. Macready now determined on pushing his fortune in the English provinces, as manager of some of the principal Theatres; on the close of the season at Birmingham he opened at Sheffield, and subsequently undertook the entire management of the Newcastle, Carlisle, Berwick, and Bristol Theatres. His company at Birmingham generally consisted of the best performers of the London winter theatres. Under his banners, at this famous school for Thespian candidates, the late Daniel Egerton, after applying in vain to London managers for an engagement, found here a refuge, were for two years he continued to display those powers that were afterwards to ripen to perfection. Here too was fostered the rising talent of the famous Sally Booth, on whom Mr. Macready bestowed both time and patience, a labour which made his pupil's *Duke of York* and *Prince Arthur* renowned, as having been taught under a rare school of cultivation. Mrs. Macready, who was also an actress, died in 1804. In the summer of that year, the following re-

markable circumstance occurred; Mr. Macready having heard so much of the success of Master Betty, at Edinburgh, wrote to Mr. Jackson the manager, to engage the boy for a few nights, to appear at his theatre at Birmingham, and to make the best terms he could effect. Jackson accordingly engaged him at the rate of ten pounds a-night, and Macready was rejoiced to get him so *cheap*. When the boy arrived at Birmingham, the manager at the appearance of one so young (near 13), was struck with dismay, and conceived that after the first night, he would play to empty benches. Having manifested his fears to the friends of the boy, they agreed to dissolve the contract, but asked what terms the manager proposed to indemnify the youth for so long a journey as from Edinburgh to Birmingham. The manager offered, after deducting sixty pounds for the expenses of the house, to divide the profits with the boy. The offer was accepted, and the youth's performances were attended with such extraordinary success, that Macready, according to the new plan, paid him at the rate of more than *fifty pounds* a-night, instead of *ten*. During Mr. Macready's management at Sheffield in the following year, he was fortunate enough to enlist into his company, that sterling comedian, the late Daniel Terry, who for the first time approached the foot-lights of a theatre, in the subordinate part of *Tressel*, in "*Richard the Third*." Mr. Macready now undertook the management of other provincial theatres, but soon after, from the immense outlay that was necessary to keep his company and theatre in anything like working trim, his affairs unfortunately became embarrassed, and only through the multiplicity of his concerns, did a temporary disbandment of his forces take place. Miss Booth retired to Tate Wilkinson, at York, from whence her journey to London was at once made certain. Terry also went to the north, and joined Stephen Kemble's company. Ultimately, Mr. Macready seceded from the management of the Sheffield company, and undertook that of the Manchester, which theatre he opened on the 12th June, 1807, with an excellent working company; but here he failed, and in 1809 became a bankrupt. His career as an actor is not in any way marked with those vivid delineations of character, which characterise the son; apart from his Irish performances, the pinnacle of his fame rests on the *Bastard*, in "*Lear*," and *William*, in "*The Way to keep Him;*" both of which characters he personated with great applause at Covent Garden. Here I must take leave of the father to pursue the course of his son, that son, whose name has long been associated with the exquisite pleasures of the noble, the opulent, and the polished, throughout every city of Europe and America.

After having been the usual time at a private academy, our hero was removed to Rugby school, in Warwickshire, and received his education under that accomplished scholar the late Dr. Arnold. Mr. Macready's talents and industry were so beneficially exerted, that few students have left that seminary with a higher reputation for classical acquirement. It has been asserted, that he was intended for the church, and for which profession he for many years retained a marked preference; this, however, is not the case, he being designed for *the Bar*, but having through *circumstances* been disappointed, these predeterminations were at once abandoned, and our hero, crowned with academic honours, deserted *Coke* and *Littleton*, for the stirring scenes

of dramatic life, and before he had attained the age of seventeen, fitted on the sock, and strutted in the buskin.

The character he chose for his *debut* was *Romeo*, and stood forth as the representative of the love-sick youth of old Verona, in June, 1810, at Birmingham. The applause he received decided him in his choice, and from that hour he determined

> "To wake the soul by gentle strokes of art;
> To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

By those who knew the young aspirant in those days, he is represented as having been the best tempered youth possible; all life and gaiety, and an enthusiastic admirer of comic pantomime.

On leaving Birmingham, our hero visited the principle towns in which his father managed; and, at length, in 1813 and 1814, performed with undiminished success at Liverpool, Dublin, Newcastle, and Bath, where he immediately became a favourite. His fame flew before him to the metropolis, and he was now solicited by the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre to accept of a temporary engagement, but he wisely declined their offer. At this time Mr. Macready attempted dramatic composition, and produced, May 20th, 1814, at Newcastle, a romance, founded on Sir W. Scott's "*Rokeby*," the principal part in which he performed himself; the whole was eminently successful.

He entered into a lucrative engagement with the Bath managers, and appeared there as a *star*, December 29th, as *Romeo*. Overtures were now made to him from the directors of Drury Lane Theatre, whose offer he accepted, and after again visiting his father's theatres, namely, Birmingham, Leicester, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he entered into a negociation with the managers of old Drury, which negociation (as the theatre was then, 1815, managed by *Amateurs*,* instead of professionals), like many others, was never concluded, and Mr. Macready remained in the provinces. However, in the June following, the proprietors of Covent Garden again solicited him for the winter season, for which he was finally engaged.

Mr. Macready was at this time only twenty-three years of age, and few men (perhaps none so young) appear to have risen in the profession so thoroughly from their own merit as he had done, and though the proprietors of the two principal London Theatres had offered him engagements, he was but little heard of by the public. Like Edmund Kean of the same day, and Walter Shelley, or Couldock, of the present, until the histrionic merits of the former had been stamped by the metropolitan seal, his name was comparatively unknown. Mr. Macready's appearance at Covent Garden, was not preceded by any of that contemptible flourish, or audience-packing preparation, which so signally failed at the same theatre, on Saturday, December 28th, 1844. No venal critics lavished their eulogiums on him; no large letter distinctions to tell the public with what rapture, brilliant, and overflowing audiences, had witnessed his performances; nor had he the aid of despicable newspaper puffs, either preliminary, direct, or oblique. There were no pompous notices of his "exits and entrances"

* Lord Byron and the Hon. Mr. Kinnaird, were voted out of the Sub-committee of Drury Lane Theatre, Nov. 12th, 1816.

to and from his provincial engagements. He was esteemed as a good melo-dramatic performer, and the style in which he supported the long round of characters in that line, led the virtuoso to look for Mr. Macready's appearance in the metropolis with pleasure, and gradually induced both manager and the impartial few, to suspect that his talents were adapted to a wider field.

As is usual with the generality of first appearances, the announcement attracted a crowded audience; amongst whom, was the then idol, Edmund Kean, and a large party of theatrical friends.

On Monday, September 16th, 1816, Mr. Macready made his bow to a Covent Garden audience, as *Orestes*, in Ambrose Phillips' tragedy of "*The Distressed Mother*."* The late distinguished critic, William Hazlitt, at once pronounced him to be the best actor that had appeared since J. P. Kemble. Another writer, speaking of his *debut*, says, "Mr. Macready possesses a nice discrimination, with an energy and truth of expression at once recognised as original. An acute and forcible display of the dark and ungracious emotions of the mind, spirit and strength of delineation, mingled with some frequent intervals of laxity and inattention." Our hero has certainly never retrograded from the enviable position then assigned to him by these eminent witnesses of his arduous undertaking. Nevertheless, *Orestes* is one of the last characters a performer should have selected for his *debut*, as that play is so dull and prosy in itself, that it offers no chance of keeping an audience in good humour, although, fortunately for our hero, it is free from that bombast which so generally disgraces modern tragedies; such a commencement, however, rendered Mr. Macready's success the more triumphant, and the fact of his being badly supported in the cast (*Andromache*, Mrs. J. Glover, who removed from Drury Lane on purpose for this character; *Hermione*, Mrs. Egerton), argues that success, though unquestionable somewhat extraordinary. The choice of resting his fame on such a part was, like that of his father's, the subject of much observation, but the prudence of appearing in a character that no one had played for many years (save young Betty) was obvious; for, at this time, the illustrious trio, like a giant league, breathed and moved, and had its being. The romantic actor, Kean, with majesty of soul, the English Crichton, C. Kemble, with majesty of person, and the classic actor, Charles Young, with other good names and true, were then in the zenith of their popularity, and continued, in the eyes of their respective supporters, to be at the summit of dramatic excellence, consequently the Keanites and Kembleites were "a tower of strength," and our hero's station, while struggling with this powerful rivalry, to press his claims upon public notice, was necessarily a subordinate one.

The following is from the *Theatrical Inquisitor*, a print of the day:—

"Mr. Macready's performance of *Orestes* is, in many parts, very fine. Not being used to a large theatre, an allowance must be made for his voice being occasionally too low. Some of his tones remind us of Mr. Elliston, who, we apprehend, has been Mr. Macready's model. Those who recollect Mr. Holman† in *Orestes*, will be de-

* This play is very old, having been first produced at Drury Lane in 1712, and was the first production of the author's muse.

† Joseph G. Holman, author and actor.

lighted with the superiority of this young man's performance. His love, his apprehensions, his hopes, and his despair, were admirably depicted; and his mad scene was a natural picture of insanity."

Till within a short time (Christmas, 1814) previous of this date, our young actor may be considered as under his father's tuition; but now sufficiently matured in his own arduous profession, the old managerial captain launched his son into the sea of criticism, to baffle, without a pilot, against prejudice and party feeling. Nevertheless, his appearance was significant of his future fame, and the anouncement of Mr. Macready's name for re-appearance was received with three distinct rounds of applause.* He repeated the character several times; but, as I have said before, there is not sufficient spirit in the play to carry the excitement of an audience through its representation. It therefore failed to prove attractive, and was withdrawn, to be succeeded by a revival of "*The Italian Lover*," in which our hero gave great satisfaction, by a trial of his powers, in the uncomparative part of *Montevoli*. The "*Slave*" was next revived, and by a most vivid delineation of *Gambia*, he confirmed the most sanguine presages of improving talent, and succeeded in gaining a position on the metropolitan boards. This performance at once brought him to the pinnacle of his ambition; and Mr. Macready was cast for Shakspeare's *Othello;—Iago*, Mr. Young. He afterwards sustained, with various success, *Iago* and *Beverley;* but when placed in conjunction with Young, and C. Kemble, as *Pescara*, in the "*Apostate*," he shone forth a great and original genius, and his talent as a first-rate actor was conceded on all hands. His continued success, however, was unfortunately accompanied with bickerings and jealousies; and, to the lasting disgrace of the Covent Garden management, Mr. Macready was for some time shelved, or only brought forward to form a comparative trio with the above gentlemen, in "*Proof Presumptive*," "*Castle of Tarento*," "*Castle of Peluzzi*," and in other such like pieces, as will presently be seen.

In 1817, Mr. Macready's father held the Berwick Theatre for the last time. Indeed he was the last manager who, while holding the Newcastle and Edinburgh Theatres, made *detours* to Berwick, since Stephen Kemble first established a theatre there in 1794, the whole of which was destroyed by fire, in January, 1845. In March, 1819, the veteran manager opened the Bristol Theatre, with an excellent company, among whom was the then famous, but ill-used, actor, Booth, now in America. This gentleman had promised Mr. Macready, senior, that, on his taking his benefit at Bristol (Tuesday, June 15), he would sustain the part of *Colonna*, in Mr. Shiel's new tragedy of "*Evadne;*" but, on the rising of the curtain, Mr. Booth was found wanting, and Mr. Cresswell was substituted. This affair was then known as the Bristol *fracas*. Mrs. Macready, the manager's second wife, and widow, continues in the management of this theatre to the present day (January, 1847), and on the close of the Bristol season, she has made *detours* to Cardiff, &c. Under Mr. Macready's banners, at Bristol, the famous vocal actress, Miss Amelia A. George, made her first public appearance.

* The silly custom of calling before the curtain the successful performer was not then in fashion.

"*Evadne*" was produced at Covent Garden, in February, 1819, with the following powerful cast:—

King of Naples	W. Abbott (dead).
Vicentio	C. Kemble.
Colonna	C. Young.
Ludovico	W. C. Macready.
Evadne	Miss O'Neil.
Olivia	Mrs. Faucit.

The part of *Ludovico* appears to have been written for the peculiar *forte* of our hero, and on which the whole of the play hinges.

If, in the present day, any established proof of Mr. Macready's early abilities be found wanting, or of the estimation in which his histrionic talents were held, we have but to refer to the above undeniable fact; namely, that of a young man under twenty-six years of age, with little more than two years of metropolitan experience, having the production of a well-known and successful author entrusted to his care, and that, too, with such great actors as Young, C. Kemble, and Abbott, playing second, and third-rate to him, it goes far to prove that even then he was not second to either.

"*The Heart of Midlothian*," altered from the original Surrey piece by T. Dibdin, was first acted at Covent Garden, April 17, 1819, in which Mr. Macready, as *Geordie Robertson*, gave to the part a most effective colouring; in the scene where he fell upon his knees and hid his face in his hands upon his suddenly recognising his father, was very impressive, and displayed a just conception of his author. The late Mr. Liston, was the *Dumbedikes;* the late Mrs. C. Kemble, the *Madge Wildfire;* and *Jeanie* and *Effie Deans*, were personated by Miss Stevens and Miss Beaumont. On Wednesday, May 12th, 1819, Mr. Maturin's tragedy of "*Fredolfo*," was produced at Covent Garden, and though most admirably acted, was not permitted by the audience to be announced for repetition; the subjoined is the cast:—

Fredolfo	C. Young.
Count Wallenberg	W. C. Macready.
Adelmar	C. Kemble.
Berthold	F. H. Yates (dead).
Urilda	Miss O'Neil.

Several other pieces were occasionally produced, but, like the above, they came like shadows and departed after the same fashion, until "*Rob Roy*," with its amazing run, brought our hero's powers fairly into play, and raised him more into general notice, than any other melo-dramatic character he had personated. His style of rendering this undaunted freebooter is well known, and generally admired. The lofty daring, the deep feeling, the affection of the father, battling with the prejudices of the wild and hardy highland cateran; the galling recollections of unmerciful persecution, knew no respite in the proud high-souled Macgregor, whose free and noble nature had been warped and goaded by most cruel wrongs, and which filled him with an unquenchable thirst for revenge against its instigators, who have made the name of Macgregor as a spell, to conjure up the wild devil with, formed in Mr. Macready's hands, one of the most high-wrought pictures the stage is capable of representing. *Rob Roy* is a *bad* man, a

rebel, a depredator, from relative circumstances; but from inherent principle he is a good, generous, and brave man, possessing more wisdom than subtilty; and the distinguishing features of whose character, our hero delineates even to its varying shades, without rendering either inimical to an adverse feeling. His free careless step, and confident bearing, perfectly realises the admirable portrait of the Gregarach drawn by the powerful pen of Sir W. Scott. It was the conception of a mind both vigorous and poetic; indeed it may be said, in this character Mr. Macready achieved one of his greatest triumphs. *Rob Roy* brought him forth like a meteor from among the then existing stars; in *Rob Roy* he stood, as it were, alone, it was a hard battle that he fought, but it was a deserved victory he won.

It may here be remarked, that our hero had not as yet grappled much with the creations of our elder dramatists. *Othello* and *Iago*, being the only characters in which the town had seen him. He had not, therefore, done justice to his own genius; but now, having obtained so firm a footing, he no doubt entertained similar views, and felt himself prepared to try a fall with his illustrious contemporaries and their predecessors, of whom it has been said, did so powerfully conceive and skilfully enact Shakspeare's greatest heroes; that *with the frequent embodiment*, they had made the very best parts entirely their own.*

* All this is easy to be accounted for, and with all deference due to the exalted talents of the living and the dead, it is an undeniable fact that these very great actors were not altogether, by their superior talents, the means of stamping to perpetuity their fame, in connection with the mighty creations of dramatic genius; but, in great part, by their managerial station or proprietorship having full sway over every being and act concerned in their dramatic temple. As soon as their talents on the stage were acknowledged to be above mediocrity, and their parsimonious or money-grubbing character would warrant the means, these actors immediately aimed at becoming manager, part proprietor, or sole lessee. During their *Cæsar*-like reign at either house, no actor would have dared to let his tongue wag about *his* making a hit in this or that character, or even of his being successful in the provinces in such and such a part, if the same was in the *role* and budget of *Cæsar* or of *Cæsar's* friend. Witness the base conduct of Garrick to his friend and benefactor, the sterling old actor, Giffard; John P. Kemble's unmanly behaviour towards the late Mr. Archer—wrongs that Mr. Colman saw, and openly helped to redress. Elliston shelved many; and harrowing is the story which the living exile, Booth, has told, and can again tell. Macready himself has known and felt the selfish sin committed by managerial diction; he, in turn, became lessee and manager, and King Macready, in turn, shelved Elton, Diddear, and others. A volume may be written on *mis*management; but the first principle of good management is simply this:—

Honest Proprietor—Are you an actor?

Applicant—No.

Honest Proprietor—Are you capable of managing my theatre?

Applicant—Most assuredly yes.

Honest Proprietor—Then take the helm sir—you're the man for me.

This done, the actor has then some chance; his favourite element, a clear stage, is, at least, rid of those merciless shoals and breakers on which some of the brightest talent have been foundered and lost. It is but just to state that, as managers, this brief but faithful philippic does not apply to either B. Webster, T. J. Serle, J. Cooper, W. H. Murray, or J. Munro; they are, together with some few others, the honourable exceptions to the general rule; gentlemen, in the fulness of the word, to whom no actor or actress can say, "You have, by your imperious conduct to raise yourself, cramped my nature, made me your fag, the automaton of the hour. As an actor, you have broken the brotherly tie that till death should have existed between us; and sent me, like a cur, with eyes brim full of midnight tears, to a home that should have been a glad retreat, a joyous requital for my pain; but what is now a miserable receptacle for one who is so wretched, and whose heart you have so crushed, that I hardly care the knowing."

That many wicked realities of such piteous scenes have been, is not more true than that such do exist—the relation of *one* would, indeed, be a painful story—the majority of which come of long (though but short-sighted) engagements.

I would ask, is it anything but that of being the *major domo*, or renter of a corrupt theatre, that has kept either Bunn or Osbaldiston on the tide of theatrical popularity?—Certainly not. Place either on their talents for fame or bread, and then behold the speedy ebb of their affairs.

Nevertheless, Mr. Macready, with a full knowledge of this, was not the actor to be deterred, and again entered the field as a Shakspearean hero, in the character of *Coriolanus*, in which he created very great sensation, even his enemies acknowledged it was an excellent performance, but in truth, Mr. Macready, as *Coriolanus*, is wanting in the dignity and grandeur of the noble-minded Roman. In April, 1820, Morton's comedy of "*Henri Quatre*" was produced at Covent Garden, in which Mr. Macready greatly distinguished himself in the principal character. This play came to the Covent Garden management most opportunely, for at this time Edmund Kean was at Drury Lane, playing the whole round of his characters, and something more, previous to his departure for America. It may not, therefore, be out of place to remark, that in January, his *Coriolanus* contributed nothing to his deserved reputation. In February, his *Othello* was brilliantly successful, as was also his *Lear*, in April. A short time previous to this, Mr. Kean had suggested to Mr. J. S. Knowles, that the death of the Roman maid, *Virginia*, would form a fit subject, on which to found a play. Knowles, who had previously entertained the same ideas, now set to work on this very fitting theme, and ultimately produced to the world his noble tragedy of "*Virginius*."* But ere he trusted it to the criticising eye of a London audience, he secured for it provincial honours at Glasgow, were Mr. John Cooper undertook the part of the hero, and was highly successful.

On the 17th of May, 1820, the tragedy was produced at Covent Garden, for the purpose of Mr. Macready sustaining the part of *Virginius*. The subjoined is the cast:—

Appius	W. Abbott (dead).
Virginius	W. C. Macready.
Icilius	C. Kemble.
Virginia	Miss Foote.

Shortly after Miss Beaumont sustained *Virginia*.

The production of this fine play was an era in the dramatic world. At this time the legitimate drama was at a low ebb, and was still, from an utter want of brilliancy of the essential attributes—soul-stirring pathos and inspiring poetry in authorship, fast sinking; there was poverty of invention in almost all produced, therefore not durable, and indeed little worthy of preservation. The new lustre of Knowles' tragedy, formed of the noblest sentiments of humanity, made such an impression on the minds of the public, as almost to electrify them, and showed that he had struck the chord which harmonised with their own

The esteemed names of Cooke and Young do not, nor ever will, live in theatric fame, as those of Garrick and Kemble. As men and actors, they were equal; but they were never great as sole lessees or managers.

Is not the classic dignity and assumed grandeur of Vandenhoff's *Coriolanus*, *Othello*, and *Creon*, in every way equal to J. P. Kemble's heavy and solemn style of acting? Who, that has witnessed Dowton, in his day, assume characters considered out of his line, but will at once acknowledge that his declamation was superior to John Philip Kemble's?—who, by the by, was an excessive mannerist, a defect which is, to the present day (as in the case of William Farren), mistaken for genius.

We have good actors now, and *great* ones too, though they have not the great aristocratic patronage bestowed upon them, as the great manager, J. P. Kemble, and the youthful Betty had had.

With the sublime Siddons it is a very different thing. Perhaps the world may never again behold in woman such a concentration of histrionic abilities.

* A play on the same subject, and with the same title, had been previously written.

feelings, and which continues to vibrate in the hearts of every honest Briton.

In the assumption of the hero, Mr. Macready achieved the greatest triumph of his art, and added to *Orestes*, *Gambia*, and *Rob Roy*, that of *Virginius*. In either of these characters the actor attains the highest pinnacle of dramatic imagery. The union of intellect, of boldness, of beauty of delivery, and grace, renders every scene in which he is concerned most effective. The great success of this play, and its long run, had such a magnetic effect upon the Old Dury visitors, that Mr. Kean, instead of sustaining any of his celebrated characters for his benefit, which took place in June, he was compelled to have recourse to novelty, or play to comparative empty benches; and this, on the eve of his departure for America, was somewhat disheartening. "*Admirable Crichton*" was, therefore, got up solely for this night, in the performance of which Mr. Kean sung, danced, and fenced, and was to have harlequinaded, but that he sprained his ancle. July, Drury Lane was shut; but, on Covent Garden closing at the latter end of that month, Drury Lane again opened in August, when Mr. Kean, in part of this and the following month, repeated all his principal characters, Mr. Booth playing with him, who on the 19th of August, sustained *Iago*, to Mr. Kean's *Othello*. On the 17th of September, he took his farewell of the Drury Lane audience in a neat address, and set out for Liverpool, prepared for his embarkation to New York. On the 9th of September, that very clever actor, Alexander Rae, died, which circumstance produced the following well-written lines:—

"Mourn, Drury; mourn thy half-deserted scene,
Thy triumph once, thy sorrow now is Kean;
And in fresh gloom to wrap thy setting day,
Lost is thy other son, extinct thy Rae:
Hope's anchor weigh'd, with swelling sails unfurl'd.
This seeks 'another,'—*that* 'a better world.'"

Thus, we see, that on the re-opening of both Theatres in October, Mr. Macready and the other stars of Covent Garden, were left in undisputed possession of the field, which gave our hero every opportunity of displaying to advantage the round of Shakspearean characters, his great rival had, as it were, in the arena of competition bequeathed him. Macready speedily took his place, the path if not open, was distended, though with long and toilsome steps in the ascent, to the throne of dramatic supremacy. And, perhaps, never was there a more anxious assemblage than when he made his bow as *Richard the Third*, which took place on the 25th of October, only fourteen days after Kean had sailed. This was a part Mr. Macready was as anxious to appear in, as Mr. Kean had been to appear in "*King Lear;*" and, like that "great master's" personation, it fell somewhat below the scale in which his admirers had anticipated it would have been placed. Indeed, to appear in this character so shortly after Cooke, Kemble, Kean, and Young, had engrafted on it their own peculiar excellences, was a task of more than ordinary daring; but the result proved it was not a presumptuous attempt. In the scene where *Richard*, after anxiously pressing *Tyrell* upon the subject of the young princes' murder, a more finished picture of breathless agitation than that adduced by Macready, has never perhaps adorned the British stage. In the scene with *Lady*

Anne, there was too much bluntness—too little of the tongue that could "*wheedle with the devil*;" in short, there was none of that insinuating address which characterised and made great the inimitable performance of Edmund Kean; a trait that so harmonised with the real life-stirring, yet destroying heroic, but diabolical villain. The tent scene called forth general acclamation. Indeed, few examples can surpass this effort. He truly pourtrayed the terrors that shook the guilty soul of *Richard*.

This forcible display of our hero's powers, together with the absence of the favourite, had a most salutary effect in shaking the unbridled influence of that club of worshippers, known by the very appropriate name of *The Wolves*,* and who, to their utter astonishment and pain, had now discovered, that Macready was no second-hand man,—no Kemble or Kean in embryo, but a decided hero, in anxious, yet honourable emulation with all.

Bitters, however, were mixed with these sweets; the Covent Garden management became alarmed for their own prominent dramatic character; the public saw and appreciated the revival of a purer dramatic taste; but the taste ill-accorded with the sententious stateliness and palate of the established favourites. They accordingly showed their petty authority, and borrowed Mr. Booth, from the Coburg, to sustain *Lear*, while our hero was sent on for *Edmund*, decidedly a third-rate part.

In the November following, Mr. Walker produced his tragedy of "*Wallace*," in which Mr. Macready added another laurel to the wreath of his already hard-earned fame; and on the 9th of December, Mr. Vandenhoff came to Covent Garden, to share with him the applause of a metropolitan audience, in the character of *Lear*.

On the 15th of May, 1821, "*The Tempest*" was revived (in a terribly mutilated state) as an *opera*; our hero was the *Prospero* of this so-called opera, but he was not Shakspeare's *Prospero*; in fact, he exerted himself but slightly; he felt the degradation, not only to himself, but of one of the good works bequeathed to us by the most illustrious of God's creation; his heart yearned in pity for the rude hand of the spoiler, while his philosophic mind assured him that Shakspeare's men and women were not of this puppet kind. Such a man cared not for the success of these abortions.

Prospero	W. C. Macready.
Stephano	W. Farren.
Caliban	J. Emery (dead).
Miranda	Miss Holland.
Ariel	Miss Foote.
Dorinda	Miss Stephens.

If his admirers were at all disturbed by his performance of *Prospero*, he, on the 28th of the same month retrieved with interest all he had lost, by the revival of Benham's "*Damon and Pythias*,"† (retouched and adapted by Shiel).

* A set of unprincipled dotards, who threatened any new actor of talent in Kean's line' with the force and fury of organised opposition.

† Malone says, that "*Damon* and *Pythias*" is the earliest play, with the exception of "*Gorboduc*," performed in England, of which there is any record, it being written by Edwards, teacher of music to the children of the Chapel Royal, in 1571. The first regular

Dionysius	W. Abbott (dead).
Damon	W. C. Macready.
Pythias	C. Kemble.
Cleanthe	Miss Dance.
Hermione	Miss Foote.

It was universally acknowledged, that in the bold and vivid delineation of the noble patriot *Damon*, Mr. Macready had wrought wonders, his style of acting was admirable throughout, and indeed he had been seen in no play to more advantage. The character stamped him as the hero of what is termed, the romantic drama. In this sphere, but in this principally, his deep and subtle powers were received and acknowledged.

When the spectacle of the *Coronation* (Henry IV. part II.) was revived (25th of June, after an interval of twenty years), Mr. Macready personated the aged and dying Monarch with intense effect, rendering it most impressive, and imparted to the character the strongest judgment and discrimination. To enumerate the whole of his performances would be to write a volume, and however worthy the task, the labour would not only be out of place, but would be tedious and uninteresting to my general readers. We must therefore jump gradations, and state that *Hamlet* (for his benefit), *Valencia*, *Romeo*, *Mirandola*, *Pierre*, &c., were amongst the number. Though, individually, they contain the most admirable germs of good acting, yet some of them were below his talents, and in raising their significance, he made them raise his reputation; such were his *Romaldi*, "*Proof Presumptive*," in which his trial scene was uncommonly fine, and his *Salviati*, "*Castle of Peluzzi.*" Broad and powerful acting never deviating from the purpose of the dramatist; his fine studied conception made character where he did not find it. His personation of the grand and fair creation, *Hamlet*, was a finely conceived performance. In the energetic parts he left nothing to be wished, the terrific passions were always at his will, and he ruled them with acknowledged mastery, and was in no wise deficient in that meditative calmness and melancholy, which so strongly pervade the character of *Hamlet.*

At the close of the Covent Garden season, his engagement terminated, and he immediately proceeded on a professional tour. In the middle of August he came to his father's theatre at Birmingham, as a star, where Mr. Hamblin refused to play second to the metropolitan first-rate, and in consequence left the theatre. Mr. Vandenhoff and Mr. Mude supplied the vacancy.* Mr. Macready made a provincial sojourn of near two years, visiting his father again at Birmingham, in August, 1823. While staying at this town, the following incident took place. It displays Mr. Macready's courage and humanity in so pleasing a point of view, that it cannot but be acceptable to my readers.

Having quitted the theatre after the tragedy of "*Hamlet*," in which he had delineated with his accustomed ability the philosophic prince, and was proceeding on foot to his lodgings, when he approached a small cottage in flames, surrounded by a concourse of people, eager to

drama acted in Europe, was the "*Sophonisba*," of Tressino, performed at Rome in 1515, in the presence of the illustrious *John de Medicis*, then Pope Leo the tenth.

* During Mr. Macready's earlier visits to his father's theatres, Mr. S. J. Browne (now in the provinces), used to play the *Laertes*, *Richmond*, *Macduff*, &c.

look on, but loath to assist. A cry of distress was heard from within; he instantly threw off his coat and waistcoat, and, with the agility of a harlequin, sprung through the parlour window, from whence he soon returned with an infant in his grasp, and was received by the almost speechless mother, in an agony no words can describe. The hat, coat, and waistcoat of the adventurous hero was gone, and he darted through the crowd, as he was, towards his lodgings. No one could tell the name of him who had so gallantly ventured his life; and a pecuniary reward of considerable amount was offered to the unknown by a committee of gentlemen. A circumstance occurred which brought him forward against himself: a poor fellow was apprehended selling a new coat, in the sleeve of which was written Mr. Macready's name. He was immediately sent for by the town magistrates, and identified the coat stolen from him at the fire.

The newspapers now lauded his modesty more than his intrepidity; and the thunders of applause that greeted him on his next appearance at the theatre, must have been the most grateful tribute to a feeling heart. Mr. Macready's goodness did not stop here. His benefit took place shortly after, and it was a complete overflow. He received in an anonymous letter a bank-note for ten pounds, as a tribute to his humanity and courage in rescuing the cottager's child from the flames. He directly called upon the unfortunate couple, who had lost their all by the fire, and presented them with that sum, saying, he had only been the mean instrument in the hands of God in procuring it for them. He also promised to assist the boy as it advanced in years; and heaven knows he has fulfilled his word.

Disgusted with the Covent Garden management, and in particular ill-will with Charles Kemble, Mr. Macready now engaged with the rival establishment, Drury Lane, where he appeared in September, 1823.

At this period, the old comedian, John Decastro, from keen necessity, published his own memoirs, together with some other interesting matter, and applied to our hero, Braham, T. P. Cooke, Davidge, Fitzwilliam, and others, for the use of their names, to head the list of subscribers, which request was by all immediately granted; and the little volume was launched into the world of literature, dedicated to His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

At Drury Lane, Mr. Macready brought out J. S. Knowles's tragedy of "*Caius Gracchus*," which play was a failure. It was quickly followed (for the first time at this theatre) with a revival of his eminently successful tragedy of *Virginius*;" the popularity of which occasioned Mr. Macready to suggest to Mr. Knowles the subject of "*William Tell*,"* and which was now produced In this spirited and level production, so suited to the taste of English freedom, our hero made another most triumphant display of his melo-dramatic powers.

Mr. Macready† also altered and adapted that fine old play, "*The Fatal Dower*," in which he sustained the principal character. The run of this piece was unhappily interrupted by his illness. On his recovery he wisely visited the principal provincial theatres, performing,

* A tragedy, called "*William Tell*," was published by Eugenius Roche, in 1808. He was also the author of "*The Invasion*," a play, 1808, and was for some time editor of the *Day* newspaper.

† Assisted by Mr. Shiel.

with immense success, his celebrated character of *William Tell*,* particularly with Miss F. H. Kelly, at Glasgow. The following notice of him is taken *verbatim* from a print of the day:—

"On Monday evening (May 10th, 1824), in consequence of Mr. Kean's indisposition at Derby, Macready very kindly undertook the part of *Richard the Third*, at Drury-lane; and without considering the disadvantages under which he appeared, not having sustained the character for more than two years, and labouring under a severe cold, the audience had no cause to regret the alteration. The necessary arrangements for the commencement of the tragedy were not completed till after eight o'clock; a circumstance which surprised us, because Mr. Kean's inability to perform was known at the theatre early in the day."

On the following Monday, he was advertised to appear at the same theatre as *Hastings*, to Kean's *Glo'ster*, in "*Jane Shore*," but "*Macbeth*" was substituted.

In June, he took his benefit, on which occasion Edward Fitzwilliam sustained *O'Clogherty*, in "*Matrimony*;" after which Mr. Macready again visited the provinces, performing the round of his principal characters, returning to Drury Lane the succeeding season; but, on his concluding this engagement in June, 1825, he did not appear in London again until the 10th of April, 1826, when he sustained the arduous part of *Macbeth*, at Drury Lane. His return brought a full house, and an excellent performance. Indeed, his *Macbeth* demands the highest panegyric. He displayed a just conception of its mighty author, and gave the whole of the striking passages, with which the play abounds, with the greatest effect. The banquet scene was, perhaps, the best in the whole performance, and was played in a style truly original.

When the late R. W. Elliston made (May 18, 1826) his much talked of hit as *Sir John Falstaff*, at Drury Lane, he was supported by Mr. Macready, James Wallack, and G. Smith, as *Bardolph*. The whole cast exerted themselves to the utmost; and it was well appreciated by a tremendous house.

Before the close of the season, he attempted the part of *Jacques*, in "*As You Like It*," and was most successful. On his benefit nights, he has also assumed the parts of *Delavel*, *Almavia*, and *Sir Charles Rackett*; but they were decided failures.

Our hero now determined on a visit to America, but previous to taking a farewell of his own country, to amass wealth on republican soil, he again sought the smiles and favours of his early patrons at Birmingham. During his stay at this town, his brother actors paid him a complimentary address, wherein they lauded his generosity and condescension.

His appearance in America was most triumphant, in the United States he met with even greater success than had attended his performances in England. The Americans had no recollections to call forth comparisons with his style of acting, and hailed him throughout his progress as the absolute sovereign of tragedy. This tribute of transatlantic applause, was followed by an enthusiastic reception at

* The last time he performed this character in the metropolis was some few years since at Covent Garden.

Paris, in 1828, where he was pronounced second only to Francis Joseph Talma, after C. Kemble, C. Young, and E. Kean, had been coldly regarded. What higher tribute could we expect from the Parisians?

We next find him (1830-31) again at Drury Lane, holding an almost unexampled place in the public estimation, by the production and personation of Lord Byron's *undramatic* play of "*Werner.*" In this lifeless and shadowy part of an insipid and heavy tragedy, Macready's masterly display of power and pathos, investing an imperfect outline of the victim of an overweening pride, with vitality and forcible expression, rose almost to sublimity.

On the 30th of May, 1832, the famous Charles Young, took his farewell benefit at Covent Garden, on which occasion our hero undertook the arduous part of the *Ghost*, to Mr. Young's *Hamlet.*

At this period, Mr. Macready was paying his addresses to a young lady whom he had loved in less happy days, and on the close of the Drury Lane season, bringing with it, as it did, the termination of his engagement, he absented himself from the metropolis, to form one of a longer duration, and forsaking all allurements of wealth and fashion, united himself to her who brought him the richest of all dowrys, sweet smiles, virtue, and affection. The lady was a Miss Kitty Atkins, long a highly respectable member of his father's company, with whom he has lived in all the endearments of domestic association.

On Tuesday, December 11th, following, the Drury Lane management gave the public a specimen of their short-sighted judgment, by an attempt to revive that senseless production of Don Trueba, called "*Men of Pleasure,*" a comedy, which the judicious foresight of the Covent Garden management had previously rejected, though not till the sorry black-draught had operated upon the round of its principal conductors. Our hero was the *Lord Bellenden* of this so-called comedy, supported by the first talent in London, but no talent, however great, could redeem such a daub of untruth. Its production was an insult to the audience, who unequivocally and deservedly condemned it.

Edmund Kean's last appearance took place on the 25th of March, 1833, at Covent Garden, in the character of *Othello*, his son Charles Kean, sustaining the part of *Iago*. The great master's *occupation was gone*, for as he uttered the impressive and remarkable sentence, his son led him, *the great actor*, from the actual business of the scene, totally unable to proceed, so fast the inimitable spring of life was ebbing,* and the late James P. Warde, was substituted to conclude the part. A circumstance that at once exchanged for the names of E. Kean; Young, and C. Kemble, those of Macready, Vandenhoff, and C. Kean; all of whom at the moment were living witnesses of the fact. Since which, the two latter are the only actors that have appeared, who ever pretended to sustain for any lengthened period with our hero, the leading parts in tragedy. A few years after, saw this trio the greatest actors, both abroad and at home, by universal acclamation; though our hero had, for a short time before the retirement or death of either of the former celebrated actors, undisputed possession of the field.

On the opening of the season at Drury Lane, Oct. 1st, 1835, Mr.

* He died the 13th of May, following.

Macready personated *Macbeth*, with more than wonted energy, and the immense applause he received at the conclusion of each act, must have plainly told him that he had reached the pinnacle of dramatic excellence. On this occasion, Miss E. Tree, now Mrs. Kean, unwisely attempted the arduous character of *Lady Macbeth*, and failed. The 17th of February, following, added a son to the domestic happiness of Mr. Macready, born to him at his estate at Elstree.

He continued performing at Drury Lane, until, by a provoked quarrel, followed by his seasonable chastisement of Alfred Bunn, for what our hero considered a series of professional and personal insults, compelled him to quit a theatre where he was playing to empty benches, and appear for judgment before the thronged ones of the rival establishment, Covent Garden, which took place on the 12th of May, 1836, in the arduous character of *Macbeth*. The pit rose *en masse* to receive him, greeting him with deafening plaudits, and enthusiasm surpassing all I ever remember previously to have witnessed. The former theatre was then in a similar predicament to what it is now: namely, on the eve of bankruptcy; and, for the sake of posterity, it must be here recorded, that Alfred Bunn was the first grovelling, money-grubbing manager, that sought to obtain pecuniary assistance from government, by pathetically addressing himself to Sir Robert Peel; but that shrewd minister saw at once that the appeal was not made for the general cause of the drama, but from motives of self-interest; and the epistle, with its author, consequently failed. This piece of managerial infirmity is but a type of the wily conduct of this desecrator of dramatic nationality. Witness his heartless chicanery displayed towards Mr. — Bell; his unmanly treatment with which he favoured Mr. Walter Lacy, and Mr. Frazer, the vocalist; his cruel kindness on the occasion of the dying Giubeli's benefit; and couple with this the sorry complaints of those talented strangers, Flora Fabri and her husband, M. L. Bretin, whom he inveigled from a distant land, to exhibit in his Augean stable, *the largest booth in the fair*. Would it were possible to disconnect the name of Alfred Bunn with that of the history of theatric fact. Our literary bark would, indeed, float its burden of nationality, unencumbered by vast stores of grim disclosure, more cheerfully into the harbour of posterity.

In the spring of 1837, Mr. Macready engaged with Mr. B. Webster, of the Haymarket, where, June 26th, Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "*The Maid's Tragedy*, adapted for representation by J. S. Knowles and our hero, was successfully produced under the fictitious name of "*The Bridal*," supported by the following excellent cast:—

Melantius	W. C. Macready.
Amintor	E. W. Elton (lost).
Arcanes	Haines
Lysippus	Saville.
Diphilus	J. Webster.
Cleon	Worrell.
Calianax	C. Selby.
Archas	Gough.
Strato	Harris.
Diagoras	Hart.
Assassin	Andrews.

MONDAY, Nov. 2nd.—Mrs. Fitzwilliam leaves London by the half-past five express train, for Bristol; arrives there at a quarter past eight, and at twenty minutes to nine precisely, she was singing her first song in her monopologue of "*Widow Wiggins*," on the stage of the Bristol Theatre.

A public dinner is given to Mr. S Lover, at Boston, by young America.

A semi-burlesque spectacle by C. Selby, founded on "*Giselle*," called "*The Phantom Dancers*," produced at the Adelphi.

Mr. J. A. Stumph, the harp maker, died, aged, 78.

3rd.—The celebrated Viennese dancers, 48 in number, under the direction of Madame Weiss, sail from Liverpool, in the packet ship Yorkshire, for New York. The children were on board the Great Britain, when she went aground in Dundrum Bay.

4th.—Burning of the Garrick Theatre, the manager, Conquest, shortly after joins his son-in-law, C. Dillon, at the Sheffield Theatre.

R. Scott, made his first appearance in London, at the Princess's Theatre, as *Sir Giles Overreach.* A worthy citizen of the far west, displaying more judgment on his arrival than can be attributed to those actors who preceded him, by securing for himself provincial fame, ere he ventured in the metropolis.

Shakspeare's "*Measure for Measure*" produced at Sadler's Wells. Shade of Grimaldi, is not this reform?

Dr. Reis, the oldest music composer in Germany, died at Bonn, aged 91.

5th.—M. W. Balfe, arrived in London from Vienna.

6th.—Funeral of W. H. Williams, in the ground of Pentonville Chapel. He lies between Tom Dibdin and Joe Grimaldi.

S. J. Browne's benefit at the Adelphi, Liverpool.

The Olympic Theatre, London, was to have closed, but continued open on half salaries.

Nottingham Theatre Royal, closed till Christmas.

7th.—Messrs. H. Betty, Hammersley, Clifford, and others, secede from the Olympic.

J. Vandenhoff concludes an engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, as *Othello. Iago*, Mr. Rae.

Templeton, the famous *tenor*, arrived in England from America.

MONDAY, 9th.—A new opera by Mr. Lavenu, called "*Loretta*," produced at Drury Lane.

Mrs. Yates re-appeared at the Adelphi, as *Eugenia*, "*Sweethearts and Wives*."

The Misses Cushman re-appear at the Surrey, as *Romeo* and *Juliet*

An equestrian spectacle, adapted from the French drama "*Le Cheval Diable*," called "*The Demon Horse*," produced at Astley's.

Glasgow Theatre Royal, opened by J. H. Alexander, for the season, with "*The Honeymoon*." *Duke Aranza*, Mr. Paumier.

Leicester Theatre Royal, opened by J. F. Saville from Nottingham. Closes Dec. 18.

The drama of "*Joe, the Orphan*," is produced at the Marylebone Theatre, with the favourite comedian T. Lee, as *Joe*. A private letter from the United States, informs us of the great success of our comedian J. Dunn, in this character, which he sustained on his first appearance at the Chatham Theatre, Boston, 12th Oct. last.

Mr. Anderson commenced a short engagement at the Holiday-street Theatre, Baltimore, as "*Macbeth*," *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Fisher.

11th.—Miss Fanny Cooper sustained *Pauline*, "*Lady of Lyons*," at Sadler's Wells.

Lyceum closed its theatrical season till Christmas.

12th.—Miss Susan Cushman, after playing *Clemanthe* to her sister's *Ion*, at the Surrey, appeared as *Mrs. Simpson*, in "*Simpson and Co*" On the conclusion of this engagement they proceeded to Leeds, Birmingham, &c

13th.—Mr. Wilson commenced his popular entertainments at the Assembly Rooms, Carlisle.

St. James's Theatre opened for the French plays.

14th.—Mr and Mrs. C. Mathews conclude an engagement of six nights at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, and proceed to Birmingham. They were succeeded at Manchester by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, for six nights, who afterwards proceeded to Whitehaven, for five nights, and from thence to Bradford.

Mrs. Bishop's salary at Drury Lane Theatre, is reduced to upwards of fifty per cent.

MONDAY, 16th.—Mr. Lester, of the Liverpool, Southampton, and Manchester Theatres, made his first appearance in London, at the Haymarket, as *Vicentio d'Estela*, in B. Webster's drama of "*The Little Devil*."

The ballet of *Betty*, called "*The Ways of Wapping*," produced at Drury Lane.

A new five act comedy by P. Palmer, called "*Life*" produced at the Olympic, and, in consequence of its extreme length, the evening's performance did not terminate till near two o'clock.

Lyceum opened by Mr Allcroft, for promenade concerts, at which the veteran vocalist H. Sinclair appeared, and sung a new Scotch ballad

G. Wild and Miss Fanny Williams appear at the Glasgow Theatre Royal.

Shakspeare's "*King John*," is produced with unexampled splendour at the Park Theatre, New York. *King John*, C. Kean; *Faulconbridge*, G. Vandenhoff; *Constance*, Mrs. C. Kean.

H. Butler, from the Lyceum, made his first appearance at the Adelphi Theatre, Glasgow, as *Monsieur Jacques*, for

the benefit of Miss Henry; he was engaged for the Greenock Theatre Royal, which engagement he concluded on the 26th with his benefit; was re-engaged, and after proceeded to Ayr.

G. Owen commenced an engagement of seventeen nights at the Ulverstone Theatre.

Reduction of prices of admission at the Victoria; D. W. Osbaldiston, manager.

R. Younge, comedian, died.

17th.—Mrs. Samuel Lover died, in London. See November 2.

18th.—R. Flexmore's benefit at the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham-street.

19th.—The veteran, William Marshall, Musical Doctor, gave his farewell concert at Oxford. He is the author of the scientific work called THE ART OF READING CHURCH MUSIC, published in 1843. On this occasion the famous contralto, Miss Maria B. Hawes, also sang, for the last time, in public.

An amateur named Mortimer Bayntum, but calling himself Bayntum Rolt, appeared at the Surrey, as *Macbeth*, which wretched failure the management allowed him to repeat five times.

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley appeared at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham.

Swansea Theatre closed.

20th.—A memorial to government, in favour of conferring a pension on J. S. Knowles, the dramatist, is laid down at the bar of the Glasgow Royal Exchange, for signature. The soil that boasts the birth of his "*Virginius.*"

21st.—Samuel Cowell, low comedian, secedes from the Olympic, having accepted a two years' engagement for the Princess's.

MONDAY, 23rd.—J. Vandenhoff commenced an engagement at the Adelphi, Glasgow, as *Coriolanus.*

Mr. Creswick re-appeared at Sadler's Wells, as *Pierre*

Gomersal's (co-lessee of the unfortunate Garrick) benefit, first appearance; and revival of the "*Battle of Waterloo,*" at Astley's.

A dramatic abortion of Shakspeare's episode of "*Jack Cade,*" from the second part of Henry VI., produced at the Olympic, as an afterpiece, on which occasion the prices of admission were reduced; lessee, G. Bolton. A similar scheme was adopted at the Queen's Theatre; lessee, C. J. James.

Revival of the "*Wreck Ashore,*" at the Adelphi.

Mr. Greville made his first appearance at the Surrey, *Jeremy Diddler*, "*Raising the Wind*"

T. Archer's adaption of "*Le Medecin Noir,*" called the "*Black Doctor,*" which had been produced at the City Theatre, is now produced at the Victoria.

H. Betty's first appearance at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, *Macbeth.*

Theatre Royal, Plymouth, opened by J. R. Newcombe for the season.

24th.—"*Giselle; or The Phantom Dancers*" produced at the Surrey.

25th.—A handsome silver cup and salver is presented to J. L. Pritchard, lessee of the York Theatrical Circuit, at the Leeds Theatre, by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, M. U.

28th.—The Strand Theatre was this day advertised in the *Times* to be let.

A musical drama, by Mark Leman; music by Mrs. G. A. a Beckett, called "*The Young Pretender,*" produced at the Haymarket.

The treasury of the Olympic Theatre declared no assets.

An English version of the classic tragedy of "*Iphigenia in Aulis,*" written by the famous Greek poet Euripides, junior, and performed 430 years before Christ, at Athens, is produced, for the first time, on the Irish stage, at the Dublin Theatre Royal. *Agamemnon*, J.W. Calcraft (the manager); *Achilles*, G. V. Brooke; *Menelaus*, H. Cooke; *Sthenelеus*, Mr. King; *Lychas*, F. Cooke; male chorus speaker, H. Corri; *Iphigenia*, Miss Ellen Faucit; *Clytemnestra*, Mrs. Ternan; *Orestes*' *child*, Miss Ellen Ternan; female chorus speaker, Mrs. Selby; and an efficient chorus; quite successful Its first and only production on the English stage was at Covent Garden, in 1778, and was an adaption from Racine's translation. *Agamemnon*, J. Hall; *Achilles*. W. T. Lewis; *Iphigenia*, Mrs. Barry; *Clytemnestra*, Mrs Jackson (wife of the dramatist and Edinburgh manager). The scene is laid at Aulis, before the tent of Agamemnon, near 1,200 years before Christ, or 3,046 years ago. If the present production had been but two days later, it would have occurred on the 2,252nd anniversary of the elder Euripides' death. Robert Potter, Frederick Schiller, and others have translated this tragedy. We should like to see it in Macready or Vandenhoff's hands at Drury Lane.

MONDAY, 30th.—Sir E. B. Lytton's play of "*Money*," produced at Sadler's Wells.

An adaption by T. Archer of the drama, called "*Le Chaperon Rouge,*" produced at the Olympic, under the title of "*The Red Cap.*"

Mr. Rafter appeared in Mr. Harrison's character of *Don Carlos*, in "*Loretta,*" at Drury Lane; and continued in it, to give the latter an opportunity of perfecting himself in the music of Balfe's new opera of "*The Bondman.*"

A drama, by C. Z. Barnett, called "*The Six Degrees of Crime,*" produced at the Marylebone Theatre.

Mrs. Honnor, of the City Theatre, appeared at the Beaumont Institution, Mile-end, and recited "*Mary the Maid of the Inn,*" and a new piece, entitled "*How Will It Look?*"

The Widow Seraphine, directress of the little theatre, *Les Ombres Chanoises*, died at Paris, aged 60.

STANZAS TO MISS ROMER,

(The Pagoda Thrush.)

Written on hearing the lady was to be reinstated as *prima donna* of Drury Lane Theatre.—*See Chronicle of Events for December.*

> " Now Malibran is called from us, a seraphim to be,
> Apollo has no daughter left, with magic like to thee!"—
> *Unpublished Poem.*

Come, out of charity, Miss Emma Romer!
Be unto us a new spirit of song!
'Tween thee and Miss Rainforth there's really great parity;
Bishop and Kemble are a cymbal and gong
To Rainforth and Romer!

Rivals!—Oh, thou hast none, Miss Emma Romer!
Bishop's unpurified—Sheriff is fled—
Paton is bygone, and Betts is no rarity—
Novello is married, and Sally Ford's dead—
Miss Emma Romer!

There's Vestris—there's Keeley, too—Miss Emma Romer!
Like Waylett and Fitz., for their own arch-way begs;
But dearer is thy modest merit! In charity,
Thou art more profuse of thy voice than thy legs,
Miss Emma Romer!

Albertazzi—with Flower, too—Miss Emma Romer!
And I'll Grant, Mrs. Shaw is forgotten, like Love;
But *love*, I remember, you told the *Crusader*,
('Twas made holy here, and sanctified above)
Miss Emma Romer!

Come, all in melody, Miss Emma Romer!
As o'er the mountain the nightingale breathes;
John Barnett for thee formed the sylph *Eœla*,
Which crown'd thy white brow with honouring wreaths,
Miss Emma Romer!

There's Hunt, called Thillon—Miss Emma Romer!
And Edwards, Favanti, strange choices to thee;
But Horton as *Ariel*, and Poole as the *Gipsy*,
Breathe eloquent music, *Enchantress*, to me—
Miss Emma Romer!

Come with thy rich locks, Miss Emma Romer!
Pour out those holy strains, melting in truth;
Thy feign'd walk in sleep, mingles madness and sadness,
O'er-fraught is thy heart then with virtue and youth—
Miss Emma Romer!

Sing through thy soft smiles, Miss Emma Romer!
Airs of sweet sorrow so witching to me—
Thou hast the soul, the perception, and feeling;
Adornments that marry lov'd music to thee,
Miss Emma Romer!

May the vow thou hast taken, Miss Emma Romer,
Be cherished in prayers to whom it was given;
And when the holiest of earth spells is broken,
That you'll meet again enraptured in heaven,
Miss Emma Romer!

T. M., London. November 30th, 1846.

[EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.]

It is gratifying to observe that the whole of the twenty-two ladies mentioned in the Stanzas are of English birth.—ED.

A Coalition.—When Cooke and Kemble met to arrange what characters they should perform together, George Frederick was determined to be as courtier-like as his more polished rival. *Iago*, and *Othello*, *Iachimo*, and *Posthumus*, were easily agreed upon, being equal parts; the conversation then proceeded:—

Kemble—I will, with pleasure, play *Richmond* to your *Richard*, Mr. Cooke; will you, in return, play *Pizarro* to my *Rolla?*

Cooke—With great pleasure, I assure you, Mr. Kemble.

Kemble—If I do *Bassanio* to your *Shylock*, you will do *Macduff* to my *Macbeth?*

Cooke—Most undoubtedly, my dear sir.

Kemble—I will act *Welborn* to your *Overreach*, if you will perform *Horatio* to my *Hamlet?*

Cooke—What! *Horatio!* I'll see Covent Garden in h—'s flames first! George Frederick Cooke play *Horatio* to your *Hamlet!*—yours!

Spranger Barry, the celebrated actor of the last century, though superior to Garrick as *Othello*, was in no part so eminent as in *Romeo*. At the time he attracted the town to Covent Garden, by his admirable delineation of this character, Garrick found it absolutely necessary to divide the attention of the public, by himself performing *Romeo* at Drury Lane. He wanted the natural advantages of Barry; and, great as he was considered, would have willingly avoided such a contention. This, at least, seems to have been the prevailing opinion; for, in the garden scene, when *Juliet* exclaims—

"Oh! Romeo, Romeo,—wherefore art thou Romeo?"

an auditor archly replied,—"Because Barry has gone to the other house."

General Theatrical Fund Association, Instituted 1839.—This admirable association was founded (Nov. 7, 1838) by the united efforts of Robert Halford, J. S. Knowles, E. W. Elton, and Mrs. Mackenzie, for the purpose of granting permanent pensions to actors, actresses, chorus singers, dancers, pantomimists, and prompters. President and Treasurer—John Baldwin Buckstone, Esq. Secretary—E. Cullenford.

A Theatrical Recollection.—The *Hawthorn*, who had by no means a bad voice, unfortunately lisped pretty strongly, and, in consequence, he no sooner commenced singing, than the audience evinced their disapprobation in sounds most discordant to an actor's ears—a sound professionally said to proceed from "the big bird," (the goose); but *Hawthorn*, "good easy man," continued his song, and the audience their opposition. He bore it "with a patient shrug." *He* sang and *they* hissed, till at length his patience and forbearance being exhausted, he stepped forward, and addressed the audience thus:—"Ladieth and thentlemen, I am very thorry to find you don't approve of my thinging and that you hith. I athure you I am doing the very betht I can for your amuthement; and all I can thay ith, that hith ath long ath you pleath, we have no one elth in our company to play the part; and I have been very thukthethful in it in platheth of greater magnitude than thith. No dithrethpect intended to you."—*Drinkwater Meadows.*

Mazeppa's Rival.—With the story of Mazeppa all readers are familiar; it has a companion in that of Bogdan, a narrative of even greater interest. Bogdan, was a small proprietor, respected, and per-

haps held in a degree of estimation, by his countrymen, above his station. In consequence of a misunderstanding with his *suzerain*, his property was seized, himself ignominiously scourged like a serf, and his wife and two lovely daughters, having been subjected to every species of coarse brutality, died raving mad. The man's nature was changed—hitherto, he had been known only as the quiet, conciliating, and generous landlord—his purse and home ever open to the distressed, whom he was also always the first to assist by his counsel and sympathy under misfortune; but now, fearful and ominous was the difference: he never shed a tear; not a groan was suffered to escape his breast; calm and stern, his cold, clear, bright eye, caused an inward shudder in the spectator as he gazed upon him. He fled, and put himself at the head of a party of his countrymen, who were ripe for revolt. His efforts proved successful; and, before many months had elapsed, the whole country was aroused, and he found himself at the head of a hundred thousand horsemen. *Then* commenced his revenge: castles were stormed; princes and nobles, in their robes and coronets, in bitter mockery, gibbeted on their own walls, having been compelled personally to witness the females of their families, many allied to the various royal houses of Europe, first subjected to the loathsome brutality of an infuriate soldiery, and then pitilessly murdered. During this time, Bogdan feasted his eyes, in maniac gladness, with the agonies of his victim—the most atrocious of these scenes invariably taking place in his presence, and under his own superintendence. And yet, in the still hour of night, wrapped in his cloak, he would leave his camp, and wander forth, followed at a distance by some faithful adherents—who, however, did not dare to intrude upon his presence—and, gazing upon vacancy, while, not a sound, save a low and suppressed sob and wailing, came from him, would remain till the dawn of morning. What were his thoughts at that lone and silent period?—reverting to the past, the dishonour of his home, and the slaughter of his beauteous offspring?—or, did a transient shade of pity cross his mind in that hour of solitude for the victims (innocent as many were) of his own fearful implacability? None could tell; deep-buried and inscrutable to the human eye remained his feelings; and the morn saw him cold, calm, cruel, and pitiless as ever. He lived to an advanced age, shot and steel alike seeming to glide harmless by him; and, when he died, was worn to a skeleton by the conflict, which, while it exhibited not itself in outward appearance upon his countenance, at length slowly, but surely, destroyed the fibres of the sinewy and iron frame, which military toil and hardship had served but to fortify and strengthen.

Anecdote of Weber.—Neither our manners nor our climate suited the baron. When he was so loudly called for after the first performance of *Oberon*, he said to Mr. Charles Kemble, "Mr. Kemble, for why you make de people *cry* so for me?" and it was with great difficulty that he was induced to make his appearance at the side scenes; and not then, till he had frequently exclaimed, "No, no—where is de Fawcett?" wishing him to go on and receive all the honours of the day. If Weber had continued to compose for our theatres, he would probably have succeeded in chastening and improving the style of our singers. On one occasion, at a rehearsal, he said, "I am ver sorry you tak so much troble." "Oh! not at all," was the reply. "Yes," he added, "but I say, yes—dat is, for why you tak de troble to sing so many notes dat are not in de book."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Subscribers.—The proprietors, in taking this opportunity, beg most respectfully to observe, that as the gentleman engaged to write the Lives of the Actors, had prepared so much valuable matter in connexion with the eminent personage whose memoir occupies the present number, and feeling assured that to abridge any part of it, would not only rob their subscribers of the very object intended to be carried out, namely, a full and complete account of each and every celebrated one, but it would, when perused by the critic or connoisseur, tend to lessen both writer and work in the general estimation. The proprietors, therefore, in taking this view of an unforseen circumstance, hope they have not erred in the course pursued. The memoir will now occupy two parts instead of one, an event which will not again occur throughout the whole work.

G. G., Lambeth.—Whatever you have gathered, forward to us in confidence, rest assured we shall never betray your trust; but bear in mind, that the actor's home and his hearth must and shall, by us, be held as sacred as that of any other member of the community.

H. H. B.—With no other theatrical work of any kind, either living or dead, do we claim any relationship;—thanks to our lucky *stars.*

☞ We sincerely hope that something will be done, and that immediately, for Mr. W. Paul, the industrious low comedian. If a theatre cannot be obtained for a *free* benefit, let there be a subscription speedily commenced, and some competent brother actor be appointed to receive and conduct the same. He is now confined, for the second time, to a sick-bed, suffering under an incurable disease, viz., aneurism of a main artery.

All Letters for the Editor must be posted by the 20th of the Month.

In preparation, expressly for this Work.—Notices of the Rising Talent of the London and Provincial Stage; a Catalogue of Living Dramatists, together with a List of each Author's original Productions and Adaptions; Historical Sketches of all the Metropolitan Theatres:—No. 1. The Princess's; a Chronologically-arranged List of the Rise, Progress, Accidents by Fire, &c., &c., of all the Theatres in the known World; no expense being spared to procure the most authentic information, connected with every department of the National Dramatic Biographer, to constitute it the most complete Theatrical Record ever offered to the admirers of dramatic genius.

THEATRICAL AGENTS AND PUBLISHERS.

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Dion . . .	Bishop.
Evadne . .	Miss M. Huddart (now Mrs. Warner).
Aspatia . .	Miss Taylor* (now Mrs. W. Lacy).
Antiphila . .	Miss E. Phillips.
Cleanthe . .	Miss Wrighten.
Olympias . .	Miss Gallott.
Dula . . .	Mrs. Humby.

"The actors who were celebrated in the three principal parts after the Restoration in 1660, were the following:—

Melantius	Mr. Mohun.
Amintor	Charles Hart.
Evadne	Mrs. Marshall.

"The famous Thomas Betterton succeeded Mohun as the representative of *Melantius*, and for the remainder of his life, it was esteemed one of his most finished performances. And with him, whose death (1710) was accelerated by his exertion in the part, the last in which he ever appeared, the '*Maid's Tragedy*' seems to have died, as an acting drama; yet, surely none of the plays that have occupied its place (after those of Shakspeare), can hold comparison with it for variety and truth of character, for simplicity and power of language, for poetry and passion!"—*Mr. Macready's sentiments on the revival of the play.*

There had not been, for some time previous, anything produced on the Haymarket boards half so dramatic as the scornful interviews between the infamous king's harlot, *Evadne*, and the noble *Melantius*, her brother; they were the perfection of the histrionic art, and elicited repeated and long-continued plaudits. The production of this excellent play on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, reflected great credit on the enterprising character of Mr. Benjamin Webster; and certainly no less credit on the *Melantius*-like honesty of Macready, for his untiring ardour to stimulate the energies of both Knowles and Webster in its production at this theatre, after he had become the actual lessee of Covent Garden.

The latter theatre, so long abused by the representations of mere spectacles, wild beast's shows, and a nursery of dissipation and crime, now looked forward for a new era that should behold it the first dramatic temple in the kingdom; wherein was to be represented the sublime creations of our finest bards, under the able management of Mr. Macready.

I cannot be doing a greater justice to my readers, or the profession, than to quote a part of the ably drawn notice by our talented contemporary, Mr. W. J. Fox:—

On the commencement of his arduous and glorious career, as manager of Covent Garden Theatre, Mr. Macready had every thing to do. The theatre had been occupied by an inferior company, from a minor establishment.† The property man had a sinecure; or was

* It may not be out of place here to notice the remarkable fact of Miss Taylor, the original representative of *Aspatia*, in this revival, becoming Mrs. Lacy; and that Miss F. Cooper, the best *Aspatia* on the stage, should be the representative on its next revival (at Sadler's Wells, 1844), and become a Mrs. Lacy.

† And at reduced prices, by Osbaldiston, from the Surrey.

only an overseer of rubbish. Much of the scenery consisted of daubs that could scarcely have competed with a collection of village sign-boards. Nor had there been any of the superintending skill that makes the work surpass the materials. All things behind the curtain, and before it, stood in need of thorough reformation. A great change soon began to be perceived and felt. The art of Stanfield commenced the creation of a noble gallery of paintings. A strong company was collected; including the best talent that could be obtained in London, or from the provinces. By frequent and careful rehearsals, the mind of the great master was made to pervade the entire performance. Aspiring actors learned to co-operate, and not to sacrifice the spirit of a scene to individual prominence. The public felt the harmony and completeness of representation thus produced. People went to *see a play*. Theatrical favouritism and partizanship merged in the recognised presence of dramatic poetry.

It was promptly found that a new system was at work, and a principle introduced which extended to the minutest particulars. The very bills in the streets bore an unexpressed, but distinctly implied testimony to the novelty of the change. They were marked by the avoidance of that system of puffery, which had been in other cases, and still is, carried to so gross an extent. How often is the eye disgusted by the grandest superlatives of praise lavished upon theatrical pretenders, or compositions that not only deserved to be hissed, but that actually were hissed on the very eve of these large-letter announcements. How often has the metropolis been placarded with colossal and golden promises, only to be fulfilled in tinsel and tawdry. The only promise which Mr. Macready was accustomed to make was, the promise of his own character and previous practice, that whatever was produced or revived at his theatre should be presented with taste and splendour worthy of the national drama. That promise was always kept most faithfully. At first, the simplicity of the Covent Garden bills was not understood. The agreable surprise, however, of the representation soon inspired confidence; anticipation rose higher than it was ever upborne by puffs preparatory, and was never disappointed. To the secret that a theatre could do without a saloon, was added the equally novel secret, that a new play could attract without an emblazoned programme of its gorgeous scenery.

The solitary eminence in his profession on which Macready stood, by the absence of all those who had any pretensions to be his rivals, gave every assurance to be derived from taste and character that he had not entered upon such an undertaking but in the full determination to apply the resources of both to the restoration of the legitimate drama. In scarcely any other hands than his own could success have been hoped for to such an attempt; and the pledges contained in the address, by which he made the exposition of his views to the public, were in strict accordance with that refined taste from which everything was fairly to be hoped.

But, to come to the opening night, which took place after a long interregnum of mismanagement, on Saturday, the 30th of September, 1837, with every prospect of success, and plainly showed that it had excited more of public interest and expectation than any theatrical event had done for many years.

On entering the classic temple, which was soon crowded in every part, the alterations before the curtain were indeed numerous and magnificent. The chandelier, then the second in England, had been thoroughly cleansed, and restored to all its original brilliancy. The proscenium was adorned on each side by a well-proportioned figure, the one of Victory, and the other of Fame; and the ceiling, a conical dome, studded with stars, presented an effect of great beauty and brilliancy. The backs were restored to the pit seats, and the boxes furnished with rich crimson stuffings and curtains, and the dress-circle with looking-glasses.

The tiers of boxes presented a most pleasing combination of white and gold, with fine imitations of Sienna marble, which appeared in excellent harmony with the predominant colour. The lobbies and avenues were of a rich crimson; and the passages and saloon were ornamented with busts of our most eminent authors and musical composers.

On the rising of the curtain, Mr. Macready's appearance, to speak the opening address,* was hailed with the most enthusiastic applause; the waving of hats and handkerchiefs made the scene imposing; the shout was loud and long.

The opening piece was a splendid revival of Shakspeare's appropriate play of "*The Winter's Tale.*"

Leontes . .	Mr. Macready.
Florizel . .	Mr. Anderson† (now in America).
Perdita . .	Miss Taylor (now Mrs. Lacy).

Supported by a strong cast of characters besides.

On the following Wednesday, "*Love in a Village*" was revived, for the purpose of introducing, for the first time at this theatre, Mr. Leffler as *Hawthorn*, and W. J. Hammond as *Hodge*. Both were successful. Mr. J. Wilson played *Young Meadows*, and Miss Jane Shirreff was the *Rosetta*.

The bills announced a new play, in three acts, entitled, "*The Novice*," a new grand opera, and a new melodramatic romance.

"Mr. Macready's management practically solved the long and hotly-discussed question, whether a theatre can be conducted without offence to decorum or stimuli to licentiousness? The Puritan divines and their successors, by whom the stage has been denounced, have always assumed the negative, and made it the foundation of their fiercest invectives. They have often grossly exaggerated, and sometimes, in their censures, only betrayed the pruriency of their own imaginations. Still, to a certain extent, there was truth in what they urged. A *saloon*, with all that had become associated with the name, was deemed essential to the prosperity of a large theatre. Privileges were bestowed to secure the presence of those whose absence was desired by all friends of decorum. The most reputable, as well as the most disreputable, of managers had believed themselves under the necessity of making this gross addition to the attractions of a theatre. The attraction, as it doubtless was to some classes, had become a strong repulsion to better classes. The evil was at once

* Written by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, the author of "*Ion*," &c.

† His first appearance in London.

corrected by the new Covent Garden management; and, afterwards, though under much vexatious opposition, at Drury Lane. The record of the example remains to deprive of every fragment of excuse the managers who, now or hereafter, may sustain or restore the former and most vicious system."

It was, indeed, an eventful period in the history of the English stage. The attempt was a task self-imposed, and requiring an immense share of exertion and ability to bring about reform. To entirely change the old system of internal arrangement, to overcome the whole routine of management hitherto followed out, were difficulties tasking the skill and perseverance of all engaged, from the call-boy and prompter's-assistant, to the lessee himself, before aught of the desired alterations could be carried into effect. All, however, indicated no reason to apprehend that they would be left to fight the battle of taste alone. The legitimate drama was, by Mr. Macready, at an enormous expense, revived in such a manner as to astonish the theatrical world; and, though Mr. Phelps* is fast treading in his footsteps, and to whom the best thanks of the public is due, "Macready is the only manager, in our time, who brought the drama before public view with anything approaching to completeness. System, science, and poetry, were the characteristics of his management." As regards the strength of his company, and their ability to sustain the varied line of characters his fidelity had induced to revive and illustrate, the powerful casts of a few only of the particular dramas enacted, will suffice, as they invariably were supported by the most eminent and efficient actors the kingdom could boast.

Monday, Nov. 26th, 1838.—"*Othello.*"

Othello	J. Vandenhoff.
Iago	Mr. Macready.
Cassio	Mr. Anderson.
Emilia	Mrs. Warner.
Desdemona	Miss H. Faucit.

Rossini's opera of "*Guilliaume Tell*" having created an immense sensation on the Continent, Mr. Macready availed himself of the opportunity afforded him by bringing the joint talents of J. S. Knowles and T. Cooke into play upon the former gentleman's admired production of that name, in order to introduce a portion, and that the most effective, of the music of the above-named eminent composer. On Monday, December the 3rd,† it was produced, and that in a manner surpassing the most sanguine hopes of the best friends of the establishment.

Gesler . .	J. P. Ward.	*Waloman* . .	Mr. Waldron.
Tell . .	Mr. Macready.	*Veilchen* . .	Mr. Lennox.
Melchtal . .	G. Bennett.	*Albert* . .	Miss R. Isaacs.
Michael . .	Mr. Anderson.	*Emma* . .	Mrs. Warner.

Principal vocal actors—Messrs. Leffler, Manvers, P. Bedford, Lennox (his first appearance at this theatre), Barnett, Mrs. Searle,

* As manager of Sadler's Wells; the mean construction of which is a great drawback.

† The knowledge of Mr. Macready's vast preparations for this piece awakened a spirit of jealousy and opposition in the Drury Lane management, and Rossini's tremendous opera was hurried forward helter-skelter, and produced the same night.

Mrs. East, Miss Rainforth, and Miss P. Horton (now Mrs. Wheatley,) with an immense chorus.

The alterations were most judicious: few authors know better the necessity and effect of dramatic light and shade than J. S. Knowles. The omitted portions of the original play were amply compensated for by the introductions, and especially the grand chorusses—well-drilled, efficient, therefore effective—and other light, eloquent music; the arrangement and adaptation of which reflected great praise on the care and talent of T. Cooke, whose judgment in giving due effect to dramatic music is, perhaps, unrivalled. Macready and Ward's acting on this occasion was, indeed, excellent.

On Friday, January the 18th, 1839, her Majesty and Prince Albert visited Covent Garden Theatre to see the pantomime; and on Friday, the 8th of February, the Court visited the theatre in State, to witness the representation of Bulwer's "*Lady of Lyons*," on an extended scale, supported by Macready, G. Bartley, G. Bennett, E. W. Elton, J. Duruset, Mrs. W. Clifford, and Miss H. Faucit; followed by the drama of "*Rob Roy*," supported by J. Vandenhoff, J. P. Harley, P. Bedford, Mrs. Warner, and Miss Rainforth.

Thursday, March 7th, "*Richelieu*" (first time).—*Richelieu*, Mr. Macready; *Joseph*, Mr. Phelps; Mr. Anderson and Miss H. Faucit were also in the cast.

Thursday, May 2nd, "*Henrique*," by Mr. Rooke.

In this famous opera, W. H. Harrison, now of Drury Lane, made his first appearance in London, supported by H. Phillips, Leffler, Manvers, P. Bedford, Miss Rainforth, Miss P. Horton, &c.

On the following Monday, Mr. Macready played for his benefit *Coriolanus*, to a house crowded in every part.

Monday, June 10th, *Henry the Fifth*, by Shakspeare.—This was a revival of unprecedented magnificence, in which the whole of the immense resources of the theatre was employed; with the valuable services of T. Cooke.

King Henry .	Mr. Macready.	*Bardolph* .	P. Bedford.
Duke of Exeter .	E. W. Elton.*	*Pistol* . .	J. P. Harley.
Earl Westmoreland	C. W. Baker.*	*Nym* . .	Mr. Aylifle.
Cap. Gower .	Mr. Anderson.	*Boy* . .	Miss P. Horton.
Williams . .	J. P. Ward.*	*Chorus* . .	J. Vandenhoff.
Herald . .	C. Diddear.	*Queen of France*	Mrs. Warner.
Fluellen . .	D. Meadows.	*Katherine* .	Miss Vandenhoff.
Macmorris . .	T. Lee.	*Dame Quickly*	Mrs. C. Jones.

Never were the fond wishes of a manager more pleasingly realised, never were his claims on public support more interestingly due, and never were those claims more generally acknowledged, or more readily requited. The effect was beyond conception. The emphatic language exquisitely rendered—the matchless scenery boldly conceived and finely executed—the inspiring music giving length and lightness to the whole, thrilled through the crowded temple; now spell-bound—now inspired by a warrantable demonstration of approval and delight, the audience respond with loud, and long well-merited applause. It was a triumph of dramatic art worthy of the immortal bard, who

* Dead.

threw over the unreal scene, majestic in its outline, forms expressive as the truth, powerful as the impulses, eternal, as arts of ancient Greece, or Rome of old, and imperishable to the memory, as the wizard-genius that awaked them.

Thus it was, during his tenancy, Covent Garden had been raised from a terribly degraded position, into repute and estimation. But Mr. Macready would be fortunate if he did not share the same fate as most good men, and be thwarted in his praiseworthy endeavours to carry out some public good. When the proprietors saw that he was drawing such crowded houses, they put an end to his efforts, by wanting to raise the rent to such an extent as would have been impossible for him to meet. Such treatment justified him in applying to the *Lord Chamberlain*, Henry W. Paget, Earl of Uxbridge, for a personal license—for new permission to exercise his art—to pursue his rightful calling without infringement of the law; and his application was refused. Consequently, his brilliant reign at Covent Garden Theatre was, through the money-grubbing character of its short-sighted proprietors, unceremoniously cut short.

On Monday, July 8th, Mr. E. J. Thomas, leader of the Covent Garden band, retired from his post, to embark for America, and as a proof of his good services, Mr. Macready liberally paid him his salary up to the end of the season, and announced a *free* benefit (his promised boon) for the General Theatrical Fund. Our hero took leave of the Covent Garden, or rather "a Macready audience," on Tuesday, the 16th, when the theatre closed a career so bright, that the history of the drama presents no parallel. He found it a hot-bed of vice, and left it a temple of literature, dedicated to poetry, where virtue and truth triumphed in security. On the following Saturday, July 20th, 1839, a public dinner was given to Mr. Macready at Freemason's Hall, as the reviver of the legitimate drama, at which entertainment H. R. H. the late Duke of Sussex presided. His reception was most enthusiastic; and those ardent admirers of his glorious management resolved to present him with some appropriate memorial, as a testimonial of their approbation of the man who had single-handed revived Shakspeare's plays at such an immense sacrifice to himself, and for the benefit of the public. A subscription was immediately commenced, to which His Royal Highness, and the gentlemen present, gave liberally. A committee was appointed, and announcements of their intentions and progress were advertised in the public papers. The following is a literal copy of one which appeared in the *Weekly Dispatch*, March 1st, 1840, and is of the latest, previous to the presentation of the testimonial:—

"Testimonial to Mr. Macready.

"Those who are desirous of subscribing to the Macready Testimonial, and subscribers who have not yet sent in their subscriptions, are particularly requested to pay their proposed contributions to any of the Bankers below mentioned, as the Committee are anxious to close the books.

"Subscriptions received at Messrs. Coutts, Strand; Messrs. Hammersley, Pall-Mall; and Messrs. Robarts, Lombard Street.

"Wm. Bryden, Hon. Sec., 4, New Palace-yard, Westminster."

The result was a felicitous design, chastely executed in silver, of the actor studying a drama for illustration; the Arts and Muses are grouped around to render him their aid; bass-reliefs of celebrated scenes surround the base, and the form of Shakspeare crowns the summit. The most illustrious names of which our country can boast, were in the list of contributors; and, as if to render more noticeable the absence of aristocratical patronage during the season of struggle, as one royal duke had presided at the commencement of the subscription, another, the Duke of Cambridge, presided at the presentation.

Any man can order a gorgeous scene to be painted. Any man can hire a hundred supernumeraries or chorus singers. Any man can distribute the characters of a play amongst his troop, or company, with some regard to the habitual practice of each performer in tragedy or comedy, lovers or tyrants, old men or buffoons. And if the result be any tolerable resemblance to what the author of the drama conceived, praised be the gods for a lucky hit! Oh! the things that we have seen, and do still see occasionally.* We have beheld *Shylock*, the Jew, surrounded in his own dwelling by statues of the heathen gods, Mercury, Mars, and all the abominations of Israel. We have seen him tried by such a tribunal as Venice never knew, sitting in a ducal hall, the door of which opened on a fine champagne country, with heaven knows what river meandering through the valley. We have seen the sea from Bosworth Field, painted for the occasion. We have seen *King Richard's* archers "draw their arrows to the head," with no mark but their own general, and charge after him on the full run with stretched strings. *Virginius* has often stabbed his daughter in a forum, where rose majestically the column of Trajan and the arch of Severus. All these absurdities were not only "reformed indifferently," but "altogether."

The character of the scenery was always not only true to the period and localities, but to the poetical spirit of the particular drama enacted. In "*King Lear*," antique, massive, elemental. In the "*Tempest*," wild and strange—fit haunt of magic and of spirits. The circling sea of the Enchanted Isle, and two or three strange forms of rocks, as seen from different points, made the imaginative *locale* a reality to the mind. In "*Richelieu*," the apartments, gardens, costume, not only true and splendid, but ever and essentially French. And "*Ion*,"† chastely Greek in its columns, altars and temples. Yet there was no pedantry in this appropriateness. And in Shakspeare, Mr. Macready usually followed the anachronisms of the drama; rightly perceiving that they belonged to the poetical idea of the composition, which it is the first duty of the theatre to keep unimpaired, whatever becomes of antiquarian truth. The moral chaos of "*Lear*" requires, and fitly placed on the stage, both the knightly armour of chivalry, and the rude pillars of druidical temples. While rich advantage was taken of the scope afforded by *Coriolanus*, for an extraordinary series of pictorial groupings, illustrative of the ancient Rome, any one of

* For instance, Mr. Borrani, in the "*Maid of Artois*," at Drury Lane (Nov. 1846), wearing a *black* beard with a *white* wig. Mr. Harley, with the same attention and intelligence, diverted the audience by appearing in "*The Bondman*" with two odd boots—the fat boy, as *Harlequin*, at the Lyceum, is pardonable, it being his *debût*.

† Produced for his benefit.

which might have sufficed on canvass to immortalize a painter: the multitude with their diversified attire, and uncouth armoury, terrific in their combination, and with single figures intermixed; such as Salvator Rosa loved to sketch; the street alive with shouting citizens, and green with waving palms, for the victor's reception; the path of the exile, by the lonely shore, to the house of Aufidius, gay in festal lights and sounds, while far in the sea shines the solitary lamp of the Pharos of Antium; the capitol, where the incense burns on the altar of victory, where the bronze wolf and twins still tell the ancient legend as they did in the ancient time; and where the inspiring Senate, with uplifted right arms, conferring the Consulship, seem an august assembly, which the barbarians of Gaul might adore; and the scene without the gates, thronged with the Venetian soldiers, silently making way for the mournful procession of the Roman women through their glittering ranks, or grouping their standard-trophy over the shield-formed bier, so as to form that gorgeous and affecting picture, into which was developed the simple stage direction—

["*Exeunt soldiers, bearing the body of* CAIUS MARCIUS."]

In all that belonged to the *mise en scene*, Mr. Macready never forgot that his function was to *illustrate*. No splendid or striking effects induced him to depart from this duty. The gorgeousness of many revivals occasioned an imputation of overlaying Shakspeare with theatrical splendour. The critics disregarded the fact that some of these dramas—"*King Lear*," for instance—had never been so simply presented, so divested of "barbaric pearl and gold." Nor did "*As You Like It*" flaunt with spangles. It was redolent of the green-wood. Sylvan glades, and the song of birds, and grotesque trunks of trees, harmonised with the life of idle forestry, and realised the vision of the poet, dreaming of the remote rustic sojourn of princely courtesy. In "*Macbeth*," the crouching of the witches at distant corners of the cavern, each awaiting the signal of her own familiar—("Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed," &c.). When he was gorgeous, it was because the imagination of Shakspeare had been gorgeous first, and shown what he would have done with the rich and ample theatrical appliances of our times. In "*Henry V.*," not choice, but necessity, made the author on a most "unworthy scaffold to bring forth so great an object." Macready could not give him "a kingdom for a stage;" but he *did* precisely that for which the poet longed. He refused needlessly to

"Disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt."

As far as possible—a possibility multiplied a thousand-fold since Shakspeare's days (1604)—he resolved to "piece out" the inevitable "imperfections" of the scene, not only by the "thoughts" of the audience, but by the power of artistry. In the heraldic emblazonments, the panoramic voyage, the pictorial interpretation of the prologue, the battle crash, the bannered cathedral pomp, and all the unrivalled embellishments of that great national and historical drama—Macready was the faithful executor of the will of Shaks-

peare—enabled, by the wealth of modern theatrical art, to pay the bard's legacy to the British public.

For almost two centuries the work of corruption had continued to make havoc with the grandest compositions of the grandest dramatist that the world has produced. The great and the contemptible—the poetical and the practical—Dryden and Davenent—Garrick and Kemble—Tate and Cibber—all were let loose upon the text of Shakspeare, like swarms of caterpillars, great and small, upon a rose-tree in full bearing, to impair and destroy, and transform its loveliness into something akin with their own inferior natures. At every theatre, from time immemorial, it had become an axiom that Shakspeare was not presentable. The poet, who could not be tried by his peers, nature not having yet created his peers, was condemned by minds unequal to the comprehension of his meaning, and executed by writers destitute of the remotest affinity with his genius. Every petty, blustering stage-thunderer thought he knew better than Shakspeare what would suit the taste of an audience. One play was desecrated by the dirtiness of Dryden, and another, was interpolated with the pomposities of Thompson. If sometimes a beam of truth glimmered across the public mind, it speedily faded away; and managers and audiences consoled themselves with a mutually contemptuous recognition of each others corruption of taste. Mr. Macready first dared to believe in Shakspeare with his whole heart and soul. He evinced the appreciation of genius by genius. In the spirit of a prophet, whose soul is full of the power he worships, he repeated the *verba ipsissima* of the oracle, and all hearts felt that the words were, indeed, oracular.*

The two most extensive and remarkable of these restorations were those accomplished in the "*Tempest*" and "*King Lear*." The peculiar character of the "*Tempest*" was totally destroyed by Dryden's alterations. He violated most profanely the solitude and sanctity of the Enchanted Isle. Under the name of the most exquisitely pure and fanciful of Shakspeare's dramas, the public only knew, in the acting version, a farrago of common conjuration and uncommon indecency. The deepest truths of the poetical spirit were degraded by transposition into vulgar clap-traps. What do we not owe to the noble daring that dashed down at a stroke all the base and meretricious accretions that had gathered around this lovely work, and presented it to the world like a recovered statue, perfect in the symmetry and simplicity of antique art, yet appropriately shrined in the most stately and costly temple that could be wrought by modern genius? There was a practical reply in the acclamations of the thousands that witnessed its unprecedented and undiminished attraction through more than fifty nights of the season in which it was produced. "*King Lear*" may be regarded as the masterpiece of Shakspeare, and, therefore, as the most stupenduous drama in existence. The feeling of this drama had been outraged by the impertinent interpretation of a love

* It would be well for the directors of our principal theatres, if they at once took advantage of the hint, here so seasonably held out to them. Macready and Phelps have shown that numerous and appreciating audiences was the public response to their appeal; who then shall lift his hand as the *third*, to write his name upon the imperishable TABLET of Shaksperean believers, and form a grand trio of living actors, to illustrate the genuine text.

affair between *Edgar* and *Cordelia*. The construction of the drama had been destroyed by the total withdrawment of the *Fool*. And the catastrophe of the drama had been reversed, to the annihilation of the profoundest moral lesson and impression with which truth and nature ever inspired the heart of mighty poet. Banished in its integrity from the stage, Shakspeare's "*Lear*" was only the solitary study of poets and appreciators of poetry. Its representation was talked of, just as politicians speculate on the advent of Utopia. The Utopia will come when politicians have faith in humanity; and "*Lear*" was enacted, for Macready had faith in Shakspeare. The effect, almost "too deep for tears," resembled that of the first appearance of some masterpiece in poetry or art gradually and majestically rising upon the public view—a sense of awe at the embodied power of the poet chastening, while prolonging, the fervency of admiration.

So far as the public was concerned, the success was complete. Those whose taste, whether in art or in morals, had made them, as a class, absentees from the theatre, began to re-appear. The audiences were in what may be called a course of education. The licence of finding, or making indecorous allusions, so frequently exercised at some of our theatres, was spontaneously suppressed. A promptness was evinced in the recognition of the finer beauties of poetry in an author, which showed that a comparatively worthy tribunal for the contemporary drama was rapidly forming; and the expression, "a Macready audience," denotes, not partisanship of the actor, but percipiency of Shakspeare. That causes utterly extrinsic to the drama and the public taste should have prematurely interrupted so promising a career, is occasion for deep regret; though not unmitigated by the knowledge that many refining and useful influences continue in individual minds, and that much which was done in the restoration of Shakspeare cannot again be undone, even by the perversity of future managers.

In addition to the new pieces and the revivals already enumerated, may be classed those of "*Agnes Bernauer*," "*Joan of Arc*," by Serle; "*The Athenian Captive*," by Talfourd; "*Lodoiska*; "*Two Foscari*," * by the late Lord Byron; "*Amilie*," by Rooke; and "*Woman's Wit*," by J. S. Knowles, as being amongst his productions at Covent Garden.

Mr. Macready was shortly after engaged by Mr. B. Webster, of the Haymarket, where he was received by the most fashionable audiences with every demonstration of delight. During a twelvemonth's engagement (two seasons) at this theatre, and his sustaining most prominent parts in the various pieces produced, the public became more familiar with the light and graceful qualities of his acting. Of these, *Norman*, in Sir E. L. Bulwer's "*Sea Captain*," stands conspicuous. This play was first acted on Thursday, October 31st, 1839, and was most successful; being supported by an efficient cast. Indeed, Mr. Webster's *corps dramatique* at this period was, perhaps, the most powerful ever assembled on the Haymarket stage; and, to their credit be it spoken, a general amity and seeming brotherhood reigned throughout this concentration of histrionic ability. All worked

* Adapted and produced for Mr. Macready's benefit, in 1833.

as if inspired to bring about some universal good. Perfection made permanent the enterprise. The people was again in a course of education; again were they imbibing the drama's moral lesson; all went smoothly; nothing seemed difficult; nor were the galaxy of actors at all diffident; each favourite, each other's favourite part enacted—as, for example, Phelps sustained *Othello*, while Macready supported him as *Iago*. Under Macready's management at Drury Lane, afterwards, a similar spirit pervaded, and our chief actor was seen in a fourth-rate part, viz., *Friar Lawrence*, and, as a worthy contemporary has observed, went boldly into the ranks, doing regular duty, instead of only occasionally appearing in pet-parts. To become great, a thorough knowledge must *practically* be obtained: the best actors *were*, *are*, and *will be*, those who have gone through the drudgery of the profession. The Haymarket closed this, the first, of its two great seasons, on Wednesday, the 15th of January, 1840, having produced and revived sixty different tragedies, comedies, farces, &c. The company, in consonance with the spirit of the age, became diffused over the metropolis; a temporary disbandment, however, as regards their majority. Our hero was engaged by Mr. Hammond, for Drury Lane, where he appeared on the 27th of the same month, in the character of *Macbeth; Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Warner (after an absence each of three years from this theatre); *Macduff*, Mr. Phelps; *Hecate*, H. Phillips; Messrs. G. Bennett, W. J. Hammond (the lessee), and H. Marston, now of Sadler's Wells, were in the cast

On the following Wednesday, Mr. James Haynes's historical tragedy of "*Mary Stuart*," was produced, in which our hero shone forth as the blunt but valorous *Raid of Ruthven*, ably supported by Messrs. Phelps, G. Bennett, Elton, and Mrs. Warner, Mrs. W. West, and Miss E. Montague.

The first visit *in state* of the Queen and Prince Albert, to Drury Lane Theatre, took place on Wednesday, the 26th of February, following. At which time, Mr. Macready, was performing gratuitously, in order to save the theatre from impending ruin. No exertions, however, could hold the lessee, with his slack pecuniary supplies, and the strong company together, consequently, on the 29th, the abrupt termination of Mr. W. J. Hammond's management,* with the close of the theatre took place. It is but just, to state that the conduct of Mr. Hammond throughout could not have been more honourable; the whole of his debts and liabilities incurred by this most unfortunate failure was 8,000*l*. Nor can Mr. Macready's generous conduct be too highly appreciated. His performance gratuitously, four times during the last week of the theatre being open, must have given the management about a hundred and twenty pounds. He now resumed his engagement at the Haymarket, on the opening night of the season, March 16th, as *Hamlet; Ghost*, Mr. Phelps; *Claudius*, J. P. Ward; *Gertrude*, Mrs. Warner; *Ophelia*, Miss P. Horton (first time); followed by a revival of "*The Sea Captain*," on the 18th, and on April 1st, "*Richelieu*." This brings us to the period (23rd of May) of another work by Talfourd, and famous as a literary production, called *Glencoe*. The fine patriotic spirit of

* Mr. Hammond is now (1847) lessee of the Theatre Royal Adelphi, Liverpool.

Halbert Macdonald, was exactly suited to the powers of Mr. Macready's style of acting. The forcible language was given with such fervency of soul, subtle and deep, that the actor may be said to have been more successful than, as a whole, was the play itself. He was ably supported by Messrs. Phelps, Howe, B. Webster, J. Webster,* and Mrs. Warner, and Miss H. Faucit.

On Monday, June 1st, C. Kean re-appeared in London, to share with our hero the applause of a Haymarket audience, in the character of *Hamlet*. Mr. Buckstone also re-appeared the same evening, as *Dove*. Their stay, however, was but short; the latter concluding on the 3rd of July, and the former on August 7th; circumstances that surround, as it were, one other of a memorable and painful nature, concerning which, I shall be most brief, particularly as the main incidents connected therewith, will shortly be furnished in a full, but different form. I allude to the re-appearance, at the Haymarket, and also to the *last* performance in England, of poor Tyrone Power. Our hero appeared for him on his farewell benefit, Saturday, August 1st, in the part of *Mr. Oakley*,—"*Jealous Wife;*" Power sustaining *Captain O'Cutter;* the performance concluding with the "*Irish Lion*," in which, as *Tim Moore*, an English audience beheld the wit and humour of that genuine child of Erin, for the last time.

A relief follows, for on the 20th, Mr. Macready sustained *Sir Oswin*, in Mrs. Inchbald's famous comedy of "*To Marry or Not to Marry*," and was successful. Nothing of moment occurred between this and the 26th of September following. But on that day, T. J. Serle's new play, called "*Master Clarke*," was produced, and had for its principal supporters, Messrs. Macready, Phelps, B. Webster, T. Webster, and Misses H. Faucit, and Clifford. The success of this well written historical drama, was somewhat interrupted by a domestic calamity, in consequence of which Mr. Macready was unable to attend to his professional duties; and its ultimate severity so much indisposed our hero, that Sir E. L. Bulwer's famous comedy of "*Money*,"† although advertised to be produced on the 21st of November, was not performed until Tuesday, December 8th, 1840.

Alfred Evelyn .	Mr. Macready.	*Capt. D. Smooth*	B. E. Wrench.‡
Lord Glossmore	F. Vining.	*Sir J. Vesey* .	R. Strickland.‡
Blount . .	W. Lacy.	*B. Stout, Esq.* .	D. Rees.‡
Graves . .	B. Webster.	*Lady Franklin* .	Mrs. J. Glover.
Sharpe . .	Howe.	*Clara Douglas* .	Miss H. Faucit.
Old Member .	O. Smith.	*Georgina* . .	Miss P. Horton.

This comedy was immensely successful; our hero performed in it every evening during the season, which closed on Friday, January 15th, 1841. Much, very much, was said in praise of this play, both as regards its merits as an acting drama, and as a literary production. Amongst its most ardent admirers is, or was, a writer of leading articles for a cheap but respectable periodical; in one of which, written in June, 1843, and headed "DECLINE OF THE DRAMA," appeared the following false and frivolous imputation:—"Who does not

* Afterwards of Sadler's Wells, but now of the City Theatre.
† Our Chronicle of Events, for January, 1847, record its revival, with the new cast.
‡ Since dead.

feel instinctively, that there is more entertainment afforded, and more moral influence exercised, by Bulwer's play of '*Money*,' than by Shakspeare's play of '*Hamlet*' or '*Macbeth?*' No critic, however, would dare to assert, or even dare to believe, that, in point of literary merit or dramatic genius, Bulwer was equal to Shakspeare. Nor do we assert anything of the kind. We only simply state the fact, that a living author can at all times speak more to the feelings and circumstances of the times than a dead one. He can

'Catch the living manners as they rise,'

and speak to particular conditions and prominent feelings; whereas the dead author can speak only to general conditions and feelings that are common to all ages. This latter, however talented, is not enough; and in this important fact, lies another great secret of the decline of the Shaksperian drama." Now, as regards the moral influence exercised in Bulwer's play, I readily grant that "*Money*" ranks foremost of any production that has emanated from his pen. But to attempt to thrust down the people's throats that there is as much entertainment for them, either on the stage or in the closet, as there is in "*Hamlet*" or "*Macbeth*," is as great a falsehood as it is to assert that Shakspeare is not as attractive now as ever. *Important fact* and *great secret*, indeed! There is no fact whatever, in this writer's assertion; the whole is the very opposite to truth, and as to *great secret*, there is no secret whatever. The real cause of decline is this very "catching the living manners as they rise;" for instance, such productions as "*Quid Pro Quo*," &c., it is, that has driven our aristocracy from the dress circle of our principal theatres, and presented to their mis-guided managers but a miserable account of empty benches. The whole five acts of such a comedy, is not worth one scene of either "*Hamlet*" or "*Macbeth*;" nor is "*Quid Pro Quo*" to be compared to Bernard's "*Round of Wrong*." Bulwer's "*Money*" tells a fine moral lesson; but, as an acting drama, did it attract, or tell the story, though an improbable one, as did, and do still, his "*Lady of Lyons?*"

Mr. Macready's engagement at the Haymarket finally terminated in May, 1841, shortly after which, he entered into an arrangement with the Drury Lane committee for the use of the theatre, on his determination of a second grand attempt to revive the high and legitimate national drama. As soon as it had become known that our hero had taken upon himself the task of purging this Augean stable, and bring about a new order of things, such was the feeling towards him in the profession, that before he was in any condition to treat for engagements, members of his former company declined the most tempting offers from other quarters, and ran all risks for the chance of renewing their connection with one, whose fidelity to his engagements, and whose unfailing care for the welfare of the profession, they had previously experienced.

It had long been a subject of regret amongst the most thinking portion of our people, that Drury Lane, their oldest existing temple, should so long have been in the hands of persons wholly forgetful of its legitimate and high moral use, and that our language, rich in the brilliant effusions of the finest poetic genius of any age or country,

should be consigned to the closet, in order that the deeds of ruffians, the exploits of burglars, and the exhibition of the worst passions of human nature, should vitiate the taste, and corrupt our youth by their lewd and gaudy illustration on the stage. Indeed, so debased had become both the matter and the manner, that the virtuous and well-disposed had become afraid to venture within the unhallowed precincts of this theatre. A new era had now, however, dawned upon old Drury, and the admirers of dramatic poetry and song were again to have their minds entranced with the mighty magic of our Shakspeare and Milton, while the labours of Handel and Purcel, were added to the variety—names that will live as long as the English language is known.

The season commenced on Monday, December 27th, 1841, and the opening piece was Shakspeare's comedy of "*The Merchant of Venice;*" *Shylock*, Mr. Macready.

The interior of the house had undergone a thorough renovation, and presented an entirely new appearance. Under the able direction of Mr. Beazley, executed by that well-known decorator, Mr. Crace, the ceiling had been re-painted in the inner circle, in the Elizabethian style, or, as it is sometimes called, the Vatican order. The allegorical figures surrounding the circle remained as before, but the ground had been re-painted a brilliant blue. The second circle had also a blue ground. In the dress circle, the Shaksperean subjects by Lamboulett, was removed, and in their stead was a scroll, painted in relief, on a buff ground, surrounded by a rich gold ornament. The proscenium line, or that surrounding the stage opening, was picked in with a rich deep blue, better known in its artistical term of "Victoria Blue." The private boxes, formerly on a level with the pit, were, with the exception of that belonging to Miss Angelina Burdett Coutts, and one opposite, entirely removed, and the space added to the pit, making an additional number of seats for 106 persons. The pit seats were covered with handsome red cloth, with backs stuffed and covered with crimson; each person sitting in a separate stall, in the centre of which was an opening, enabling the spectator to quit and return to his or her seat without inconvenience. The saloon had been entirely re-painted and decorated, and a splendid Brussels carpet laid down for the *first time*. The corridor and coffee room in the Vinegar Yard side was parted by an elegant and substantial screen, in imitation of marble, to which there was access by a new entrance from Vinegar Yard, and a staircase, made expressly for the occasion, leading to the slips or upper boxes; and exclusively appropriated for the reception of that class of visitors hitherto permitted to lounge in the principal saloon, but who, were now very properly excluded. This alteration deserves especial notice, and for which, no meed of praise can be too high. The crying evil, the long-inflicted disgrace, that the eyes and ears of innocence were insulted, and the minds of youth corrupted by the shameless scenes within its walls, was abolished. A noble example in managerial reform. The figures of Edmund Kean and Garrick, in the rotunda, had been cleaned and replaced into the niches originally appropriated for them. The rotunda was painted in imitation of porphyry and white marble; this part of the theatre is known to all judges of architectural beauty

as being, in design and execution, the most perfect specimen of taste in any public building. The whole of the boxes were numbered, and on the back of each box the number of seats were given. The new curtain, containing 1,000 yards of crimson velvet, with gold fringe, lace, &c., opened in the centre; on one side were the royal arms splendidly modelled and gilt, on the other those of the Prince of Wales,* carried out on each side with musical trophies, surrounded with gold wreaths. No expense was spared by its new lessee to render it a temple worthy the patronage of all true lovers of the drama.

This second management was, in spirit, a prolongation of the first. The same Shaksperian splendour, where splendour is required; the same reversion to the genuine text, and careful regard for the poetical idea of each drama in its illustration; the same harmonised combination of costume and scenery, and of the individual talent of each member of the well-organised company; the same abundant success in public enthusiasm; and the same abrupt termination, from causes wholly extrinsic to the national drama, but inseparably connected with the condition, as to property, of the two large theatres. A hundred minute instances of arrangement introduced by Mr. Macready, and some, happily, became permanent on the stage, might be enumerated, from memory, which show his unswerving fidelity to the work of illustration, as well as his consummate skill in its details.

Saturday, February 5th, 1842, "*Acis and Galatea*," by Handel.

Polyphemus	H. Phillips.	*Acis*	Miss P. Horton.
Shepherd	R. Allen.	*Galatea*	Miss E. Romer.

On the Tuesday following, Douglas Jerrold's famous drama of "*The Prisoner of War*," was produced with success, supported by Mr. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, &c.

Mr. Macready, on the occasion of his benefit, Friday, May 20th, made the bold experiment of reviving Lord Byron's drama of "*Marino Faliero*." By some unaccountable mistake, the bills of the night had in them the words, "for the first time." In 1821, R. W. Elliston, however, produced this piece on the boards of the same theatre, without the poet's licence and to his great disgust. In Murray's edition of Byron's works, published in 1832, certain fragments of a rhyming chronicle, which by the way, originally figured in Blackwood's *Magazine* for 1822, and record the fact there unflatteringly preserved.

The wrong-headed, strong-headed, and strong-hearted old *Doge*, sustained with energetic and impassioned dignity by our hero, was more fortunate in this, his second appeal. Whatever Elliston may have done to compromise him, Mr. Macready done still more to redeem and restore him, having, for the next prominent parts, the names of Phelps, Anderson, Elton, and Miss H. Faucit. At the fall of the curtain, the actors were called before it, to receive renewed plaudits of the warmest kind, which were further commended by a shower of bouquets flung at their feet.

Mr. Macready's second season at Drury Lane commenced on

* Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born November 9th; created December 7th, 1841.

Saturday, October 1st, 1842, with Shakspeare's pastoral play "*As You Like It;*" *Jaques*, Mr. Macready; *Orlando*, Mr. Anderson; *Rosalind*, Miss H. Faucit. In November, Sheridan's opera of "*The Duenna*," was revived; *Father Paul*, H. Phillips; *Lay Brother*, Morris Barnett. Followed directly after by a splendid revival of "*King Arthur*,"* by Dryden and Purcell; and in December, Mr. Westland Marston's† play of "*The Patrician's Daughter*," was produced; *Mordaunt*, Mr. Macready; *Lord Lynterne*, Mr. Phelps; *Lady Lydia*, Mrs. Warner; *Lady Mabel*, Miss H. Faucit.

On Saturday, January 7th, 1843, Miss Sabilla Novello, and Miss Sara Flower made their *debût* at Drury Lane, in the opera of "*La Gazza Ladra;*" and on the 17th, Bulwer's "*Lady of Lyons*" was revived. Mr. Browning's famous tragic drama, in three acts, was produced on Saturday, February 11th. This original and forcible play, known as "*A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*," met with a highly favourable reception from a house crowded in every part. It is a terrible tale of love unhappy, and truthfully enacted by Phelps, G. Bennett, Anderson, and Miss H. Faucit. A new farce was also produced the same night, called "*Thumping Legacy*."

On Thursday, the 23rd, there was no performance. But on the following evening, Friday, Mr. Macready took his benefit. The principal attraction was, our hero's assumption of *Benedict*, in "*Much Ado about Nothing;*" the performance to conclude with "*Comus*." Before half-past six the doors were besieged, and long before seven nearly every seat was occupied.

After the overture to "*La Fête du Village Voisin*," the curtains were drawn aside, and Phelps, Mrs. Nisbett, and Miss Fortesque, were warmly greeted as *Leonato*, *Beatrice*, and *Helen*. They were speedily followed by Mr. Hudson, as *Pedro*, Anderson as *Claudio* H. Lynne as *Don John*, and the *beneficiar* as the gibeing laughter-moving *Benedict*.

"The shout was wild and long and deep."

The eminence of Garrick both in tragedy and comedy has often been remarked upon as a peculiarity. The real peculiarity, in an actor of the highest order, would have been the inability to excel in both. The phrenological wiseacre who found a tragic organ and a comic organ, proved his own want of the appropriate organ for metaphysical analysis. The same faculties and tendencies are implied in the personation, whether it stimulates laughter or moves to tears. Witness the living instances in G. Bennett, J. Wallack, A. Wigan, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Fanny Cooper, and Miss Woolgar.

On the following night, Saturday, a new farce, called "*The Queen of the Thames*," was produced. And on Saturday, April 1st, Pacini's grand opera of "*Sappho*" was revived with extraordinary magnificence, in which Miss Clara Novello, as *Sappho*, made her first appearance on the English stage, with great success; *Climene*, Mrs. A. Shaw, (from C. G. Th., her first appearance here); *Dirce*, Mrs. Serle; *Alcander*, H. Phillips; *Phaon*, R. Allen; *Hippias*, J. Reeves; and *Lysimachus*, G. Stretton. The chorus was most efficient, and, at times, with bare uplifted right arms had a grand and thrilling effect.

* First produced in 1690.

† A member of the "Syncretic Society."

Carried away by the passion and fire of the Greek girl, the excited populace knew no bounds, and lifted by the burning language of the poetess, their excitement realised all we read of her positive history, and the classical mass, motion accompanying their voices, produced a picture of such harmonious eloquence, as will not easily be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness that truthfully successful revival. On Easter Monday, the 17th, Planché's "*Fortunio*," was successfully produced. But was followed, on the 24th, by J. S. Knowles' most unsuccessful play of "*The Secretary*." This piece was not merely damned, but withdrawn!! The public fiat was bowed to by the worthy manager, T. J. Serle!!! He was, however, more fortunate on Thursday, the 18th of May, when his fine historical tragedy of "*Athelwold*" was produced. *Athelwold*, Mr. Macready; *Elfrida*, Miss H. Faucit. Aaron Hill's "*Elfrid; or, the Fair Inconstant*," produced at Drury Lane in 1709, and revived under the title of "*Athelwold*," on the same boards in 1731, was now, after the lapse of 112 years, awakened, to stand contrast with its modern rival.

The Queen and Prince Albert visited Drury Lane Theatre *in state* on Monday, the 12th of June; and on the following Wednesday, Mr. Macready closed his second season, consisting of 183 nights, of which he devoted 98 to William Shakspeare. His last performance being "*Macbeth*." At the conclusion of which, he came forward and delivered an explanatory and elaborate address respecting his affairs, and the resigning of the lesseeship of the theatre; declaring that his actual loss, during the two seasons, amounted to near 10,000*l.*; adding to this the value of his services as an actor and manager, and the abandonment of his provincial engagements, the loss would be estimated at little less than 20,000*l.* Amongst the new pieces and revivals, in addition to those enumerated, were "*King John*," and "*Cymbeline*," by Shakespeare; "*Love for Love*," by Congreve; "*Gamester*," by Moore; and "*Gisippus*," by Gerald Giffin, a play, though well written and as well acted, failed to attract. A part of the company opened the City Theatre on the 1st of July, and a part visited the provinces; a resolution which proved unfortunate to several, and grievously fatal to one, *viz*:—poor Elton, who was lost on the 19th of July.

After a short provincial tour, Mr. Macready, on the 5th of September, again sailed for the New World, where, not withstanding theatricals being in a very depressed state, he pursued a brilliant and prosperous career. While at the Park Theatre, New York, he gave largely to their Theatrical Fund, and vested considerable property in the American Funds. During his stay in America, Mr. Mitchell of Bond Street, had concluded an arrangement with our hero, and Miss H. Faucit, G. Bartley, and some other artists for a two months' performance in Paris, with a proviso, that should that speculation fail, the engagement to be played out at the St. James's Theatre in London. The performances to commence on our hero's return to England. Mr. Anderson made his *debût* in America, at the Park Theatre, New York, on September 2nd, 1844, and Mr. Macready was announced to succeed him on the 16th, to play his last engagement of twelve nights, previous to his sailing for England on the 1st of October. He did not, however, arrive in England until the 31st

of that month, and through a slight accident he met with while at home, did not proceed to Paris before December, where he arrived on the 7th, and Miss H. Faucit, having concluded her engagements in Cork, immediately joined him. Their first performance was "*Othello;*" *Othello*, Mr. Macready; *Desdemona*, Miss H. Faucit, which took place at the Theatre Ventadour, on Monday, the 16th, with a success exceeding their most sanguine expectations. They continued performing their varied round of characters until Sunday, January 19th, 1845, when the King presented them with various magnificent gifts, besides three bank notes, of a thousand francs each, towards defraying their expences. The Parisians will be the last to forget these impersonations, which critics, actors, and the public declared to be superior to any witnessed since the days of Talma. Our hero now visited the principal provincial theatres—at Sheffield, early in March; Queen's Theatre, Manchester, on Easter Monday, the 24th, &c.; returning to London, after an absence of more than two years, in the following September, and appeared at the Princess's Theatre, October 13th, 1845, in the character of *Hamlet; Laertes*, Mr. Leigh Murray. He was received by the audience with every feeling of cordiality and delight. The result of which must be fresh in the recollection of my readers; as must also be his succeeding engagements at the Surrey, &c. His stay at the Princess's was somewhat prolonged, from his great success in Mr. Whyte's play of "*The King of the Commons;*" a production which attracted strongly the favour of public feeling. He, however, concluded this engagement in June, 1846, and was engaged for eight nights at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, in August; on the 20th of which month he had a daughter born to him, at his residence in Regent's Park. On the re-opening of the Surrey, Mr. Macready commenced an engagement there of twenty nights—on Monday, September 7th, as *Hamlet; Ghost*, J. Cooper; *Laertes*, L. Murray; *First Gravedigger*, H. Webb; *Queen*, Mrs. Ternan; *Ophelia*, Mrs. C. Gill. On Saturday, September 26th, he delivered a lecture at Warrington, and in the middle of October at the Marylebone Literary Institution; concluding his performances at the Surrey Theatre on Friday, November 6th, and delivered a reading from "*Macbeth*" at Manchester the following week. He then proceeded to the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, and afterwards to the Adelphi, Glasgow. Thence to Canterbury, on the 30th and 31st, appearing as *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. On Monday, the 4th of January, 1847, at Exeter, concluding with Mr. Harvey on the 9th. Commenced on the 11th, a three week's engagement of twelve nights with his step-mother, at Bath and Bristol, on alternate nights, as *Hamlet; Ghost*, J. Cooper; *Laertes*, Mr. Vining; *Horatio*, Mr. Cathcart; *King*, Mr. Barry; *Osric*, Mr. Artand; *Polonius*, Mr. Barrett; *First Gravedigger*, Mr. Angel; *Gertrude*, Mrs. Warner; *Ophelia*, Mrs. C. Gill. On Wednesday, "*King Lear*," and on Friday, "*Werner;*" the same pieces at Bath. He then proceeds, in conjunction with Mrs. Warner, to Dublin. On the conclusion of his provincial tour, or shortly after, the public will, no doubt, be delighted to find Mr. Macready giving our immortal dramatists a larger field than before, on the boards of the Opera House, in the Haymarket.

London, January 25th, 1847. THOMAS MARSHALL.

MONDAY, Nov. 30th.—T. Barry, the equestrian clown and Irish low comedian, commenced a short engagement at the Portsmouth Theatre. He was afterwards the stage clown in the Christmas pantomime at the Victoria.

Mr. Booth, formerly of Drury Lane, commenced an engagement at the Howard Street Athenæum, Boston, United States, in the part of *King Lear*. Mr. Hackett made his first appearance at this theatre on the 8th of December. Both were well received.

DECEMBER 1st.—Mrs. Sylvester, formerly Miss L. Melville, died at her residence, York Road, Lambeth.

Mr. J. Wilson commenced his twice-a-week musical entertainments at Crosby Hall, which concluded on the 22nd, when he proceeded to Dublin.

2nd.—The Oratorio's re-commence at Exeter Hall, at which H. Phillips again assisted, having concluded his various vocal entertainments at Manchester.

A farce, from the French, called "*Two Rainbows*," produced at the Princess's Theatre, in which S. Cowell, as *Frank*, made his first appearance at this theatre.

C. Diddear's benefit at the Surrey.—Mr. and Mrs. Honnor from the City Theatre appeared.

The extensive alterations at Covent Garden Theatre, for its conversion into an Italian and English Opera House, commenced.

3rd.—Mr. Greenwood's benefit at Sadler's Wells, on which occasion, "*Damon and Pythias*" and "*The Honeymoon*" were revived.

Benefit at the Surrey of the widow and niece of the late Robert Strickland, comedian; Mr. Stuart, of the Haymarket, appeared, and Miss Strickland made her *debût*.

In consequence of a disagreement with the lessee, Mr. J. R Scott secedes from the Princess's Theatre, and on the following evening commenced a short engagement at the Surrey, as *Richard III.*

4th.—The youthful but experienced actor, Mr. G. Owen, concludes his engagement at Whitehaven with his benefit, in the character of *Julian*, in Miss Milford's tragedy of that name. He then proceeded to Belfast for six nights, opening there as *Huon*, in "*Love;*" and from thence to Exeter.

H. Butler concluded his second engagement at Greenock, and appeared at Ayr on the 8th for four nights; after which he returned to the Lyceum.

Olympic closed its dramatic performances till Christmas.

SUNDAY, 6th.—Berlioz's "*Damnation of Faust*," produced at the Opera Comique, Paris.

7th.—Miss Reynolds, from America, made her first appearance in England at the Haymarket Theatre, as *Kate O'Brien*, "*Perfection*," in which she introduced the song, "*I'll be no submissive Wife*."

Mr. J. Rayner sustained the character of the *Stranger*, at the Marylebone Theatre; and on the 9th, Mr. Cowle assumed the part. Both were highly creditable performances.

A new drama by T. Mildenhall, called "*The Stolen Will*," produced at the Queen's Theatre, in which Mr. Randall, from the Victoria, made his first appearance at this theatre.

"*Giselle*" produced at the City Theatre; *Giselle*, Mrs. Honnor.

Hull Theatre Royal opened by J. L. Pritchard, when Mr. Cobham appeared.

Miss Dawson made her first appearance at the Adelphi, Liverpool, as *Pauline*, "*Lady of Lyons;*" *Claude*, H. Lynne; *Colonel*, Gratton Dawson.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam appeared at Ulverstone for six nights.

Some persons with their faces blacked, and calling themselves, *Tennesse Minstrels*, occupy the Olympic, this and the following week.

Rochester Theatre opened.

8th.—A Spanish comic divertisement, called "*La Verven*," produced at Drury Lane.

A comic drama, from the French, called "*Story Telling*," produced at the Haymarket. A pleasant trifle, but totally marred of its pleasantry by the ungallant and culpable behaviour of William Farren, who not only slighted a young lady, high in the profession, and proved his want of courtesy towards the adapter, Mr. Planché, but in his situation of stage-manager and leading comedian, had the audacity to appear before the audience without knowing one line of his part. Re-produced on the 12th.

The Liver Theatre, Liverpool, closed an unsuccessful opening of fourteen nights; lessee, J. Munro. It was directly after taken for a "Cassino," by Mr. Gordon, to be opened under the direction of Mr. Adams.

9th.—"*The School for Scandal*," was performed (*by desire*) at the Haymarket, and Mad. Celeste, from the Adelphi, appeared in a drama; the Conde de Montemolin (*de jure* King of Spain), being present.

10th.—Last appearance but three of Mrs. Bishop at Drury Lane.

11th.—A new opera, by Balfe, called "*The Bondman*," produced at Drury Lane, in which Miss E. Romer was reinstated as *prima donna* of this establishment, and J. P. Harley re-appeared on this stage.

The "*Messiah*" is performed at Exeter Hall, in which Mr. Manvers, who had just returned from Italy, assisted.

Brighton Theatre closed till the 26th.

12th.—First meeting of the Glee Club at the Crown and Anchor, Strand.

13th.—The following advertisement appeared in the *Sunday Times*, of this date. See 26th.

"Edwin Hughes, the proprietor of the Mammoth Equestrian Establishment, Birmingham, is desirous of erect-

ing a building in London, on the principle of the Cirque National Champs Elysées à Paris, for the purpose of equestrian performances, the cost of which he estimates at about 20,000*l.* E. H. is willing to advance half of the above sum, and would be glad to treat with parties desirous of joining in the speculation. All communications to be addressed as above, and to be pre-paid."

MONDAY, 14th.—Colman's comedy of "*The Heir at Law*," produced (first time) at the Princess's Theatre.

"*Rob Roy*" is produced at Astley's as an after piece, with the auxiliary aid of horses, &c.

The amateur Bayntum Rolt appeared at the Marylebone Theatre as *Macbeth; Macduff*, J. Rayner; *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs Campbell. It was repeated on the 16th, when the house closed till the 21st. "*Perfection*" followed the tragedy, in which Mr Grafton, from the Strand Theatre, made his first appearance at this theatre.

R. Younge's (eldest son of the late R. Younge) benefit at Whitehaven.

Theatres Royal, Manchester and Southampton closed till the 26th.

15th.—Mr. Alcroft's promenade concerts conclude at the Lyceum with his benefit. His "*Bal Masque*" took place on the following evening.

J. R Scott's benefit at the Surrey; "*Brutus*," and "*Rolla.*"

J. Vandenhoff was at this period delivering Shaksperean readings at Preston and Ashton.

Ethiopean Serenaders re-appear at the St. James's Theatre.

Mrs. Campbell's benefit at the Marylebone Theatre; and H Bedford's benefit at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester.

Wallace's opera of "*Maritana*" produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphi; and on the 16th, Mr. Fraser took his benefit—"*Fra Diavolo.*"

T. D. Rice appeared at the Greenwich Theatre, America

16th—E. Chatterton's (of the free list) benefit at Sadler's Wells

17th—Mr Creswick's benefit at Sadler's Wells; "*Ion*" (first time here) *Ion*, Mr. Creswick; *Adrastus*, Mr. Phelps; *Clemanthe*, Miss F. Cooper. It was repeated on the 18th, when the house closed till the 26th.

Mr. and Miss Rainoe's benefit at the Victoria. Closed till the 26th

18th—The Miss Cushmans conclude, with their second benefit, at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham; "*As You Like it.*"

19th.—A new operetta, by the facetious G. H. Rodwell, called "*The Seven Maids of Munich,*" is produced at the Princess's, with success.

An original drama, in two acts, by W. B. Bernard, called "*The Round of Wrong,*" produced at the Haymarket, with success.

In consequence of the illness of W. H. Harrison, "*The Maid of Artois*" was substituted at Drury Lane for "*The Bondman;*" D. W. King sustaining *Jules*, and Mrs. Bishop, *Isoline*. It was repeated in this manner on the 22nd.

Surrey Theatre closed its season until the 26th.

H. Betty concluded a prosperous engagement at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool. He was very successful in *King Lear*.

Ipswich Theatre opened by C. Poole. The National Anthem was sung by the company, followed by an opening address, delivered by Miss Jessy Cook, in which the lessee pledged himself to produce the legitimate drama only. Stage Manager, Mr. Blake.

MONDAY, 21st.—Mrs. Fitzwilliam having concluded her engagement at Sheffield on the 18th, re-appears at the Adelphi Theatre, London, in her original character of *Milly*—"*Maid with the Milking Pail*"

Lyceum re-opened with a dramatic version of C. Dicken's christmas story, called "*The Battle of Life,*" by Albert Smith, in which Leigh Murray, as *Alfred Heathfield*, and Miss May as *Marion*, made their first appearance at this theatre. Mr. Oxberry, from the Princess's, re-appeared here as *Peter White* in "*Mrs. White,*" in which H. Butler also re-appeared.

The Surrey was this night opened for the benefit of Mr Fox Cooper; as was also the Olympic by Mr. Waldron, and the treatment displayed towards their friends and the public was disgraceful in the extreme.

Princess's Theatre closed till the 26th.

Marylebone Theatre closed its two supplementary nights, for the appearance of the amateur, Bayntum Rolt, on the 21st and 22nd. The last we hope.

Reading Theatre closed by its lessee, Mr. Barnet. The Leicester, Birmingham, and Plymouth Theatres closed till the 26th.

Mr Aldridge closed his engagement with Mr. Doel at Devonport. He appeared on the 22nd, as a supplementary performance.

Mr. T. Dowton, after a lapse of some years, resumes the management, and opened the Canterbury Theatre

North Shields Theatre opened by Mr Roxby and Mrs. Beverly, who make detours to South Shields.

22nd—Miss M. B Hawes made her last professional appearance at the Oratorio, at Clifton, in Handel's "Messiah."

John Capel. Esq., President of the Glee Club, died, aged 80.

23rd—Drury Lane closed till the 26th. Mad. Fuoco conclud d her engagement; as did also Mrs. Bishop, *Isoline; "Maid of Artois," Jules*, W. H. Harrison

Adelphi closed till the 26th

C. Pitt concluded with his benefit at Whitehaven; and commenced a week's engagement on the 26th at Macclesfield, as *Claude Melnotte*

26th.—A new romantic drama, called "*Colomba*," produced at the Adelphi.

A new drama by E. Stirling, called "*The Hand of Cards*," produced at the Surrey.

In consequence of Mr. Phelps' sudden indisposition, H. Marston sustained the part of the *Stranger*, at Sadler's Wells.

The veteran, J. Braham, and his two sons, Hamilton and Charles, sing at the Mechanics' Institution, Manchester.

The Lyceum spectacle of the "*Seven Castles of the Passions*," is revived, by W. J. Hammond, at the Adelphi, Liverpool. Mr. Courtney, from the Princess's, appeared here in the farce called "*Bounce*."

A burlesque, by Albert Smith and C. Kenney, called the "*Enchanted Horse*," produced by J. L. Pritchard at the Theatre Royal, Hull.

"*The Battle of Life*," adapted by Mr. Harris (Stage Manager), produced at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin. It was also produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where, after four representations, it was withdrawn.

The Mayor of Clonmel, Ireland, wisely forbid the performance of "*Jack Sheppard*," in the theatre of that town.

In addition to those already mentioned, the following Theatres and Schools of Art commenced or resumed their season, on this day:—LIVERPOOL: Theatre Royal, and the Amphitheatre with an equestrian company. MANCHESTER: Queen's, and Cooke's Equestrian Circus. BIRMINGHAM: Theatre Royal, and E. Hughes's Mammoth Equestrian Circus. EDINBURGH: Theatre Royal. GLASGOW: Adelphi. DUBLIN: Theatre Royal. CORK: Theatre Royal. Nottingham, Derby, Newcastle, and the Amphitheatre, Hull. Bath and Bristol. York, Brighton (Mr. Hambleton and Mr Warren joined this company), Southampton, Norwich (a second theatre is talked of here), Exeter, Sheffield, and Coventry. Leicester, Amphitheatre. Portsmouth, Litchfield, Bradford, Bolton, Macclesfield, Devonport, Ulverstone, Daventry, and Whitehaven, with many others Canterbury, Maidstone, Woolwich, Rochester, and Deptford have not been idle in the good cause. The respective lessees have nobly done their duty, and succeeded in pleasing their patrons; and, therefore, have a right to look for that reward which their exertions are entitled to.

MONDAY, 28th.—G. V. Brooke and Miss H. Faucit commenced a short engagement at the Theatre Royal, Cork.

Mrs. Graham's benefit at Newmarket. Mr. C. Gill closed his season here on the 30th.

Salisbury Theatre opened.

29th.—A new drama by a gentleman of Whitehaven, called "*Rose Ashley*," is produced at the theatre in that town.

Mrs. Bishop sings at the Beaumont Institution, Mile End, and afterwards proceeded to Cheltenham and Gloucester for the 30th. It was a failure at Cheltenham.

30th.—Master John Daly, aged 13, son of the manager of the Ulverstone and Carlisle Theatres, made a most successful *début* at Ulverstone, in the part of *Tom Thumb*.

31st.—"*Peter Wilkins*" is produced at the Adelphi, Glasgow, under the superintendence of Mr. Field, the stage manager.

John Daly, from Ulverstone, proceeds to Carlisle Theatre.

The year's obituary, we regret to say, contains the names of many by whose exertions the public have, for a long series of years, been entertained and instructed. Those of Hawes, Loder, Liston, Wordsworth, and recently of Miss Tidswell and Miss Tunstall (both of by gone celebrity). Followed by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, Mrs. S. Lover, Mrs Sylvester (formerly Miss L. Melville), Mrs. Martyn (formerly Miss E. Inverarity), at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mrs. Planché (author of the Ransom), John Bologna, T. L. Ternan, W. H. Williams, Kearns, Joseph Cakin, R. Younge, and Mr Capel. Also of Dragonetti, Lafon (the French tragedian), Eybler, Gabussi, Logier, Rinck, Reis, Stumph, and lastly, the poor widow Seraphine, remind us of that grim visitor who spareth no man.

We rejoice to hear of the unprecedented success of the legitimate drama and music in America. Nothing evinces a higher degree of refinement on the part of our transatlantic brethren, and we are of opinion that the present season will firmly establish the cultivation and patronage of the arts, as a main feature of their national character. We shall shortly give a list of all the American Theatres, with their managers, &c., and other matter concerning them.

The following is a statement of the number of new pieces produced at the Paris theatres during the past year:—The Academie Royale de Musique, or Grand Opera gave 4; Theatre Francaise, 8; Opera Comique, 6; Italian Opera, 3, Odeon, 11; Vaudeville, 27; Varietes, 15; Gymnase, 21; Palais Royale, 22; Porte St. Martin, 10; Ambigu, 3; Cirque, 2, Folies Dramatiques, 13; Delassemens Comiques, 34; Beaumarchais, 37, Theatre Choiseul, 4 In 1845 there were 269 pieces, by 200 authors. In 1846 there have been produced 2 new tragedies, 2 ballet pantomimes, 12 operas, 12 comedies, 29 dramas, and 170 vaudevilles or farces; in all 227 new pieces, by 193 authors and 12 composers, being less than the preceding year by 42 pieces. The writer of the most numerous pieces has been M. Clairville, who wrote 11 pieces, large and small; next to him ranks M. Dennery, who wrote 7. During the past year one French theatre was destroyed by fire. At Quebec, New York, and London three other theatres fell equally a prey to the flames.

The following LONDON THEATRES *were open December 26th*, 1846.

THEATRE.	PERFORMANCES.	LESSEE AND STAGE MANAGER.
DRURY LANE.	"*The Bondman*," and a new pantomime, by Mr. Morton, called "*St. George and the Dragon.*" *Clown.*, T. Matthews; *Pan.*, Mr. Priorson; *Harl.*, M. Howell; *Cols.*, Miss Hicks and Lonsdale. Box, 7s. and 5s.; Pit, 3s 6d.; Low. Gal., 2s.; Up. Gal., 1s.—Commence at *quarter before seven.*	A. Bunn. J. P. Harley.
HAYMARKET.	"*Round of Wrong*," "*Story Telling*," and a new fairy extravaganza, by T. R. Planché, called "*The Invisible Prince*;" supported by J. Bland, Messrs. Caulfield, Rogers, the Misses P. Horton, J. Bennett, Reynolds, and Mrs. Buckingham.—Box, 5s; Pit, 3s; Up. Gal., 1s.; Low. Gal., 2s. *Seven.*	B. Webster. W. Farren.
SADLER'S WELLS.	"*The Stranger*," and a new pantomime, by T. L. Greenwood, called "*A Happy New Year; or, The White Cat.*" *Clown*, C. Stilt; *Pan.*, Johnson; *Harl.*, C. Fenton; *Col.*, Miss C. Barnett.—Box, 2s; Pit, 1s; Gal., 6d. *Seven.*	T. L. Greenwood. S. Phelps.
PRINCESS'S.	"*Blanche de Valmy*," "*The Seven Maids of Munich*," and a new pantomime, by Mr. Maddox, called "*The Enchanted Beauties of the Golden Castle.*" *Clown*, R. Flexmore; *Pan.*, Mr. Paulo; *Harl.*, L. Bologna; *Col.*, Miss Burbidge. — Box, 5s. and 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gal., 1s. *Seven.*	J. M. Maddox. Mr. Emden. Mr. Walton.
ADELPHI.	"*Colomba, the Corsican Sister*" (first time); *Jeux Gymnastiques*, by J. Lees and his pupils; and the fairy spectacle, in two acts, called "*The Phantom Dancers.*" *Giselle*, Mad. Celeste.—Box, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gal., 1s. *Seven.*	B. Webster. Mrs. C. Elliot.
SURREY.	"*Hand of Cards*" (first time), and a new pantomime, by B. S Fairbrother, called "*The King of the Castle.* *Clown*, N. Deulin; *Pan.*, R. Deulin; *Harl.*, Herr Deulin; *Col.*, Mad. Theodore; *Punch*, E. Deulin.—Box, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gal., 6d. *Half-past six.*	Mrs. F. Davidge. E. Stirling.

THEATRE.	PERFORMANCES.	LESSEE AND STAGE MANAGER.
LYCEUM.	"*Battle of Life*," and a new pantomime, by J. W. Collier, called "*The Butterfly's Ball.*" *Clown*, J. W. Collier; *Pan.*, T. Gough; *Harl.* (first time), J. Lauri; *Col.*, Miss Laidlaw.—Orch., 5s.; Balc. and Boxes, 4s; Pit, 2s.; Gal., 6d. *Seven.*	R. Keeley. Mr. Bender.
MARYLEBONE.	"*George Barnwell*," and a new pantomime, by Mr. Lucas, called "*The Spirit of the Moon; or, Giselle and the Night Dancers.*" *Clown*, J. Doughty, *Pan.*, R. Hawkins; *Harl.*, C. Reeves, *Col.*, Clara Harcourt. - Box, 2s; Pit, 1s; 6d. *Half-past six.*	J. Douglass. T. Lee.
OLYMPIC.	"*Jane Shore*," and a new pantomime, by E. L. Blanchard, called "*King Alfred the Great.*" *Clown*, Mr. Jefferini; *Pan.*, F. Hartland; *Harl.*, J. W. Cormack; *Col.*, Miss A. Mott.—Stalls, 3s.; Box, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 1s; Gal. 6d.—*Seven.*	G. Bolton. G. Bolton.
ASTLEY'S.	"*The Demon Horse*," Scenes in the Circle, and a new pantomime, by Nelson Lee, called "*The Forty Thieves.*" *Clown*, Mr. Rochez; *Pan.*, M. Saffarini; *Harl.*, W. H. Harvey; *Col.*, Mrs. L. Harvey.—Stalls, 5s.; Dr. Circle, 4s.; Boxes, 3s; Pit, 2s.; Low. Gal., 1s.; Up. Gal., 6d. *Half-past six.*	W. Batty. W. D. Broadfoot.
CITY OF LONDON.	"*Douglas*," "*Of Age To-morrow*," and a new pantomime, by H. T. Craven, called "*He With the Hump.*"—*Clown*, P. Herring; *Harl.*, H. Saunders; *Pan.*, Mr. Morelli; *Col.*, Miss Gilbert.—Box, 1s.; Pit, 6d.; Gal., 3d. *Half-past six.*	R. Honnor. R. Honnor.
QUEEN'S.	"*The Stolen Will*," a farce, and a new pantomime, by C. James, junior, called "*Tom Tiddler's Ground.*" *Clowns*, E. Blanchard and G. Tarrant; *Pan.*, Mr. Lynch; *Harl.*, Mr. Ambrook; *Col.*, Clara Gibson. - Box, 1s; Pit, 6d; Gal., 3d. *Half-past six.*	C. J. James. J. Parry.
VICTORIA.	"*The Black Doctor*," and a new pantomime, by E. Fitzball, called "*The Birth of the Steam Engine.*" *Clown*, T. Barry; *Pan.*, Mr. Osmond; *Harl.*, M. Lupino; *Col.*, Miss A. Lauri.—Box, 1s.; Pit, 6d.; Gal., 3d. *Half-past six.*	D. W. Osbaldiston. N. T. Hicks.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nondescript.—We think well of your kind suggestion, and will give it our earnest consideration.

W. H. W. B. and *H. B.*—Came safe to hand on both occasions; for which, accept our best thanks. Write often, H. B., of your whereabouts.

Tim Moore. The late G. Stansbury was Chorus Master at Hawkins' Street Theatre at the time mentioned. The efforts of Marinari's pencil is still remembered by the frequenters of Crow Street Theatre. Your observations recall to memory youthful days and happy times, and you, like ourselves, must be an old, if not a very old, stager.

G. O.—W. C. and T. H. L. are answered by post.

Veritas.—The late Mrs. Honey's mother is alive and well. We saw the lady perform, as usual, on the 20th inst.

R. M. (Dundee).—The late J. P. Warde was the *Icilius* to C. Young's *Virginius.* Mrs. J. P. Kemble was the daughter of Hopkins, the prompter.

Zanga (Dublin)—Of what can our correspondent be thinking? The lady, known as Madame Celeste, was *not* born in Paris. Mrs. Glover's maiden name was not Betterton; nor is Edward Fitzwilliam dead.

Alphonso.—It was on the Saturday Miss C. Cushman performed at the theatre in question, retiring ill to her bed, and on the Monday following that splendid temple was burnt to the ground, and with it perished all her theatrical wardrobe. Her family was at this time dependant upon her. Jenny Lind was born in 1820.

Curious.—*Romeo* Montecchio and *Juliet* Cappelletto, doves, immortalised by the Swan of Avon, were lawfully married in the church of the Minorites, on the 11th of March, 1302. These natives of old Verona live in delphic verse more durable than either marble or tradition.

Caroline (Glasgow).—At the head of domestic drama stand Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Honnor, Miss F. Cooper, Miss O Hara, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Stirling, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. H. Vining, and Miss Woolgar. The two first wanted only what the two following possess in a high degree, viz., stage-figure, to have fitted them for the first walk in tragedy. M. Benedict was a pupil of C. M. Von Weber.

Hope (Manchester).—Although our pages are open to the whole of the profession, we can neither insert nor withhold any birth, marriage or death, at the request of an anonymous correspondent.

W. M. and *Dramaticus.*—Mr. Marshall's comedy of "*The Widow's Wedding*" has not been published. The same may be said of his pastoral play. Until the commencement of this work he was engaged on a tragedy, entitled "*Roublon and Rhoda.*" Scenes from each will, no doubt, be given to the world through the pages of the "National Dramatic Biographer."

Candidus.—The individual you mention is John Macredie, Esq., eldest son of Wm. Macredie, of Perceston, Ayrshire, and who married (Feb. 17th, 1812,) Mary R. Morrieson, eldest daughter of the late Major David Morrieson, at Edinburgh. He is the descendant of an ancient Scotch family, and the actor, W. C. Macready, is the descendant of an equally ancient Irish family. We feel obliged by your kindness, nevertheless.

Z. Y. Y., *W. H.*, *Quilp*, *S. T. G.*, *Viola*, *H. W.*, *Surrey*, *T. A.*, *Olpmpic*, *R. Y.*, *W. C.*, *Adelphi*, and numerous other ladies and gentlemen of the profession, to all of whom we offer our very best thanks.

All Letters for the Editor must be posted by the 20th of the Month.

☞ **Part 3 will contain a most interesting Memoir of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews, with a highly finished portrait of the lady; also, No. 1, of the rising talent of the London Stage, with Chronicle, &c., &c.**



MRS. E. L. MATHEWS,

As she appeared on the occasion of FREDERICK WILLIAM, KING OF PRUSSIA'S *visit to Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesday, February 2nd, 1842, in the character of*

MRS. PAGE, IN THE "*Merry Wives of Windsor.*"

I will not speake so bad as I knowe of many; I will not speake worse than I knowe of any. He can never be good himselfe, who speakes evil of others on suspicion.—*Warwick.*

THE name of Bartolozzi is endeared to the lovers of high art, by some of the finest specimens of engraving that any age has furnished. Francesco Bartolozzi was born in 1723, and died in 1815, leaving a son, Gaetano Bartolozzi, who married Mad. Teresa, a German lady, whose musical talents were highly appreciated both here and on the continent. A skilful professor on the piano-forte, and the fruit of which marriage was our heroine, who may be said to have claimed talent as an hereditary possession. Eliza Lucy Bartolozzi was born in the most populous parish in England, St. Marylebone, in January,

1797. She received a most excellent education, and developed at a very early age extraordinary ability in the acquirement of languages, and the art of music; evincing to an extraordinary degree the power of memory. At fourteen, a period when most of the sex, ambitious of sterling accomplishments, are but entering on their novitiate, Miss Bartolozzi was perfect mistress of the French and Italian languages, and spoke her own with purity—a circumstance that may create some surprise, as both her parents dealt in that kind of small talk that may be termed *mezzo*-English. A Captain Best, notorious for his fatal duel with Lord Camelford, was said to have taken great interest in the education of the brilliant-eyed Eliza. She, however, was not educated with a view to her adopting the stage as a profession; on the contrary, her parents denied her none of the amusements of the metropolis, and her interesting features were seen nightly at concerts, balls, the opera, &c., during 1810-11. At this period she performed on the piano pleasingly, but her singing was wild and untutored; and, as she was from infancy impatient of control, little pains were bestowed on her vocal powers. It was at this time that, while nightly moving in the maze of first-rate fashionable life, a beautiful girl, "the observed of all observers," she was unfortunately introduced to M. Armand Vestris, of the King's Theatre, who was then not only delighting, but astonishing, all the fashionable world by his unrivalled dancing at the Italian Opera House. He was just four-and-twenty, having been born at Paris on the 3rd of May, 1787, but was fast sinking into old age, from his dissipated course of life. Our heroine was but in her spring time, not yet having seen her fifteenth year. My readers will then perceive the imprudence of such an introduction, and the terrible sacrifice likely to arise therefrom. Armand Vestris was then principal of the *Corps de Ballet*, and the celebrity of his name rendered his attentions irresistible. He was the grandson of the original dancer of that name, and whom the enthusiastic French called, *Le Dieu de la Danse*, or, The God of Dance; he was also styled the "French Rose."* When in England, he, like his grandson, was principal dancer and ballet-master of the King's Theatre, and greatly patronised by William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, and his famous duchess, Georgiana Spencer, celebrated for her Greek compliment to Sir William Jones, upon receiving his ode in imitation of Callistratus (October 28th, 1784): "*The Graces seeking a shrine that would never decay, found the soul of Jones.*" The duchess was the most beautiful woman of the age, as well as the most accomplished, open, sincere, disinterested, humane, and charitable one in existence; and they gave the ballet-master, the original Vestris, free access to their princely mansion, Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, and to all their country-seats; until the unprecedented liberties so given him, raised in his manner an air of insolence and presuming audacity, which was increased by his always having the honour of opening the balls personally with the duchess. The duke, one night, having complimented him on his dancing, in a ballet with Madame Hilligsbery, at the opera, when Vestris vauntingly said, "My Lord Duke,

* In allusion to that designation, the late J. C. Astley, of the Amphitheatre, on being sent for by the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, was by her styled the "English Rose."

I am astonished at dat, when there have been only three great men in de world; that is, Voltaire, Frederick, de King of Prussia, and—(pausing)—myself." This egotism so disgusted the duke, that when the next private ball took place, Vestris, as usual attended, and was announced amongst the rest. Upon his grace hearing it, he met the ballet-master, and extending his arms across the staircase, said, "Mr. Vestris, the duchess don't dance to-night." The God of Dance took the hint, and precipitately left his grace.

I am not aware of any relationship, either by blood or otherwsie, existing between this excellent dancer and Marie Rose Gourgaud Dugazon Vestris, who died at Paris, the 6th of October, 1804. Gaetano Apoline Balthazar Vestris, died at Paris, the 27th of September, 1808. Armand Vestris was educated from his cradle in the steps in which he was destined to walk, and was presented by his father and grandfather (the God of Dance) to the Parisian public in 1800. That circumstance is not even now forgotten abroad, for the elder Vestris returned to the stage on that occasion, in compliment to his grandson; and all Paris was in arms to behold the three generations, all excelling in their joint art, exhibit at once. The youthful Armand, however, bore away the palm, and for nine years remained the most attractive ballet performer in that nation of dancers. Perhaps no men have more temptations held out to them than public dancers in France, and Armand Vestris, at the age of two-and-twenty, showed that dissipation had done its work upon him: in fact, though only just arrived at manhood in years, he looked sinking into old age, and his manner of life had made inroads upon his green constitution, when he accepted an engagement in England. After a little preliminary nursing, he appeared in a *pas de deux* with Madame Angiolini on the 6th of January, 1809, in D'Egville's ballet, called "*Les Amours de Glauque, or la Vengance de Venus.*" He then danced a *fandango* with Angiolini, in "*Don Quichotte, ou les noces de Gamache*;" which fandango turned the heads of half the female portion of the audience. Armand Vestris reposed quietly in the good graces of his fashionable audiences; and on one eventful evening (fatal, alas! to her future peace and happiness!) Eliza Lucy Bartolozzi "sighed and looked, and looked and sighed again,"—then fairly owned herself "danced out of her heart." Vestris was struck by the mute eloquence of the lady. But what man on earth could have resisted such a pair of eyes as then sparkled in the head of the most fascinating girl in England? Armand Vestris could not; but, alas! the poet hath said, "Violent commencements have violent ends!" It, is, however, sufficient here to say, that on the 28th of January, 1813, the rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Charing Cross, performed the marriage ceremony, and joined these extraordinary individuals: no children have been the produce of this union.

Monsieur Armand Vestris was rather of a clumsy make, and by no means the man that a casual observer would fix upon to put in training, either for a dancer or an Adonis. His visage was chubby and inexpressive, and his eye had an expression of dissipation that was displeasing. It was the gloating of passion without its fire. It does not appear that, at first, M. Vestris had any intention of bringing his young wife on the stage as a candidate for public favour;

but, as it often happens, expenses outstripped their income, and, what at first was declined, was at length found necessary. He himself lived expensively; and as the charms of his wife began to be much lauded, he at once determined to bring her before that very appreciating circle of enthusiasts who had made him the "admired of all admirers," to which the lady, "nothing loth" consented. She required but little preparation; and, after receiving a few lessons in singing from Mr Corri, Madame Vestris made her *debût* for her husband's benefit at the Italian Opera House, on Thursday, the 20th of July, 1815, as *Proserpina*, in Winter's delightful opera of "*Il Ratto di Proserpina*." This was a bold undertaking, and was by those who were qualified to judge, considered as doubtful; the part having been expressly composed for Madame Grassini, who had adorned it by the utmost stretch of her fine powers, and whose excellence, fresh in the remembrance of all, therefore, was not so soon to be obliterated. Neither Madame Vestris, nor her warmest friends, could hope to equal her, but they judged right, when they thought that her deficiency of voice would find an ample covering in her youth and beauty. It was, however, a brilliant *debût*, making a very favourable impression upon a crowded audience. In the duet, "*Vaghi colli ameni prati*," she had the good fortune to receive an encore, and was much applauded in the airs "*Paga, fugi lieta un di*" and "*O Giove omnipossente*." Accordingly she repeated the character on the following Saturday, and was gratified with the approbation of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, who honoured the theatre with her presence, and was so enraptured at the performance of the trio, "*Mi Lasci*," by Madame Vestris, Madame Sessi, and Signor Graam, that she joined heartily in the plaudits of the house. So delighted, indeed, was this deservedly adored princess with our youthful (exactly one year the junior of her royal patron) debutante, that she again visited the theatre on Tuesday, the 25th, when the same opera was performed a third time. After this approbation, it was not surprising that the piece should be frequently given to the end of the season, or that our heroine should become a favourite, whom to applaud was fashion. Although Madame Vestris had charmed the frequenters of the Opera House, it was sufficiently easy to discover that the talents of the young performer had done little towards exciting this feeling in her favour,—youth, elegance, and beauty, supplied the place of practised artistical accomplishments.

Indeed, her histrionic abilities were not, at this period, of a very striking order. Her voice by no means possessed that richness and volume that in after years threw such a charm around her acting, and which now was still less admirable; being limited to crossing her arms gracefully upon her bosom, looking like a pretty piece of still life, or giving an occasional gentle wave of the right hand during the execution of a song. In the vacation of 1825, Madame Vestris went abroad with her husband, and returned in December following. Her defects in vocalisation became more obvious in the course of the next season, at the Italian Opera, when she appeared in "*Cosi Fan Tutti*," and sustained *Susannah*, in "*Figaro*," and one or two other characters. Enthusiasm had had time to cool, and give place to sober judgment; it was now perceived, that neither her talents or ex-

perience were sufficient to enable her to sustain the range of characters which she was expected to fill, or rather those which had been unwisely thrust upon her. Therefore, at the close of the season, 1816, she proceeded with her husband to Paris, which city witnessed her efforts as *Proserpina*, on the 7th of December; Mrs. Dickons,* then at the Théatre Italien, representing *Ceres*. Even in this, her favourite character, Madame Vestris did not experience in Paris the indulgence she met with in London; and, notwithstanding her youth and beauty, was soon obliged to descend from that sphere in which she had hitherto moved, and, though she did not perform frequently at the Théatre Italien, she continued to reside in Paris, occasionally playing with success at some of the theatres.

Armand Vestris, known as a "gay man" in London, was trebly so in his own country; and his young and fascinating wife was left in solitude, a stranger in Paris, whilst he mingled in all the dissipations characteristic of the French metropolis. She was then but just twenty years of age, "with all the wicked world before her," neglected in a foreign country by him for whom she had given up the protection of parents, and the attentions of friends—"'twas much;" the sequel may be guessed. From Paris M. A. Vestris proceeded to Naples, where he actually settled as ballet-master; his wife declining to accompany him, and delighted with the gaieties of Paris, unfortunately launched into the pleasures and dissipation for which that city had become notorious. However, it is but justice to say, that by attention, observation, and practice, our heroine improved greatly, not only in the science of music, but in the delineation of dramatic character. Her performances in drama and tragedy at some of the French theatres was very successful. While sustaining *Camilla*, in "*Les Horace*," with F. J. Talma, at the Theatre Français, the great tragedian is reported to have commenced the tragedy with his sister, *Camilla*, in a state which occasioned madame to reprove him with, "Are you mad, Talma? You have forgotten to put on your breeches." To which Talma replied, "No, madame; the Romans never wore breeches." After having been the life of a certain society in France, Madame Vestris wisely quitted it, and returned to dear London in the winter of 1819; but her first engagement was unfortunately arranged with that worst of managers and bad man, R. W. Elliston, of Drury Lane. In January, 1820, the bills announced our heroine as under an engagement at Drury Lane, and, on the 19th of February, she made what she still considers her first appearance on the English stage, in the part of *Lilla*, in the "*Siege of Belgrade*," with the most complete success. She next performed *Adela*, in which her duet with J. P. Harley,† "*Will great Lords and Ladies*," forcibly brought to mind the late Signora Storace, the original *Adela*, (*Haunted Tower*,) whose archness and vivacity Madame Vestris possessed, without the grossness that distinguished that vocal actress. *Artaxerxes* was her third performance, and her execution of "*In infancy our hopes and fears*," was beautifully given, and highly commended; and then, in a wretched musical pantomime jumble,

* Formerly Miss Poole, the successor of Signora Storace, at Covent Garden; admired in *Oratorios*, and famous as *Rosina*, "*Barber of Seville*."

† The present (1847) Stage-manager of Drury Lane.

produced in April, called "*Harlequin versus Shakespeare*," she sustained *Dolly Swiss*. Her execution of Mr. Reeve's ballad, "*I'm sure I shall never forget him*," enchanted every one. Her exquisite enunciation of

"Oh, dear! I don't know what it was that came o'er me,
Perhaps it was—something like love;"

stamped her as the most fascinating actress on the English stage. Notwithstanding her excellent performance, and that of the present Mr. T. Cooke, playing on the harp, violin, flageolet, and piano-forte with exquisite taste and skill, the piece was a failure. In May, "*The Lady and the Devil*" was produced, and in June, a successful opera, called "*David Rizzio*," followed in the same month by a revival of that classical production, called "*Giovanni in London*," which piece was now produced as an opera; *Leperello*, J. P. Harley,* who was shortly afterwards succeeded by E. Knight; *Tailor*, R. Keeley; who succeeded E. Knight, as *Leperello*, and thus stepped into his original part, with the difference of Drury Lane for the Olympic to boot. The character of *Don Giovanni*, in this musical burletta, seems to have been reserved to bring into play the real histrionic powers and fatal fascination of Madame Vestris, in which, with her blue surtout, she burst forth, setting the town in a ferment, and acquired that sort of doubtful fame, which every female must do, in the opinion of the sober-minded, no matter how diversified soever her talents, who takes upon herself the enaction of such male characters. Her performance called forth reiterated bursts of applause, and caused Fame to sound her trumpet with unusual force, so that the treasury of old Drury experienced the beneficial effects.

"In breeches then, so well she played the cheat,
The pretty fellow, and the rake complete;
Each sex was then with different passions mov'd,
The men grew envious, and the women lov'd."

The following remarks are from the "*Theatrical Inquisitor*:"—

"We pity Madame Vestris, from every consideration by which her performance of *Don Giovanni* has been attended. The disgusting woman who undertook this libertine character at its outset, prepared us very fully for the only result that can ever be drawn, in the nicest hands, from its loathsome repetition; and we, therefore, feel bound to treat it as a part which no female should assume till she has discarded every delicate scruple by which her mind or her person can be distinguished. That any modern manager will bestow a single thought upon the tarnished virtue of his company, is not an event we are entitled to expect; but there is a reluctance at least to be evinced by the victim of his power in discharging her nauseous duties, which should conciliate the judgment that decency has arrayed against her. We could not trace this reluctance in the efforts of Madame Vestris, who seemed to have swathed her slender form in rolls and bandages, to fill out the garb of the character, and testified altogether that sort of ease and gaiety against which, for the honour of the sex, we still deem it our duty to protest."

* R. Keeley was the original *Leperello* at the Olympic.

The piece ran to the end of the month (June), which closed the season. The lady alluded to, as the orignal *Don Giovanni*, was Mrs. Gould, formerly Miss Burrell, a woman of such masculine habits, as to bear the cognomen of "JOE GOULD" throughout the country.

In the following season, Madame Vestris ably supported the part of *Captain Macheath*, in which, both at Drury and the Haymarket, she drew immense houses. She also played that part one night at Covent Garden, for the benefit of the late W. Abbott; it may, therefore, be imagined she did not suffer from the annoyance of female delicacy—no timidity or obtrusive modesty clouded her powers, but entire self-possession gave to each part its full force; nor was a look, inuendo, or attitude wanting to pourtray the accomplished rake, or libertine highwayman. As a specimen of Mr. Elliston's puffing, I extract the following from a Drury Lane bill, of February the 19th, 1821, printed, as was usual, in red:—"The united efforts of Miss Wilson, Mr. Braham, Mr. Horn, Miss Povey, and Madame Vestris, are nightly received with enthusiastic approbation. The opera of '*Artaxerxes*' continues its triumphant career! It is an absolute fact that, at this moment, there are more than *three thousand places* taken from Mr. Rodwell, the book-keeper, for its future performances!!!" In April, "*Giovanni in London*" was again performed, when, in consequence of the absence of our heroine on the 23rd, Miss M. C. Cubitt was substituted for the rolikin *Don*, and entered so completely into the spirit of the character that she repeated the part several times. The unblushing impostor, Elliston, not satisfied with this success, procured at the expense of female degradation, now suggested to C. Horn and T. Cooke, a scheme in which to bring the assumption of the other sex, so cleverly pourtrayed by his two victims, into comparison, and thus allow the public to form an unjust estimate of their talents, to the positive ruin of one, and to his own lucrative advantage. Colley Cibber's comedy, "*She Would and She Would Not*; *or*, *The Kind Impostor*," was cut down into *three acts*, and inlaid with music and song by Cooke and Horn, and produced on the 10th of May, under its second title, "*The Kind Impostor.*"

Don Phillip	. T. Cooke.	*Hypolito*	. Madame Vestris.
Don Manuel	. J. S. Munden.	*Flora*	. Miss M. C. Cubitt.
Trappanti	. J. P. Harley.	Both of whom were in male attire.	

On the 2nd of June, an opera, in three acts, called "*Dirce; or The Fatal Urn*," was produced, in which our heroine was again thrust into breeches.

Timanthes	. . J. Braham.	*Dirce*	. . Miss Wilson.
Demophoon	. . C. Horn.	*Lessia*	. . Miss Povey.
Cherintus	. . Madame Vestris.		

This brought her second season at Drury Lane to a close, and on the following 25th of August, 1821, she had the misfortune to lose her father, Gaetano Bartolozzi, in the 64th year of his age. Her fame soon spread, and brought her offers of the most lucrative nature from the Edinburgh, Birmingham, and other managers, at which places, as

well as at the Haymarket, she performed in succession with equal *eclât*. Her beauty shone with undiminished lustre, and, of course, had its full power over the minds of many; yet, strange to say, before she figured in *male* attire little notice comparatively speaking was taken of her. The casting away the becoming dress of her own sex, and the assumption of a tight pair of elastic pantaloons, kindled, like lightning, the admiration of the dull, and awakened the sympathies of the gay and pleasure-seeking multitude. She, however, occasionally assumed characters in comedy, and performed *Letitia Hardy*, both at Covent Garden and the Haymarket. Her salary at the former theatre was twenty guineas per week and *an understanding*,* and thirty guineas per week at the latter.

In 1825, her husband, Armand Vestris, died. From the period of his deserting her in France to the day of his death, he and his talented wife "dwelt asunder," though they had once or twice met. He died, as he had lived, greatly embarrassed. Her London engagements were now principally at Covent Garden, where, on the 18th of April, 1826, Weber's much talked of operatic romance, "*Oberon*," was produced with so much splendour and talent, including J. Braham, C. Bland, Miss Paton (now Mrs. Wood), Miss H. Lacy, Miss H. Cawse, Mr. Fawcett, and Cooper.

As an actress, Madame Vestris was decidedly the best amongst the vocalists. Her *Lydia Languish* and *Letitia Hardy* were *respectable*, as specimens of art, delightful as personations. Her *Maria Darlington* had not the lightness of Miss Maria Foote's, but it gave a warmer, though a less pure delight. As a whole, the performance of our heroine will bear but slight comparison with the artistic excellence of her rival, the now Countess of Harrington. Madame Vestris at this period may fairly be said to have been a second-rate actress, without regard to her musical pretensions at all. She was quite as good as Miss Chester, and with care and study might have become a much better actress. Though possessing great versatility, her personations were not at all numerous; and it is a pitiable fact, that her representations of the other sex were the most popular of the number. *Don Giovanni*, *Capt. Macheath*, *Apollo*, in "*Midas*;" *Young Malcolm*, in Rossini's "*Lady of the Lake*;" and *Paul* in "*Paul and Virginia*," were the principal of her most attractive characters, and notwithstanding her flippant, boisterous gaiety, her fine spirit, and her then powerful voice, Madame Vestris could not disguise her sex half so successfully as many actresses less noted for the freedom of their manners. Mrs. Davison (formerly Miss Duncan), Miss F. M. Kelly, and the famous Sally Booth all exceeded her in this doubtful qualification. Her *Little Pickle* was not so good a delineation of the incorrigible boy, as had become celebrated in the hands of Miss Booth, or in those of the once *prodigy* Miss Clara Fisher, but it was more delightful than either. In a word, Madame Vestris was, and is still, an actress of wonderful endowments. The mere mention of the fact, that she at the age of twenty, and now at fifty, could sustain comic characters in the language of three kingdoms, and in such a

* By this is meant, certain emoluments, either at her benefit or otherwise, that shall increase the real amount of her salary; and it is thus managed, because twenty guineas was then the "*nil ultra*" of that establishment.

style, too, as to command applause in the capitals of France, Italy, and England, is sufficient to gain for her the epithet of extraordinary. As a singer, she is indebted to nature only; of singing as an art, she knew absolutely nothing; she received very little vocal instruction, and that little was of the worst order. Her singing, like her acting, was all impulsive; she possessed feeling and taste in herself; she was never learned these things. In relation to the art itself, Madame Vestris was, for effect, after Miss Paton, Miss Kitty Stephens (now Dowager Countess of Essex), and Miss P. Graddon (now Mrs. Gibbs), the most delightful vocalist of her day, and was, and is still, more generally pleasing than the latter lady. Whatever charges there may be, and however terrible and many, against this fascinating woman, there are innumerable instances of generosity and kindliness of heart in our heroine, that would reflect honour even on the illustrious lady who sways the sceptre of our realm. Her manners are without any tincture of affectation; to the less fortunate members of the profession, she was ever affable and kind. In her provincial tours, most conciliating and obliging; and in whatever theatre she appeared, her conduct was never such as to give the slightest offence, either to the delicacy or feelings of the other ladies of the establishment. But come we now to a later date; to the period, as Leigh Hunt says, when Madame Vestris became a *wo*-manager. She was now (1829) at the zenith of her fame—the idol and life of a certain society, when she cast her eyes upon the little theatre in Wych Street, Strand, the property of the late Mr. J. Scott, of Parliament Street, and the last of the *nineteen theatres* built by the late Philip Astley, in 1805-6, and who was pleased to designate it the "Olympic Pavilion," for which, on its ultimate failure, the late R. W. Elliston gave outright 3,000 guineas, and an annuity of 100*l.* a year to old Philip during his life. Reeve succeeded Elliston, and D. Egerton, Reeve. After several others, G. Wild (real name Brodie), from the West London, now the Queen's Theatre, undertook its management, and was succeeded by the most fitting, and certainly the most fortunate, director it had previously known, or has since, and perhaps ever will have the courage to take its helm. Without a similarity in the attraction of its principal conductor, and a corresponding judgment and liberality in the management, the Olympic Theatre is doomed to be an up-hill speculation to all succeeding renters. On Madame Vestris becoming lessee of this theatre, it was totally unworthy of the name. The scenery, what little there was to be found, did not only require repairing, but replacing with new. The body of the house, roof, dressing-rooms, stage, curtains, and indeed everything wanted thoroughly cleansing and repairing. Even the private house in Craven Buildings was so dilapidated that it required painting throughout, before Mr. Antony and his family could reside therein. Mr. Scott, however, laid out some few, very few, pounds in the repairs of the roof, windows, fire-pump, and cistern of the theatre, leaving our heroine to expend as many hundreds, or thousands, as such an undertaking would desire. Some of the first artists in the kingdom were engaged, amongst them was the late John Liston; our heroine wisely taking advantage of the faulty conduct of the mis-managers of the then so-called major establishments, secured his

services at 60*l.* per week. On Monday, the 3rd of January, 1830, the theatre was opened with an historical drama, called "*Mary Queen of Scotts;*" *Mary*, Miss M. Foote; "*Olympic Revels,*" "*Marinette,*" and "*Clarisse Harlowe.*" J. Vining and F. Matthews were also engaged; and remained with our heroine many seasons of uninterrupted success. While at the Olympic, under Madame Vestris's dictation, several of the performers vastly improved themselves, and none more so than Frank Matthews, who was fast forming a style of his own; but on the termination of his Olympic engagements, there has been an evident falling off, and which has never been more apparent than during 1845-6-7, the seasons of his engagement at the Lyceum, where, by a long succession of *fudge*, of the *Tom and Jerry* school, in which the Keeleys delight, there has ceased to be from him any attempt at natural study.

The name of Madame Vestris quickly became associated with all that was classically elegant and tastefully correct. Not only was she without a rival in the dramatic trifles, which under her management were nightly presented for public approval, but she also proved what could be done by skilful exertion, united with liberality and sound judgment. Surrounded by a host of talent, of which she was alike the centre and the ornament, and having in her train popular and effective authors, season after season at the Olympic Temple were rendered eminently lucrative. Talent of a certain description, wherever it was to be found, was readily sought for, and as readily obtained. The late Miss Murray was found an excellent card, and W. H. Oxberry (now of the Lyceum), succeeded in dealing out his drolleries, followed by many others of this talented pack in full cry; but reserved it would seem for Madame herself to turn up the trump card, which she did, on the 7th of December, in the characters of *George Rattleton* and *Tim Topple*, accompanied by his intimate friend, the John, a well known card in the Olympic pack. Mr. C. J. Mathews was found an acquisition to the company; but as a memoir of that gentleman will shortly appear, it is needless to detail here what will there be found at large.

In the following season our heroine was attacked with a long and severe illness, during which the theatre suffered much in attraction from her absence. She, however, recovered and re-appeared in the successful part of *Psyche*, in the Christmas (1836) burletta; which piece was immeasurably superior to most effusions of former seasons. C. Dance and J. R. Planché's extremely clever parodies made them successful. The former used to get part of the latter's merit; but Planché declined the co-partnership, and the result was, that Dance was not often heard of. Madame therefore experienced a loss, and was in consequence compelled to accept many productions from authors hitherto unknown at her theatre; amongst whom was S. Lover (now, 1847, in America), a very clever man, and was found extremely serviceable to the Olympic by his clever vaudevilles. On Easter Monday, 1837, was produced that famous piece, founded on A. Pope's "*Rape of the Lock,*" which was put upon the stage in a manner highly creditable to the management. Pieces from the pen of J. B. Buckstone were also found occasionally of great acquisition.

His "*Shocking Events*," produced in January, 1838, though extravagant, proved successful. In the same month that still popular piece, the "*Black Domino*," founded on the "*Domino Noir*," one of the worst of Auber's operas, and though brought forwarded in great haste, was produced with considerable taste in the arrangement of scenery, costume, and properties. In this version Madame Vestris, C. J. Mathews, C. Selby (in place of J. Vining), and others acquitted themselves with perfect satisfaction.

On Monday, May 21st, the bills put forth the startling announcement of "The last ten nights of the season, previous to Madame Vestris's departure for America," with "*Naval Engagements*," *Admiral Kingstone*, W. Farren; "*Peculiar Positions*," *Countess*, Miss Murray; "*Patter versus Clatter*;" and a new burletta, called "*The Drama's Levee*." Accordingly, on Thursday, the 31st of May, 1838, our heroine closed her eighth season at the Olympic, with a farewell address, in which she said:—"Offers, of so liberal a nature, have been made to me from America, that no one who labours for ultimate independence would be justified in declining them." Other offers of a more serious and certainly far more pleasant nature were also made to her, and from no less a personage than he who at first sight appeared to her as a "Hump-backed Lover," but who had now adopted reality for fiction, and as the *hump* was an invisible one, his offer was accepted. Madame Vestris was therefore married a second time, taking for her husband the clever Charles James Mathews; the rector of St. John's, Westminster, performing the ceremony for the old and young stagers in the month of August, 1838.

"Wine, Wit, and Beauty, still their charms bestow,
Light all the shades of life, and cheer us as we go.
Who loves not Woman, Wine, and Song,
Is, and remains, a fool his whole life long."
MARTIN LUTHER.

They immediately after set out for America, leaving the direction of the theatre in the hands of Mr. Planché,* who, on the 29th of September, re-opened it for the season. The commencement, as was expected, was not very auspicious. "*Sons and Systems*" maintained its ground; but T. H. Bayly's novelty, called "*Mischievous Eyes*," was a failure. However, in the course of the following month, affairs took a fortunate turn, which, at the time, spoke volumes in favour of the deputy management, and Mrs. Mathews, in consequence, ceased to issue her managerial edicts from the other side of the Atlantic. "*Ask no Questions*" was therefore an appropriate production, and was rendered pleasing by the exertions of W. Farren (who had taken J. Liston's place), W. H. Oxberry, and Mrs. M. A Orger; "*A Quiet Day*" completing each evening's amusement. R. Keeley was *Pica Fat*, in "*The Printer's Devil*," and J. Vining and Mrs. Nisbett, perfection, in "*The Idol's Birthday*," produced on the 5th of November. Novelty followed novelty, and success invariably the result. "*You Can't Marry Your Grandmother*," was succeeded by that famous burletta, "*The Court of old Fritz*," on the 22nd; in which W. Farren sustained two distinct characters, and

* E. Hooper had left. He shortly after undertook the management of the St. James's.

was highly successful, supported by J. Vining, J. Bland, C. Selby, Granby, and Mrs. Franks. On the 3rd of December, "*The Queen's Horse*" was imported from France, and almost ridden to death, by Keeley, Selby, Brougham, and Miss Lee; they were, however, stopped on the 17th by "*Burlington Arcade*," partly by the exertions of Keeley and Brougham, assisted by T. Green, J. Bland, and Mesdames Orger and Macnamara. This was a glorious run for these jolly dogs, and as the Olympic bills used to say, J. R Planché, Esq., C. Dance, Esq., *Mister Selby*, and *Mister* Oxenford, not only found the merciful result beneficial to themselves, but seasonably so to the Olympic treasury, as "*The Country Squire*" ultimately proved to them; for the Christmas holidays brought him again to dear London, and as it was a most unexpected visit, everybody went on Boxing night to see the play, or rather to hear what Charles Mathews had to say, on his first appearance after his return from America. His character was an appropriate one; being *Captain Patter*, and his first words on his entrance, "I have not been long," were very apropòs. He was greeted with a most hearty welcome, and having been allowed to run through his part quietly, he was at the close of the piece called before the curtain, when, after an ineffectual attempt at a speech, his feelings having entirely overcome him, he was very properly allowed to depart. The principal attraction, however, was the announced re-appearance of the *wo*-manager, Madame Vestris, which took place in a new burlesque, called "*Blue Beard*," on Wednesday, January 2nd, 1839. The first piece, "*The Bengal Tiger*," was scarcely tolerated, and the audience seemed to have come to see Vestris only. At last the lion of the Olympic, so abused abroad, appeared. To explain the enthusiasm of her reception is impossible; every means that could be devised were seized on as expressions of welcome. She was, as every female would be under the circumstances, overjoyed to tears, and so powerfully did the excitement affect her better feelings, that had not Mrs. Franks supported her, she must have fallen, bereft as she was of those buoyant and joyous spirits that had so long beguiled the cares of thousands. On the termination of the piece, she was called before the curtain, and again received the applause of her enthusiastic admirers. Thus, after a few nights, terminated the public excitement, caused by the very extraordinary manner in which Mrs. Mathews alone was received on her arrival and first appearance in the United States of America. Various reports as to the immediate cause were of course circulated. Some were silly and wicked enough to ground it on the want of practical knowledge in America of the amenities of society; a brand, the free enlightened, and political sons of Columbia would blush to bear. Their God-like fronts have never yet been crimsoned with the shackle or the show of shame. American citizens boast the tombs that contain the ashes of our Cooke, Abbott, &c. They have fostered the genius of our Keans, father and son; welcomed with applause the early professional visits of T. Marshall, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Duff, Miss George, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, Booth, and J. Wallack. Macready, H. Phillips, and Templeton, speak of American citizens as they found them—men and brothers. They appreciate the abilities of W. E. Burton, Anderson, Bass, G. Van-

denhoff, S. Lover, and hundred others, who are now (1847) experiencing civility and friendship on republican soil; and for such talent America has exchanged novelty of most sterling worth, in the names of Miss Placide, E. Forrest, D. Marble, Hill, Miss J. Clifton, and now the Misses Cushman, J. R. Scott, Miss Reynolds, &c. &c. No, no, the exalted citizens of the United States had no connection with this underhand affair. They are above-board and before the curtain, and as such Charles Mathews found them on his farewell night. Those who attributed the failure of the professional part of the expedition to the unmanly conduct of the book-stall keeper, the late imbecile, all hell and thunder, Elliott, husband of Mrs. Celeste Elliott, and his Jim Crow colleague at Boston, was of the mark near enough. The manner in which they displayed their poor spite, was as little creditable to their heads, as it was honourable to their hearts. But here follows a part of Mr. Mathews's address to the audience at New York on his last appearance.

"We set sail for this country, ladies and gentlemen, as upon a trip of pleasure. Steam reduced the voyage to a mere nothing, and though it is true we were obliged to make many sacrifices in leaving home, friends, and unvarying professional success, to risk a doubtful reception among strangers, still we did so with light hearts and perfect reliance on the well-known hospitality of the people we were about to visit, backed by a thorough confidence in our own good intentions, and the conviction that as we set out with the determination to spare no effort to please, our endeavours must be met, if not with brilliant success, at all events with the usual indulgence and protection so notoriously extended to British actors. We set foot then on these shores, resolved to be pleased with everything; and to the question of 'How do you like our country?' so universally asked by all persons here upon a first introduction—(A slight murmur)—we readily answered in terms of the highest praise, as fortunately we were then honestly and conscientiously able to do.

"Two days after our arrival at this city, the weather being insufferably hot, we were advised to proceed at once to Catskill Mountains. We did so with the intention of passing there our few weeks of cool retirement; but after being jolted, at the hazard of our necks, up to that 'cloud capt' hotel, called the Mountain-house, (where we arrived between nine and ten o'clock at night), we found it a gay, noisy, fashionable hotel, anything but adapted for those who sought quiet and retirement; and, therefore, at an early hour next day, at the still greater hazard of our necks, we were jolted down again. (Laughter.) Our intention was to return at once to New York, but that same night chance lodged us at the Exchange-house, at Poughkeepsie, where we found all the quiet that we had been taught to expect at the Mountain-house. There we at once installed ourselves, and there we remained for three weeks, as retired as possible, literally confined to our apartments, with the exception of our usual drive in the cool of the evening.

"Little did we expect, ladies and gentlemen, while applauding ourselves for our polite conduct in retiring altogether from the public eye, and thereby avoiding, as we supposed, all possible offence, that at that very moment the press (that is, a portion of it,) had been

industriously employed in writing us down. Why, or by whom instigated, I do not wish here to inquire; but if it be any triumph to them to know it, I beg to assure them that they have fully succeeded. They have not only utterly destroyed our professional prospects, but have undermined the health and spirits of the lady they have chosen to make the object of their unmanly attack.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to yourselves—can you blame me for at once ending the injustice, by removing my wife from a persecution she is so unaccustomed to? (Cries of 'No, no; certainly not,' from the boxes.) Look for one moment calmly at the circumstances. A malicious report is invented and put in circulation, without the least inquiry into its truth, throughout the United States, I do not speak figuratively, literally; I have received newspapers containing bitter invectives against us from all parts of the Union—(who could have imagined that we were of such consequence in the eyes of the New World?) And all about what? Nothing but our conduct at Saratoga, where we have never been. (Laughter and much applause.)

"Now, in conclusion, gentlemen—I appeal to you as gentlemen, I appeal to you as men of business—leaving all feeling out of the question—let us view this affair in the light of a commercial speculation—a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence—of 'dollars.' Is it likely that we should have behaved in the manner ascribed to us? We came to this country with one avowed object—to make a certain sum of money in a given time. That sum was secured to us in England before starting. Good houses or bad houses, we were to be paid the same. There was only one thing indispensable, viz.:—to please."

This manly address requires no comment, and having nothing to add more, than while in America Mr. and Mrs. Mathews witnessed the exertions of Miss C. Cushman and others of great ability. I therefore return to the Olympic, where "*Our Cousin German*" was followed by "*Faint Heart never Won Fair Lady*," which lady, in March, 1839, was extremely fortunate in not becoming a victim to the much-talked-of box of destruction, forwarded to the Olympic temple by a cousin something more than german. However, "To shoot folly as it flies," Easter Monday and "*Izaak Walton*," followed by "*Dr. Dilworth*," and a revival of "*The Two Figaros*," T. Green sustaining the part originally played by Liston, with Miss A. Taylor and Miss Robinson as *Seraphina* and *Barbarina*, brought peace to the temple; and the state of affairs improving, the following were brought up for sacrifice:—"*High, Low, Jack, and the Game*," a revival; "*You Can't Marry Your Grandmother*," a revival; "*He would be an Actor*," a revival; "*Meet me by Moonlight*," a new burletta; "*A Dream of the Future*," a revival, rather apropos, for on Saturday, May the 25th, C. J. Mathews signed the contract between himself and the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre. The home of the Kembles and the magnificent temple, where, for two years unexampled, the noble soul and determined spirit of Macready had hovered; but who was now most rudely thrust forth, and though himself was the sacrifice, there remained on the altar the embers of chaste splendour and correctness brightly burning, and of such an

extraordinary and resplendent description in the world's eye, as to make the task of conformity most arduous and difficult, and a deviation, inglorious and fatal to all successors. Accordingly, on Friday, the 31st of May, at the conclusion of "*Dr. Dilworth*," one of the season's most successful novelties, Madame delivered, with a piquancy and fascination peculiarly her own, a short, but pointed farewell address to her best friends—the Olympic audience, in which she said:—

"For the ninth time I have the honour to drop my courtesy and my curtain at the close of a prosperous season, for which, in Mr. Mathews' name and my own, I beg to offer you our best acknowledgments.

"There have been peculiar circumstances connected with the season about to conclude, which 'I conclude,' I had better say but little about. I may, however, safely and truly say that I left you with unfeigned regret, and returned to you with unbounded joy; and though it must be confessed that the mode in which you manifested your regret at my absence, was more calculated to feed my vanity than my treasury, your kindness since my return has left the latter nothing to complain of.

"Encouraged by the approbation my managerial efforts have received, we have become lessees of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. I am aware that we shall have many difficulties to contend with. We propose to face them manfully and womanly, to preserve the good points of former managements, and reject the bad: to take with us the best results of my experience here, and to trust to the public to do the rest.

"Some kind friends have already prophesied that I shall not succeed there. My only answer is, that, nine years ago, they said I should never succeed here."

Certain it is that Madame Vestris had raised the Olympic to be the most fashionable minor theatre in London. The gallery of which was fitted up as a second tier of boxes; the prices of admission were such as could support her very liberal management. The stage appointments were of the first order, and in lavished profusion. The same number of years have not yet elapsed since her secession from it, as those of which she held it, viz., nine; but numerous indeed have been her successors, G. Wild, S. Butler, Davenport, Miss Kate Howard, and G. Bolton have been the principals. Madame Vestris was a good tactitian, and well versed in the business of the drama, her department in it had been the practical, but hitherto her experience had been with the sunshiny, mythological, laughable drama, and unschooled in the first walk of comedy, and the cold tragic stride. Here the public was fearful for her safety, but this was somewhat counterbalanced by the less thinking portion with,—"Oh! she is a bold woman, a spirited one, she is a deserving one; and, moreover, she has now a husband, a good actor, well suited for light comedy, and in his particular line has few equals in the profession." Granted, says the public, but there is a vast difference between renting a small house in a back street, and leasing a first-rate mansion, where, for ages, nobility had reigned almost unparalleled, and whose *rightful* successors had progressed to supremacy, bequeathing no inheritance

save the shadow of their greatness. True, the last manager lit a fire in the annals of the drama that will burn undimmed a hundred years. He, as it were, snatched the temple from his unworthy predecessor's hands, and saved it from the foul jaws of perdition. Madame Vestris, however, was most sanguine of success, and immediately engaged some of the best talent in the country; her fine buoyant spirit whispering:—

If Fortune hath a wheel, and I am low
On that wheel, does it not for ever turn?
Therefore I'll wait until the wheel shall throw
Me highest; nor will I discontented mourn:
Heaven knows it may, why should I then repine,
When others may be lower yet than I?
And one day may not the top place be mine?
If not, is that a reason I should cry?
If being high, I should e'er chance to fall;
Others have fallen ere I was placed there;
I did but occupy their place—that's all;
To see *two** at the top, would be most rare!

Madame Vestris had the misfortune to be more flattered than, perhaps, any woman in existence. She was also, at this period, noted for her love of jewellery and fancy spaniel dogs; of the latter, she has prided herself in possessing some of the finest specimens in Europe. An early *penchant* for finery had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. She has worn diamonds of great value whilst assuming the characters of soubrettes, and has appeared in dresses of the richest satin; whilst her supposed mistress did the duty in muslin. The poor rustic *Madge*, "*Love in a Village*," has been seen in a silk gown, silk stockings, diamond ear-rings, and patent-leather shoes, instead of linsey-woolsey and worsted; and, unfortunately, our heroine has had no manager to correct the abuse. But to the re-opening of Covent Garden, under the new management of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews; Acting Manager, G. Bartley; Prompter, Mr. Emden; on Monday, September 30th, 1839, with Arne's opera of "*Artaxerxes*," in which Miss Austin, a pupil of T. Welsh's made her debût, as *Mandane*. The house was well attended, and the performance satisfactory. Judicious revivals the order of the day.

Thursday, October 31st, "*School for Scandal;*" *Lady Teazle*, Madame Vestris; *Sir Peter*, W. Farren; both were successful; which at once showed the versatility of our heroine's powers. They were excellently supported by G. Bartley, C. Mathews, J. P. Harley, J. Cooper, T. Green, D. Meadows, R. Keeley, C. Selby, Binge, Granby, and Fitzjames, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Brougham, and Miss Lee.

Monday, November 4th, "*Love*" (first time), by Knowles; *Huon*, Mr. Anderson; *Countess*, Miss E. Tree (now Mrs. Kean); other characters by J. Cooper, C. Diddear, A. Wigan, J. Vining, C. Selby, and Fitzjames, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Brougham, and Miss Lee. This fine play was highly successful, and all exerted themselves to the utmost; the fine performance of C. Diddear sent the author's meaning home to every heart.

* Female managers.

Monday, November 18th, "*The Beggar's Opera;*" *Capt. Macheath* (first time), W. H. Harrison; *Peachum*, W. Farren; *Lockit*, G. Bartley; *Filch*, J. P. Harley; *Mrs. Peachum*, Mrs. C. Jones; *Lucy*, Madame Vestris; *Polly* (first time), Miss Austin, who on December 2nd was succeeded by Miss Rainforth.

Thursday, November 28th, "*The Rivals*"* was revived, followed by "*The Waterman;*" *Tom Tug* (first time), Mr. Harrison; *Wilhelmina*, Mrs. E. Knight (formerly Miss Povey), her first appearance under the present management.

On Friday, December 17th, in consequence of the indisposition of Mrs. W. Lacy, Miss Lee undertook the part of *Mary Thornbury*, "*John Bull.*" The Christmas pantomine was called "*The Merrie Devil of Edmonton.*"

But to begin well in the new year, Mr. Moore, from Edinburgh and Dublin made his first appearance in London, on Monday, January 13th, 1840, as *Hamlet; Ghost*, J. Cooper; *Laertes*, J. Vining; *Polonius*, W. Farren; *First Gravedigger*, G. Bartley; *Queen*, Miss C. Poole (her first appearance at Covent Garden); *Ophelia*, Mrs. W. Lacy. Happily, Mr. Moore was successful, and the receipts of this night, and during the remainder of the month, were far above any since the commencement of the season.†

Friday, February 7th, "*A Legend of Florence*" (first time), by L. Hunt; principal characters by Mr. Anderson, G. Vandenhoff, G. Bartley, Mr. Moore, Miss E. Tree, and Mrs. Lacy. On the 11th, Mr. Moore sustained *Adrastus*, to Miss E. Tree's *Ion*, and on the following night, Wednesday, was produced the grand national masque, called "*The Fortunate Isles*," in honour of the Queen's marriage,‡ which proved most fortunate to the treasury.

On Saturday, the 22nd, a new opera, called "*Mabel*," was brought out, but with little success. Indeed, it was of a nature which precluded it from being acted again. The music was good—the libretto was the imperfection. Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited the theatre on the 28th, and on the following evening, which was the last day of February, Hammond closed the doors of Drury Lane, leaving our heroine and Covent Garden in entire possession of the field. Novelty, nevertheless, was the order of the day, and on the 16th of March, 1840, Miss Jane Mordaunt made her first appearance as *Juliet*. Whatever may have been this young lady's success, she was, however succeeded on the 23rd by another *Juliet*, in the person of Miss E. Montague; and on the following evening, Tuesday, Mr. C. Kemble re-appeared at Covent Garden Theatre by command of the Queen, as *Don Felix*, the man

"Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves."

His re-appearance on the stage created a great sensation, inasmuch as every seat (the pit was limited to 700) which could possibly be secured by money was taken, and perhaps no actor, of the present generation at least, will receive such a well-paid and heartily-

* "*The Rivals*" was revived at the Haymarket, on the previous evening; and on December 2nd, "*The Beggar's Opera*" was revived at Drury Lane.

† The Haymarket, St. James's, Olympic, and Strand Theatres were closed.

‡ On the 10th, when all the London Theatres (those open) were open gratuitously.

bestowed tribute as that given to Mr. Kemble. Mrs. Nisbett* was the *Violante*; Mrs. Orger, *Flora*; and Mrs. Humby, *Inis*. The Queen was present, as she was also on the 26th, when Mr. Kemble sustained *Mercutio*; *Romeo*, Mr. Anderson; *Juliet*, Miss Montague; *Nurse*, Mrs. C. Jones; and *Friar Lawrence*, J. Cooper. The whole performance was most successful, and Mrs. Mathews could now have said in the fulness of her heart, that Fortune's wheel had thrown her highest. Mr. Kemble closed his performances on Friday, April 10th, in the character of *Hamlet*, when the Queen was again present. But, in the interval, "*Secret Service*" had been revived, and on the 1st of April, an appropriate day, a new two-act drama, by the late Haynes Bayly, called "*The Baronet*," was produced, and before it was half acted C. Mathews, amidst the hissings and hootings of the audience, came forward and told them that the piece was a most absurd one—it was therefore withdrawn.

The 20th brought Easter Monday and a revival of "*Ion*," personated by Miss E. Tree; *Adrastus*, (first time), J. Cooper; *Ctesiphon*, G. Vandenhoff; *Medor*, C. Diddear; *Clemanthe*, Mrs. Lacy; followed by a new fairy extravaganza, called "*The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*," supported by Harley, J. Vining, Brougham, Mrs. C. Jones, Madame Vestris, Miss Rainforth, &c.

On the 7th of May, the Queen again visited Covent Garden; and on the 11th, our heroine took her benefit; on the 18th, W. Farren took his; on the 20th, was J. P. Harley's; the theatre closing a most successful season, with C. Mathews's benefit, on Friday the 29th.

On the following Wednesday, June 3rd, 1840, J. S. Knowles read his new play, "*John di Procida*," in the green-room, in presence of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews and the rest of the company. The season's expenses averaged 200*l.* per night, and, notwithstanding this sum being far below Macready's outlay, it was resolved the coming season should not exceed 160*l.* per night: a very injudicious step. However, on Monday, September 7th, the curtain was raised, and for a sum even less than 160*l.*, to a revival of "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," and "*The Sleeping Beauty*;" "*Love*;" "*The School for Scandal*;" and "*Twelfth Night*," brought the 19th, when "*John di Procida*,"† was produced under the fictitious title of "*The Bride of Essina*;" *John of Procida*, Mr. Moore; *Fernando*, Mr. Anderson; *Guiscardo*, J. Cooper; *Isoline*, Miss E. Tree. This was a good historical play, and successful, but badly treated. "*The Rivals*" was again revived; and on the 29th, S. Lover's new musical drama, called "*The Greek Boy*," was produced, in which Madame and R. Keeley performed.

These pieces, with "*Two in the Morning*," brought October 13th, when a new adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Spanish Curate*," was produced; *Lopez*, W. Farren; *Diego*, R. Keeley; *Bartolus*, G. Bartley; *Henrique*, J. Cooper; *Juan* (*Jamie*), Mr. Anderson; *Leandro*, C. Mathews; *Amarantha*, Madame Vestris; *Jacintha*, Mrs. W. West; *Ascanio*, Miss F. Cooper; *Violante*, Mrs. Brougham; and A. Wigan, Hemming, Brindal, W. H. Payne, C. J. Smith, and Ayliffe, were in the cast. T. Bishop, from Bath,

* Now Lady Boothby and a widow.

† The same subject, by J. Kenney, was produced at the Surrey, on the 21st, under the title of "*Sicilian Vespers*;" *John*, E. W. Elton.

appeared on the 21st, as *Lord Allcash;* and on the 16th of November, Miss Grant appeared in "*Midsummer Night's Dream;*" *Helena,* Miss F. Cooper, who, without any apparent effort, raised the character into unaccustomed importance. The Christmas pantomime was called "*The Castle of Otranto,*" and had a prosperous run till March 15th, 1841. The new pieces produced in the interval were, "*The White Milliner;*" "*Captain of the Watch;*" "*London Assurance;*" "*The Embassy;*" and a revival of "*The Critic,*" brought the second season to a close on the 3rd of June. Nothing of consequence beyond revivals occurred on the re-opening, until J. S. Knowles produced his third five-act piece, "*Old Maids,*" for this management in October, 1841, which was a failure. "*Popping the Question,*" and "*Hans of Iceland*" brought November 2nd, when the last of the Kembles, Miss Adelaide, made her successful *debût* as *Norma.* But at Christmas, Macready opened Drury Lane; and the Haymarket received the powerful assistance of J. Wallack and Stuart in the legitimate, which divided the town. However, on Easter Monday, 1842, the "*White Cat*" was produced, and attracted all London to see Madame Vestris and the inimitable performance of Miss Marshall (the famous Tom Thumb), as the *Cat,* which, with Miss Kemble in "*La Sonnambula,*" and "*Court and City,*" brought the third and last season to a close on the 30th of April, 1842. A farewell address was delivered by Mr. C. Mathews, to a house crowded to excess, yet the undertaking was a signal failure. But it is to be lamented that the chief causes were, "enormous interest paid to Jew money-lenders," "law," and the "starring system," all of which, on his part, showed a great want of experience. The expenses and pecuniary difficulties of the management will be given in full in a coming memoir of C. Mathews. Mr. Macready now generously offered them an engagement for Drury Lane, which re-opened October 1st, 1842. But upon a disagreement they quitted the company, and transferred their services to B. Webster at the Haymarket, appearing on the 14th of November (their first appearance there for four years), in the "*School for Scandal;*" *Lady Teazle,* Madame Vestris; *Charles Surface,* C. Mathews. W. Farren and Mrs. E. Yarnold also re-appeared at the Haymarket as *Sir Peter Teazle* and *Maria.* Our heroine's *Lady Teazle* was an excellent performance, and, though not so highly finished as that of Miss F. H. Kelly, it has always been remarkable for its grace and true conformity to nature. They continued performing here, with immense success, until the close of the season, January 14th, 1843. Their success, however, induced Mr. Webster to engage them for the following season,* which commenced on Easter Monday, April 17th, and on the next night a London audience first beheld the youthful powers of Thalia's Myrtle, in the person of Miss Julia Bennett. In May, "*The Rencontre*" was revived, in which our heroine was the very pink and perfection of a scheming waiting-maid—her "Fine weather for travelling, sir!" was a pure spice of genius. Webster's popular adaptation from the French, called "*The Little Devil,*" again brought Madame Vestris's fascination and witchery fairly into play. Her

* A three years' engagement, wisely concluded for all parties.

sweet singing and easy careless humour were displayed to great advantage. But a severe domestic calamity prevented for a time the performance of this and other favourite pieces. This was the death of Madame Teresa Bartolozzi, her mother, on the 29th of June, in the 73rd year of her age. On the 29th of August, Planché's comic drama, called "*Who's your Friend; or The Queensbury Fete,*" was produced, in which, Mr. Mathews as *Giles*, and Madame as the *Countess*, was eminently successful. In the course of the winter they succeeded, as stars, T. P. Cooke and Anderson, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, returning to the Haymarket, December 30th, 1843. On the 6th of February, 1844, the comic drama, from the French, called "*Used Up,*" was produced at the Haymarket, in which C. Mathews, as *Sir Charles Coldstream*, made a decided hit. In the prize comedy, "*Quid pro Quo,*" produced on the 19th of June, they did not perform. The theatre closed its giant season on the 7th of August, and Mr. and Mrs. Mathews then went to Plymouth, where they concluded on the 30th, and appeared at the Surrey on the 9th of September for six nights, returning to the Haymarket on its re-opening, September 30th, where they remained until the summer of 1845; though in the previous March they had performed at Manchester. A disagreement with the Haymarket management caused them to accept an engagement in the provinces and at the Princess's Theatre, where, in March, 1846, they were received with great applause. They again appeared at the Surrey in May, and, on concluding in June, re-appeared at the Princess's, succeeding Mr. Macready, and continued at the Princess's until October, when their provincial engagements took them to Manchester: appeared at the Queen's Theatre there on Nov. 9th; at Birmingham on the 23rd; Liverpool Theatre, William Square, on the 26th of December, in "*Beauty and the Beast,*" and continued with Mr. Simpson until the 22nd of January, 1847, when Madame Vestris delivered a sort of farewell address, in which she said:—"I have come to the determination of closing my country accounts altogether," which subterfuge might have been dispensed with altogether. She has no serious intention of quitting either the provincial or metropolitan stage whatever. They appeared on Monday, February 1st, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, for three weeks.

Madame Vestris has no equal as a ballad vocalist, now Mrs. Waylett is lost to us in public. We may, however, hope to find ere long both Miss Reynolds and Miss K. Fitzwilliam occupying a prominent position. She is a woman of no ordinary talents; but Madame Vestris of 1847, must in nowise be compared to *the* Madame Vestris of 1820. Inexorable time has, though slowly, stole surely on the figure, face, and voice that once gave all she did an indescribable charm, and she may still say in the fulness of her soul:—

Many a lad I lov'd is dead, and many a lass grown old:
And when I think upon those things, my weary heart grows cold.

And thus I take leave of her, who Benjamin Webster wittingly designated *potage de purée de* Vestris.

London, February 20th, 1847. THOMAS MARSHALL.

RISING ARTISTS OF THE LONDON STAGE.

No. 1, Alfred Wigan.

In all men who have devoted themselves to any study, or any art, with sufficient pains to attain a certain degree of excellence, there must be a fund of energy immeasurably above that of the ordinary herd. Alfred Wigan is one, and to all such, however youthful they may be, will the *Prompter* devote his pen, in bright hopes of others profiting by worthy and honourable examples. Alfred, *the troubadour*, is the son of Mr. Wigan, a teacher of languages, and who, until lately, was Secretary to the Society of Dramatic Authors, established in June, 1832. He was born during the commotion of 1814, received a good education, and, like all children of genius, evinced early a taste for some of God's good gifts—Alfred's was music; which, extraordinary as it may appear, he cultivated with success as a wandering minstrel, and though less fortunate than Rizzio in the prosecution of his beloved art, was happier than poor Eller, whose end all minstrels lament. Poverty, however, visited his father's hearth; misfortune schooled the nature of the son, and ultimately showed what a truly divine thing is genius, and what it lies in human nature to achieve. Alfred at once left the family circle with a sincere endeavour to exercise, in a praiseworthy manner, an art, that requires, as conditions of its full development, devotion of heart, earnestness, purity of purpose, and purity of life, with the hardest of all—self-denial. Nature, however, had done much for him; and endowed with address, and modern erudition, he first solicited the suffrage of Margate and Ramsgate fashionables.

> "To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
> By harmless merriment, or useful sense."

Returning again to London, he was fortunate enough to secure a short engagement with Mr. Braham, at the St. James's, where he appeared 1837-8, under the name of Sydney, and his qualifications for an actor received the metropolitan seal. On the unfortunate closing of that theatre, Mr. Bunn engaged him for Drury Lane, where he appeared; but happily for our hero, C. Mathews had discovered his abilities, and he ultimately engaged him for Covent Garden, at which theatre he appeared on its opening, September, 1839, and in November shone forth as Alfred Wigan, in Knowles's second-best production, "*Love,*" and in February, 1842, in Bourcicault's masterpiece, "*London Assurance.*" Mr. Wigan continued at Covent Garden under the succeeding management of C. Kemble, and afterwards Bunn, who closed it abruptly, April 29th, 1843. He was engaged for the Strand, when Lawrence opened it, Dec. 26th, 1843, with W. J. Hammond for stage-manager. In the interval he went to Bath, on the closing of Covent Garden by H. J. Wallack. Under R. W. Maywood and Lawrence, Mr. Wigan became an immense favourite by his wonderful versatility. He married, in 1841, Miss L. Pincott, of Drury Lane. On the opening of the Lyceum by R. Keeley, Easter Monday, April 8th, 1844, Mrs. Wigan was engaged, and shortly after Mr. Wigan joined the company, where both are performing at the present time. Mr. Wigan has successfully adapted several pieces from the French, as "*Luck's All,*" a farce in two acts, produced at the Lyceum, June 23rd, 1845, and "*500l. Reward,*" January 28th, 1847. He is the only actor likely to succeed W. Farren, who is leaving the stage bit by bit. Mr. Wigan possesses great versatility of power, which ere long the Lyceum will find difficult to curb. The Prompter.

JAN. 2nd—D. W. King sustained the part of *Ardenford*, "*Bondman*," at Drury Lane; afterwards retired into the provinces.

MONDAY, 4th.—A revision of "*The Battle of Life*," by T. Lyon, is produced at the City Theatre, but with little success.

Townsend's drama of "*Temptation*" is revived at the Queen's.

The Misses Cushman commenced an engagement at the Adelphi, Liverpool, and took their benefits on the 13th and 15th.

"*Look before you Leap*" is performed at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

Mrs. Bishop appeared at the Brighton Theatre, supported by Clement White, for four nights.

Mr. Aldridge, the African Roscius, commenced an engagement at Chichester. On the following night the entertainments were under the patronage of H. G. the Duke of Richmond, and on Thursday, under that of the Duke of Norfolk, at the Town Hall, Arundel—*Othello* and *Mungo*. He next visited Canterbury and Ipswich.

C. D. Pitt made his first appearance this year, at the Queen's, Dublin.

5th.—Bourcicault's "*London Assurance*" is revived at the Haymarket.

Serious illness of Miss H. Faucit at Cork.

The High Sheriff of the county regaled the Lichfield company of comedians with a grand dinner.

W. Grisdale's first appearance at Ipswich, "*Rolla*."

BIRTH.—At Florence, the lady of W. Farren, Jun., of a son.

DEATH.—The brother of Mrs. Hooper, of the Theatre Royal, Brighton.

6th.—C. Cooke closed his second season at Whitehaven with his benefit. R. Younge delivered an address, and the company proceeded to Rochdale.

7th.—"*Money*" revived at the Haymarket; *Evelyn*, T. Stuart.

"*The Slave*" revived at the Olympic; *Gambia*, G. Maynard; *Zelinda*, Miss Charles.

Mr. Collins commenced an engagement at Savannah.

8th.—A ludicrous scene is occasioned at Brighton, in the pantomime, by the *Clown*, T. W. Paulo, during the business of the scene, resenting the uncalled-for attacks of the *Brighton Guardian* on theatricals in general, and by many a witty *con.*, showers on its editor the derision of a laughter-loving audience.

A fire, happily discovered in time, broke out at the Abbey-street Theatre, Dublin, where Mr. C. Marshall's panorama was exhibiting.

9th.—The Provident Society of Dancers held a General Meeting in the Saloon of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. James Byrn in the chair.

Mr. Anderson concluded a prosperous engagement at the Holiday-street Theatre, Baltimore. He was succeeded on the 11th, by Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean.

DEATH.—Mr. Hawkins, the alto singer of her Majesty's Chapel Royal, &c. &c., in his 49th year. He was interred in Westminster Abbey on the 19th, when upwards of 2,000 persons assembled to pay the last tribute to his memory. The choir consisted of a hundred voices. Mr. Barnby succeeded him.

MONDAY, 11th.—The sixth and last concert of the Society of British Musicians.

A drama called "*The King, the Cottage, and the Court*," produced at the Queen's.

A drama, from the French, "*Gabrielle Bellisle*," called "*Gaston du Barri*," is performed at the Olympic. Its production was alike disgraceful to the deputy licenser and the manager, G. Bolton.

Miss K. Fitzwilliam performs at the William Square Theatre, Liverpool.

A man fell from the gallery of the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, into the pit (29 ft. 6 in.), without sustaining any serious injury.

"*Battle of Life*" produced at the Adelphi, Glasgow; withdrawn 13th.

J. Daly, from Ulverstone, opens the Carlisle Theatre with an address delivered by Mrs. Daly.

Mr. Creswick, from Sadler's Wells, appeared at the Theatre Royal, Hull. The performance on the 12th was under the patronage of Sir Clifford and Lady Constable, "*Much ado about Nothing*."

G. Owen's firt appearance in Exeter, succeeding Macready, in the part of *Hamlet*; on the 13th, *Richard III.*; and on the 15th, *Macbeth*, for his benefit, on which occasion Mrs. Owen, formerly of Covent Garden, appeared at the *Princess*, in "*John of Paris*," and sung several songs with immense applause. The house was crowded, and G. Owen was re-engaged.

12th.—Miss Bassano's debut at the Princess's, as *Anne Boleyn*.

An amateur named Tamlyn, appeared at the Salisbury Theatre as *Othello*; *Iago*, Mr. Myers; *Cassio*, Mr. Parierfert; *Desdemona*, Miss O'Hara; *Emilia*, Miss Watson.

13th.—Beaumont and Fletcher's "*King and no King*" is successfully revived at Sadler's Wells; *Arbaces*, Mr. Phelps. This fine play was revived at Covent Garden, January 13th, 1788.

A new farce by Mr. Reynoldson, called "*Schoolboy Frolics*," produced at the Princess's *Boy*, Miss Marshall.

14th.—H. Betty succeeds Mr. Macready at Canterbury, as *Richard III.*; concluding on Monday 18th as *Brutus* and *Harry Dornton*, for his benefit, proceeding to Exeter, Devonport, and Dorchester, previous to his appearance at the Surrey, in February. The local press are loud in their praise of this improving *artiste*.

MONDAY, 18th.—J. Rayner sustained *Hamlet* at the Marylebone Theatre.

T. J. Serle read the play of "*William Tell*" at the Marylebone Institution.

J. R. Scott's first appearance at the Olympic, *Sir Giles Overreach.*

T. Archer's adaptation of "*The Red Cap,*" produced at the Olympic, is now performed at the City Theatre.*

A version of "*The Battle of Life,*" by E. Stirling, is unsuccessfully produced at the Surrey.

The Misses Cushman* appear for six nights at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, "*Romeo and Juliet;*" they afterwards proceed to Sheffield.

J. Vandenhoff appeared for six nights at Carlisle, as *Coriolanus.*

Mrs. Ormonde's benefit at the Leeds Theatre.

Mr. Hamilton concludes a successful engagement at the Adelphi, Glasgow.

Queen and Prince Albert visit the French Plays, at the St. James's.

20th.—"*The Black Doctor*" produced at the Marylebône Theatre, *Fabian,* Mr. Cowle.

23rd.—Lyceum pantomime is withdrawn.

MONDAY, 25th.—A new drama by E. Stirling, called "*Raby Rattler; or, The Progress of a Scamp,*" is produced at the Surrey. The first title of this elegant production is exceedingly classic; and the second is almost identical with W. L. Rede's "*Rake's Progress.*" We, therefore, take this opportunity to inform Mr. Stirling, that we do not countenance any direct or indirect piracy whatever, and that it is at all times uncalled for, and the trickery shall be unflinchingly recorded against all such infringements; sorry, then, are we to class with Edward Stirling, the respected author of "*Feudal Times.*"

A drama, called "*The Gunsmith of Orleans,*" produced at the Victoria.

A stupid farce by S. Brooks, called "*The Wigwam,*" is produced at the Lyceum.

J. Vandenhoff commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on the conclusion of which he returned to Carlisle.

26th.—Mr. T. Dowton gave a benefit at the Canterbury Theatre, for the destitute poor.

28th.—Mr. Travers made his first appearance at Drury Lane, as *Ferdinand,* in "*The Favourite,*" with great success. This gentleman's name is Romer, own brother to Miss A. Romer, of the Adelphi, Liverpool, and first cousin to Frank and Emma Romer. His voice is a *tenore Leggiero,* and appeared at Covent Garden, October 10th, 1842, as *Richard,* in Gretry's opera "*Richard Cœur de Lion,*" and afterwards visited the small towns on the continent, being successful in some of the foreign musical establishments, he returned to England.

An adaptation from the French called "*The King of the Brigands,*" is produced at the Princess's. A version of the same French piece, adapted by A. Wigan, called "*500l. Reward,*" is produced at the Lyceum, and is a much better piece, and far better acted.

30th.—MARRIAGE.—At Southampton, Mr. C. Wharton, to Miss Stoker (formerly of the Garrick), both of the Theatre Royal, Southampton.

J. R. Scott's benefit, at the Olympic. *Rolla.*

Victoria Theatre, Norwich, opened by J. F. Rogers.

Mr. Hudson, of the Haymarket, has been performing at the Theatre Royal, Norwich, but with little success; he being badly supported.

A new theatre has been opened at Deal.

A private letter from Vienna, of this date, informs us that the natural voice of Madlle. Jenny Lind is already fast failing.

The number of theatres in the different departments of France amounts to no less than 320, not including two in Algiers; only twenty-eight towns, however, have permanent troupes, the most important of the others being visited each in turn by what are called *troupes d'arrondissements,* and the smaller ones by strolling companies.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

The time has gone by when second-rate talent from the European theatres was able to shine with a mock lustre upon the American stage. We want their best article or none; and impudent exactions are met as they deserve, rebuked, and sent back whence they emanated. Our little neighbour, Boston, has four theatres, and supports them respectably; while in our own city it is proposed by a number of gentlemen to erect a theatre for Charles Kean—a house where the drama may find a home; and besides this, Hertz proposes to build a concert room, similar to the one constructed and owned by him in Paris. And thus we go. We are out of leading strings; and the time is not far distant when a "favourable reception in the United States" will be as necessary to an *artiste* as is food to man.

We are destined to be a musical people. The germ is already so plainly discoverable as to require no remarkable ken to distinguish it. Every pupil in our common schools is more or less acquainted with the principles of the science; and a remarkable genius for music is beginning to show itself, in the precocity which here and there presents itself, to encourage the teachers. In twenty years we will repay, with round interest, to the old world, the talent we borrowed from her in the infancy of art here.

The last year has done wonders; look ahead for the realisation of the promises of the past.

PROVINCIAL THEATRES,

WITH the names of their former, and last, or present, MANAGERS; who are respectfully solicited to communicate with the Editor of the "NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY," in order that he may present them with a full and complete list of all theatres, established and temporary:—

Locality.	1815.	1835.	1843.	1847.
Aberdeen .	Fraser .	Ryder .	W. Langley	J. Bennett
——— Queen's	..	..	J. Calvert	..
Aberystwith .	Gloucester and Dunn	J. Gardner	H. Fenton	..
Abingdon .	Mrs. Baker	Bullen .	..	..
Airdrie .	..	..	Miller .	..
Alnwick .	King .	..	..	..
Arbroath .	..	..	John Daly	..
Arundel .	H. Thornton and Ford	..	..	..
Ashborne .	..	G. Stanton	..	..
Ashburton .	..	..	E. D. Davis	..
Ashby-de-la Zouch.	..	J. Bennett	H. Bennett	..
Ashton-under-Lyne	..	..	A Baptist Chapel	..
Aylesbury .	..	H. Jackman	H. Jackman	..
Ayr . .	..	..	G. V. Brooke	Bostock and Simpson

(*To be continued.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Y. R. (Clapham.)—Order Vandenhoff's Art of Elocution of our Publisher, E. Appleyard, 86, Farringdon-street, City.

A Subscriber.—T. D. Rice was not the first person who sang "Jim Crow" on the London Stage; it had been previously sung by Mr. B. Webster, in his monopologue entertainment at the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Marshall is in his 51st year.

A Sub., Dublin.—John R. He has a sister performing in the provinces.

A Country Amateur can obtain the plays he requires at G. Parr's Theatrical Repository, 19, Broad-court, Bow-street.

A Foreigner.—Miss Bassano has sung at Sadler's Wells. Grisi was born at Milan, July 28, 1811. Fanny Elssler was born at Vienna in 1809. Lablache was born at Naples in 1796; his mother was an Irishwoman, and his father a Marseilles. Mario's real name is Candia, and was born at Cagliari in 1816. Mad. Rachel was, when young, a mendicant in the streets of Paris. And Madlle. Sanson is a daughter of the Paris executioner. Madlle. Mariotte is the daughter of a French cook.

E. Fowler.—The circumstance will be incorporated in his Memoir. To your second question—Three volumes.

A Subscriber, A. Y.—Many of the double boxes on the grand tier of Her Majesty's Theatre have cost 8,000*l.*; Miss Campbell, last April, paid 4,000*l.* for one on the pit tier. Those who pay 300*l.* or 500*l.* a year for a box, or 40*l.* for a stall, were admitted only on Tuesdays and Saturdays, unless they paid extra. But the fact of the Qeeen having taken a box at each of the Italian Operas may affect the old one greatly.

PART IV. will contain a Memoir of the Wallack family, with an elegant portrait of J. Wallack; No. 1 of London Theatres—the Princess's; No. 1 of English Dramatists—D. Bourcicault; Chronicle; Correspondence, &c.



MR. J. WALLACK, AS "*Faulconbridge.*"

Commanding beauty, smooth'd by cheerful grace,
Sat on the open features of his face:
Bold his language, rapid, glowing, strong,
And friendship flows spontaneous from his tongue.

A BIOGRAPHER has indeed a pleasing task to perform, when he can at the same time raise memorials both to genius and to virtue; and such a task is mine at the present moment, while penning this notice of the life of James Wallack.

William Wallack, the father of our hero, was a member of the late Philip Astley's company both in London and Dublin; at the latter city, Mr. Astley suffered great opposition through the exertions of Mr. F. Jones, patentee of Crow Street Theatre, and to whom some of Mr. Astley's company had gone over, allured by the prospects of a higher salary. Amongst the seceders was the famous Richard

Johannot, whose daughter, Mary, William Wallack had married. However, old Philip Astley was not the man to be dismayed, and as he drily observed, "When Garrick died (1779) his friends thought the stage would die also; but the enthusiasts were mistaken, for it lived and prospered after him as well as it did with him, and so it will be with me; for though I have lost talent, which I always considered my own, from its rearing, yet the mill must go;" and so it did; for in the place of Johannot old Philip engaged Jemmy Stewart, commonly called Paddy O'Rourke, he being the original in Dublin, in "*Wicklow Mountains*," and this desertion of Johannot was the bringing forward of William Wallack and his wife. The former, independent of his comic talents, made rapid strides in his profession, and afterwards became the Kemble of the minor theatres of that day, as F. Huntley was of Edmund Kean's, or as T. Lyon, G. Maynard, Cowle, and N. T. Hicks may be deemed that of the present. Actors who are generally "stars" of a *bad* company, and acquire celebrity from physical force acting alone; though William Wallack and Huntley showed some capacity to conceive. On the return of Mr. Astley to London, both Mr. Wallack and his wife became immense favourites at the Amphitheatre, and continued there for many years, when the novelty of horsemanship, and the grimace of Johannot made that a place of great resort. The versatility of the former made his name celebrated, and particularly so for his characteristic delineation of the British sailor; the popular nautical song of "*Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman*," was composed expressly for him. His wife, our hero's mother, was equally celebrated for her histrionic abilities. To a noble person, she united a fine mind, and she was far, very far, above the station into which fate had thrown her. Indeed, it may be said that Mrs. Wallack of Astley's Amphitheatre, in the last century, was the best actress that ever belonged to its stock company.

When J. C. Cross, of Covent Garden, succeeded his father-in-law, James Jones, in the proprietorship of the Royal Circus (now the Surrey Theatre) in 1798, both Mr. and Mrs. Wallack were engaged. Mr. Cross commenced his first season as author, proprietor, and stage-manager on the Easter Monday of that year, and seeing the extraordinary success of George Colman, the younger's, "*Blue Beard*," at Drury Lane, produced for the opening piece "*Black Beard*," founded on the history of Capt. Teach, the famous buccanier. It ran 113 nights, and in the bills of the day are to be found the first mention of Mr. and Mrs. Wallack's children as actors or actresses. Young, indeed, they must have been. James, our hero, is one of a large family, and was born at that famous home for theatricals, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, on the 20th of August, 1794, and like his brother and sisters imbibed dramatic notions with his mother's milk, and may be said to have commenced life in a theatre. Certain it is, that cradled in a theatre, nursed and petted in a green-room, and suckled at a side scene, were the earliest rudiments of his dramatic education. With regard to his sisters, Mary, well known as Poll Wallack, married Mr. Stanley, and under that name was a great favourite at the Cobourg (now the Victoria), and died some few years since in America. Mrs. Pincott, formerly of the

English Opera House, was another sister, and who is the mother of Miss E. Pincott, who performed juvenile characters at Covent Garden, in 1813, as, for instance, the *Duke of York*, in "*Richard III.*" on the 8th of December, and also of Miss Leonora Pincott, who sustained the walking ladies at Drury Lane, and who, in 1841, was married to Mr. Alfred Wigan, now (1847) of the Lyceum. Mrs. Wigan is about 40 or 41. Henry John Wallack, now manager of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, for Mr. Knowles is our hero's brother. Here then, before the present century had commenced, their parents must have found it no easy task to have provided means for their necessary comfort and instruction. James, unfortunately, received but a scanty education, poverty allowing it to be accorded at intervals only. It must, therefore, be acknowledged that his youth was passed in the acquirement only of the common amount of learning usually imparted to the children of parents not over burdened with the "mammon or molock" of the world. During the years 1802-3 and 4 our hero joined with the children of poverty in their various skirmishes and hair-breadth escapes for which Lambeth had long been celebrated, and was noticed as a remarkably fine boy, with a peculiar proneness for mischief. However, in the latter part of 1804, his most ardent wishes were directed towards the stage, and after due deliberation he was called upon to exercise his talents on the boards of the German Theatre, now called the Sans Souci, Leicester Square, and formerly known as Dibdin's. Here follows a notice of its juvenile company for July, 1805, and another for August:—"This youthful company consists of five children, all of whom, with the exception of Master Gleisner, are of Mr. Schirmer's family, and natives of Saxony, where the German language is spoken in its purity and perfection. Master Schirmer, the eldest son, has but just attained his fourteenth year. He is the hero of every piece, and is certainly a prepossessing youth, being gifted with all those advantages of person and deportment which are calculated to confer grace, elegance, and dignity on the mimic scene. His brother, Frederick, displays an uncommon fund of comic humour. The two Miss Schirmers give large promise of future excellence; the elder has all the ease and self-possession of a finished actress, and Louisa, a child only nine years of age, charms with a native and bewitching simplicity, the effects of which are more irresistible than the most laboured elegancies of advanced age. Of the performances we have witnessed, "*Das Singspiel*," or the Opera, seemed to afford the greatest scope to the various comic powers of this German troop. The theatre has been generally attended by all the people of fashion in town that are conversant with the German language." Second notice:—"The German theatre continues open, with unabated success. An English boy has performed at that theatre; he has talents, but they are obscured by his timidity." To which may be added, that little Wallack, the English boy, paid so much attention to the small part allotted to him, and was so correct in the delineation, that the encouragement he received on the occasion, gave an additional spur to his endeavours, through which he was shortly after noticed, both for the remarkable beauty of his person, and the power displayed in conception and execution, indicating in a remarkable degree very

superior ability. This success nourished the hope that a future day might place him on the boards of one of the metropolitan theatres. This hope in the short space of two years was realised, for on the opening of Drury Lane in the autumn of 1807, our hero's name appeared in the list of the company, and to show the importance attached to pantomime production at that period, I subjoin the cast of "*Furibond; or, Harlequin Negro,*" produced on Monday, December 28th. *Sir Peevish*, G. Male (the author); *Furibond*, C. Fisher (the novelist, dramatic writer, and manager); *Maligno*, R. Fairbrother (father of B. and S. Fairbrother, the pantomimist and printer); *Capt. Gossamer*, Mr. Ray (the merchant manager at Cheltenham, and father of Mrs. C. E. Horn*); *Harlequin*, F. Hartland* (the Olympic *Pantaloon*, 1846-7); *Gaffer Gray*, G. Smith (the famous basso; his first season at Drury Lane); *Appraiser*, Mr. Sparks (husband of Mrs. Sparks, the successor of Mrs. Walcot, rival of Mrs. Davenport, and sister to Mrs. Brown); *Calipash*, Mr. Rhodes* (father of J. W. and Rhodes of the Coalhole, Strand); *Footman*, J. Tokely (celebrated for his *Donaldbain* to Master Betty's* *Macbeth*, and afterwards for *Peter Pastoral* and *Tony Lumpkin*, at the Haymarket); *Negro Boy*, Master James Wallack; *Jew Boy*, Master W. West* (the famous *Mungo*, composer, and husband of the esteemed actress, Mrs. W. West*); *Travellers*, C. Dignum (the vocal actor), Mr. Cooke (the original singer of "*The Sapling Oak*"), and Mr. Gibbon* ("*Whistle and I'll Come to Thee, my Lad*"); *Slaves*, Mr. Broadhurst* (the vocal actor of Covent Garden, the English Opera House, &c., and *still* admired as a concert singer), Mr. Goodman, and Wells; the cast also included Messrs. Sharp,* Da Ponte. Brookes, Euyler, Reals, and Maddocks.

Our hero continued to perform in characters of the above humble description for some time; still, being on the first round of the dramatic ladder, he thought that by patience, perseverance, observation, and strict attention to the faultless schooling of Henry Johnston (under whom our hero had now placed himself as a pupil), he might be enabled to reach the top. His subsequent success has proved the correctness of his judgment. But it was not until after he had been cast for the part of *Theodore*, in the melo-drama of "*The Siege of St. Quentin,*" that he was regarded with any particular mark of attention; but in the execution of this character, James Wallack was generally considered as possessing qualities that would lead him to great eminence.

On the destruction of Drury Lane by fire, February 24th, 1809, the company performed six times at the King's Theatre, after which they hired the Lyceum of Mr. Arnold, where, with the exception of Mrs. Jordan, they performed regularly from the 11th of April to the 10th of June, when the company, which also included the following names, became dispersed. In tragedy, H. Siddons, J. Raymond, E. J. Eyre, Mrs. Powell, and Miss Boyce. In comedy, W. Dowton,* J. Bannister, J. Powell, C. Mathews, John Johnstone, R. Wewitzer, S. Russell, R. Palmer, S. Penley, Mrs. Sparks, Miss Duncan, Miss Pope, and Miss Mellon. Utility, R. Wroughton, R. W. Elliston,

* Living

Mr. De Camp, Mr. Holland,* Mr. Putnam, Mrs. H. Siddons, and *Miss Ray. In opera, J. Braham,* M. Kelly, Signora Storace, Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Matthews,* Mrs. Daponte, and Miss Lyon. In ballet and pantomime, J. D'Egville, Laurent, Mrs. Sharp, and Miss Gayton. Leader of the band, Mr. Shaw; Mechanist, A. Johnston. However, on the 26th of the same month, Mr. Arnold opened his theatre on his own account, for the performance of operas, and altered the name of the theatre from the Lyceum to that of the English Opera House. A new comic opera by Mr. Arnold, with music by M. P. King, called "*Up all Night*," was successfully produced, supported by the following *dramatis personæ*:—

Admiral Blunt .	W. Dowton (with a comic song by J. Smith).
Heartwell .	T. Marshall (author, and American favourite).
Harry Blunt .	Mr. Doyle.
Young Heartwell	T. Phillipps (the famous* tenor).
Meddle	C. E. Horn (the vocalist and lecturer).
Peter	G. Smith (the cathedral basso).
	C. Fisher, W. Miller, and W. S. Chatterley.
Boy	Master James Wallack.
Juliana .	Mrs. Mountain.
Flora . .	Mrs. Bishop (formerly Miss Lyon).
Madge . .	Mrs. M. A. Orger.
Stage Manager	J. Raymond (real name Grant).

The piece was performed nightly until the 22nd of July, and on the close of the season, September the 20th, our hero accompanied Mr. Johnston to Dublin. This gentleman in the winter of 1802-3 had purchased of Philip Astley* the remainder of his patent for theatrical performances in Dublin, for 6,000*l.* and with him Master Wallack continued with rising reputation for near three years, returning to the great metropolis in the spring of 1812 with increased power, equal pretensions, and enlarged hopes.

Fortunately for him, Mr. Arnold was among those* *few* managers who *could* discern merit, and was always anxious to encourage it, and to him was *Mr.* Wallack indebted for his first engagement on his return. The Drury Lane company were still performing at the English Opera House, where our hero re-appeared on the 22nd of June, as *Sangrida*, "*Wood Demon*," and after playing with much success various other characters to the end of the season, he removed, with the principal part of the company, to the rebuilt theatre, Drury Lane. On the first night of its opening, October 10th, 1812, he appeared as *Laertes*, in "*Hamlet*," in which he was equally correct and impressive. This was the great feather in Mr. Wallack's dramatic plume; and now finding his exertions were in the progress of elevation, he was encouraged to proceed steadily to the point of his ambition, even to the summit of that ladder he had been content to ascend from the first step.

Melo-dramatic characters he filled with particular success, and evinced much ability in those of *Tom Shuffleton*, *Courtall*, in "*The Bell's Stratagem*;" *Captain Absolute*, *Manly*, "*Honest Thieves*;" *Charles Oakley*, *Seymour*, "*Irishman in London*;" *Joseph Surface*,

* Living.

which with a few others were the most important parts he sustained during the seasons of 1813-14 and 15; but whatever character he sustained it was invariably performed to the satisfaction of the public —a fact that did not escape the notice of the management.

Edmund Kean was now in the meridian of his dramatic life, and the Drury Lane managers, eager for revivals to test his inimitable powers, determined, in 1816, on the re-production of "*The Iron Chest*," but were at a loss for a *Wilford*, and to James Wallack the part was given. How he played it, it is almost needless to say; his success was great, and the performance generally and justly admired. *Richmond* to Kean's *Richard* followed; and during the illness of Alexander Rae, he sustained *Macduff*, and some other second-rate parts; but in *Faulconbridge*, to that celebrated tragedian's *King John*, he manifested such great and varied abilities as to justify the managers in raising his salary. The accompanying wood-cut represents him in that character, and affords the reader the most perfect resemblance of his graceful and chivalrous appearance. On the 14th of September, Mr. Bengough, who afterwards became a very useful actor at the Cobourg, &c., made his first appearance at Drury Lane as *Baron Wildenheim*, in "*Lover's Vows;*" and amongst other attempts, tried *Iago* unsuccessfully, which induced the transfer of this arduous part to Mr. Wallack, who made a much greater impression than any actor save Charles Young, then in London, and gave abundant promise of a further development of excellencies. But an actor's life is, alas! made up of incoherent medleys, the gall invariably makes curd the honey in his cup, and two-handed necessity is indeed impetuous with the draught; for, like Macready at Covent Garden, we find our hero cast for a third-rate part, namely, *Harry Thunder*, on the first appearance at Drury Lane (September, 1817) of Mr. Stanley, as *Rover*. This attempt of Mr. Stanley's was the commencement of a three years' engagement; but his metropolitan *debut* evinced no pretensions to justify this selection. However, like Mr. Bengough, he transferred his services to the Cobourg, and afterwards married our hero's industrious sister, the famed Poll Wallack.

On the 20th of October, Drury Lane lost its acting manager, in the person of James Grant, better known as Raymond, and the management announced a benefit for his family to take place on the 26th of November following. "*Romeo and Juliet*," was to have been the first piece, but Miss O'Neill declined to play *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of Alexander Rae; and Edmund Kean on the other hand would on no account enact *Romeo* to Miss O'Neill's *Juliet;* but offered to perform *Othello*, when she indignantly refused to go on for *Desdemona*. All this cavilling on such an occasion was certainly disgraceful on the part of the lady. At length, the parties concerned thought it better to trust their fate to the benevolence of the public, than the kindness of either Kean or Miss O'Neill. The deceased had made his *debut* in Dublin as *Oroonoko*, and this play had been attractive at Drury Lane, when Kean sustained the hero. "*Oroonoko*" was, therefore, selected on this occasion, but James Wallack was called upon to fill the *rôle*, to which he readily assented, and was pre-eminently successful.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds
So honour 'peareth in the meanest habit."

After this, "the second feather in his plume," Mr. Wallack might have said to the managers, in the language of *Abel Day*, "You see I'm somebody, though you make nobody of me:" and certainly the alteration of the cast showed the superior estimation in which his powers were held. After this, he enacted *Captain Absolute* with increased reputation; *Colonel Lambert* was then assigned him, and successfully embodied; *Bassanio* followed, and a perfect realisation was the result.

The receipt of an offer from New York at once opened an extended field for the display of his versatility; there was fame and profit to be reaped, managers were loud in their offers, and characters of first-rate importance insured. The last words struck him; and the love of fame and change induced him, after mature deliberation, to quit England for the New World, and establish a name on those boards where G. F. Cooke, T. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Bartley, had already exhibited their great powers to delighted audiences. In this voyage Mr. Wallack was accompanied by his wife, a daughter of the celebrated John Johnstone, a lady to whom it is said he rather suddenly transferred his attentions from a daughter of his tutor, Henry E. Johnston; Miss *Johnstone* having won his affections whilst he was engaged in escorting her home from the house of H. E. Johnston. With the daughter of the Irish veteran Mr. Wallack at length eloped, having in vain endeavoured to obtain her father's consent. In America, Mr. Wallack created a greater sensation, and impressed more of the English style of acting on the mind of the Americans than any *artiste* that had preceded him. His fame was extended, his purse well filled, and his return (which had all the appearance of business in it) was sudden, but well arranged, for E. Kean took his farewell benefit at Drury Lane on the 17th of September, previous to his departure for America, and poor Rae died on the 9th of the same month, leaving a large field for the display of Mr. Wallack's abilities at Drury Lane, and for those of C. Young and Macready, at Covent Garden. Our hero, in consequence, appeared at Drury Lane in September, 1820, as leading man, with Booth and John Cooper in the company. Mrs. Wallack appeared shortly afterwards at one of the minor theatres as Miss Johnstone from Crow Street Theatre, Dublin. The respective characters of *Brutus* and *Hamlet* were sustained by Mr. Wallack without making any decided impression. Booth, Cooper, and our hero, were now in a kind of partnership, and with them Mr. Wallack divided the notice of their patrons. He sustained *Glo'ster*, in "*Jane Shore*," to Cooper's *Hastings;* and Cooper played *Aufidius* to Wallack's *Coriolanus;* while Booth, as a set-off for enacting *Richard III.*, condescended to go on for *Pizarro* to Wallack's *Rolla*, and the *Alonzo* of Cooper, which proved the most successful performance of any they had previously attempted. On Monday, the 29th of January, 1821, our hero attempted *Richard III.*, a character for the embodiment of which he has ever been wholly unequal. However, if only for history's sake, I here subjoin a notice of the performance, which is certainly the most impartial

amongst a numerous file, the review of which show the degraded state of newspaper criticism even in William Hazlitt's day.

"The tragedy of *Richard III.* was performed on Monday night to a very full house. Mr. Wallack sustained the hero with considerable success. The magnitude of his task seemed to weigh down his powers in the first scenes, and occasionally to an advanced period of the play. The difficulty of attaining any credit in a part improved by the conceptions of the chief actors for scores of years past, was, indeed, an unfavourable impression wherewith to undertake such an enterprise. But it was the *mind* of Mr. Wallack which was alone oppressed by this very creditable suspicion of his ability. He totally shook it off shortly after the commencement of the fourth act. He acted up to the heroic bustle of his affairs. The audience, who had witnessed the former part with composure, became animated, and encouraged the display of his energies with loud appeals of applause. He went on improving, and met his foe, *Richmond*, in the combat gallantly."—*Globe, evening paper.*

The firm of Wallack, Cooper, and Booth, however, were unsuccessful. The *bills* issued with *their names* upon them, were dishonoured by the public—the general answer being "no effects." In the following June, a feeling was created against Mr. Wallack, occasioned by the much-abused Queen Caroline visiting the theatre so very unexpectedly, that the vocal corps were not prepared for the tribute to royalty, the national anthem, on which occasion our hero apologised, and the audience was satisfied. Party feeling at this time ran very high, and on the following morning the then influential organ, the *Times* newspaper (a great advocate for the Queen), put forth in its columns that Mr. Wallack, in his capacity of stage-manager of Drury Lane, had spoken disrespectfully of her Majesty, and had on her visit to the theatre refused her the customary homage. The thinking portion of the public took no notice of the malicious fabrication; but a party blindly led resolved, without even inquiry, to immolate the represented offender on the altar of their vengeance, and chose, above all nights, that of his benefit which was already announced for the 11th of June. The night came: "*Artaxerxes*" and "*The Blind Boy*" were the entertainments; and immediately after the fall of the drop-curtain on the first act of the opera, a shower of printed hand-bills were distributed in all directions, calling on the peaceable part of the audience to demand of Mr. Wallack, the hero of the night, an explanation for his conduct. On the rising of the curtain for the second act, a most disgraceful uproar ensued; the pack'd gods belched forth their thunder, answered by the groans, screamings, and yells of the pit.

"The hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deaf'ning shout, return'd them loud acclaim,"

with cries of "*Wallack! Wallack! Apology! the Queen! the Queen!*" Mr. Wallack appeared amidst the dreadful din, and, after bowing, succeeded (with the assistance of a gentleman in the pit, who stood up and harangued the whole audience in his favour, for whom it must be said that if he was not the *beneficiare's* only friend amongst the body, he was indeed the noblest Roman of them all) in

obtaining a partial hearing, and delivered himself to this effect:—"The words uttered by me on the evening in question, were not through any political feeling, nor did I anticipate they were of a tendency to excite displeasure, or that a tortuous construction would have been put upon them; had it not been for the gross misrepresentations of the *Times* newspaper, whose editors refused to grant me the only compensation I required, namely, insertion of my communications, which bore a perfect refutation of their slander." Peace was immediately restored, and the dark troop from Printing House Square enjoyed themselves for the remainder of the evening, at their employer's expense for admission, and paper and print, which returned so much per pound to the writers from the nearest cheesemonger.

The season was now near its close, and Mr. Wallack finding he had left a country that afforded him brighter prospects, he determined to re-visit it, and that before the return of Edmund Kean. Again, then, he sought the suffrages of the American people, and while on the point of reaping a "golden harvest," he, at the zenith of his hopes, had the misfortune to break his leg by a fall from a coach, the marks of which accident are still visible. Ere he had recovered from the effects of this disaster, he treated the Americans to a *melange* of songs, imitations, recitations, &c., though supporting himself during the entertainment on crutches, which was very successful. He also delineated *Captain Bertram*, in "*The Birth Day*," with the aid of his wooden appurtenances—a stick and a crutch. However, time, care, and attention, renovated his frame, and restored him to his usual line of characters, and indeed one would be inclined to believe that during the confinement to his room he had prosecuted his studies for the first walk in all the various lines of the drama, for on his return to England, he seemed to burst on the public with renewed powers. The elegance of his attitudes, the modulation of his voice, the expression of his countenance, in short, the whole man appeared to be renewed with a vigour, expression, and grace, that claimed attention and applause from all.

On the 14th of July, 1823, he re-appeared at the English Opera House in the character of *Rhoderick Dhu*, in "*The Knight of Snowdown*," and his success was equal to his most sanguine expectations. He repeated the part several times; and on the 17th, performed *The Three Singles*, in "*Three and the Deuce*," with a degree of spirit and effect never surpassed, and only equalled by Elliston's celebrated performance. "*Dick Dashall*" followed, and on the 28th of the same month was produced "*Presumption; or, The Fate of Frankinstein*," and Mr. Wallack's personation of the agonised student, whose fatal curiosity, and still more fatal success, was sustained with great feeling and talent. He appeared to enter into the realities and strong spirit of the character, and by his gracefulness of attitude, and transitions of countenance, rendered the part highly interesting and deeply impressive.

He look'd the student, whose all fearful daring
Long sigh'd to pierce what's hid from mortal sight,
Whose noon of life was wasted in preparing—
A spectral form—too hideous for the sight!

In ev'ry attitude shone grace and lightness;
A form divine the maiden's heart to win;
His blushing cheek, and eye's unrivalled brightness,
Spoke of the treasures nicely stored within.

His joy, his grief, his ecstasy, his pleasure,
Came springing up obedient to his call;
His every look long may the *artiste* treasure
As *acting* gems, for they were *studies* all.

In the autumn, Mr. Wallack re-appeared at Drury Lane in the onerous and unpleasant office of stage-manager, and played a few first-rate comedy parts, as *Doricourt*, *Lovemore*, *Harry Dornton* (one of the most difficult in the whole range—let no *tyro* attempt it), *Millamour*, &c., with occasionally characters in the first walk of tragedy, and best seconds when the *great* actors came to star, but reserving the lofty comedy for his own peculiar capabilities.

It was at the commencement of this season that Mr. Macready transferred his services from Covent Garden to Drury Lane, where he produced "*The Fatal Dower*," with alterations by Mr. Shiel, with so much success, our hero sustaining *Charolois* to Mr. Macready's *Dumont*, but its run was interrupted by the latter's illness.

With regard to Mr. Wallack's personation of *Harry Dornton*, the following notice will suffice to give the reader some idea of his wonderful abilities, and also of the labour requisite for the assumption of the part:—"Miss F. M. Kelly's benefit, on Wednesday, May the 8th, 1826, was much injured by the badness of the weather. The receipts, notwithstanding the great attraction, did not exceed 400*l*. The comedy was admirably acted. Wallack's *Harry Dornton* is decidedly the best on the stage. We can conceive no harder task, and, consequently, no greater test of the talent of an actor, than his succeeding in the scene with the *Widow Warren*, after he discovers the real situation of his father's affairs. The author, in this scene, has left the actor an immensity to express; and any one but a finished actor, and one endowed with more than ordinary personal requisites, should not attempt it."

At this period our hero's brother, H. J. Wallack, was performing in America, and their sister, Mrs. Stanley, was attached to the excellent company of Andrew Ducrow at Astley's Theatre—the man who came to us like some undescribed wizard—

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus.
And witch the world with noble horsemanship,

A short time prior to this date Mr. Wallack's affairs becoming much embarrassed, he took the benefit of the Insolvent Act; and on his release, with a foolish though noble sense of justice, summoned his creditors together, and gave them fresh securities; on which insurance, it is said, he was afterwards arrested, and obliged to release himself by having a commission of bankruptcy awarded against him. He continued to rise in public favour, and maintained an eminent position in his profession, discharging the arduous duties of stage-manager with punctuality and talent. The following sensible remark is from a notice in Oxberry's Biography, a work the public are much indebted to for some valuable information:—

"We consider Mr. Wallack the best *practical* actor in the world.

He has all the acquirement of the pantomimist, without the display of that acquirement; and he has attained that perfection of art, the power of concealing his art. But whilst saying thus much, we are grieved to add, that genius and mind are attributes to which he has but slender claims. We enumerate a few of the parts we have seen him play. *Hamlet*, the *Three Singles*, *Romeo*, *Doricourt*, *Kera Khan*, *Rhoderick Dhu*, *Brutus*, *Janus Jumble*, *Don Felix*, and *Three-fingered Jack*. To deny the possession of talent, and great talent, to an individual capable of satisfactorily sustaining these parts, would be absurd; they carry their own commendation with them. He is certainly now (1826) above the vapid efforts of Elliston, and some of the clumsy attempts of C. Kemble; but his performances cannot be compared with what Elliston's were, with what we remember W. T. Lewis's to have been, or with the few performances we yet recollect of John Palmer. His *Richard* is a lifeless reading—cold and ineffective—worse than Booth's, Young's, and G. Bennett's."

His mind is not capable of conceiving half what he is capable of executing. In the *higher* walks of melo-drama he has always distanced all competition, and though his warmest admirers cannot call him a perfect tragedian, the majority must admit that he is a performer who is always seen with pleasure, frequently with delight, and that, like John Cooper, he can play an infinitude of characters, so as to please that majority, without annoying the fastidious few. As an instance of his powers in domestic drama I need only mention his forcible realisation of the poet's fancy in *Martin Heywood*, on the production of Douglas Jerrold's excellent drama, "*The Rent Day*," January 25th, 1832, at Drury Lane. His pathos and frequent bursts of deep emotion rendered the performance a painful picture of his art, and a beautiful specimen of rustic honesty, in the affectionate husband and kind father.

Shortly after this date, H. J. Wallack married, for his second wife, Miss Turpin, daughter of Mrs. Turpin, a favourite actress on the Scotch stage, who were both performing at Edinburgh in January, 1831. H. Wallack and Miss Turpin were members of the Covent Garden company during the temporary *mis*-management of Osbaldiston in 1836-7, but on his secession Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, with Collins the vocalist, joined Levy at the Victoria,* at which period James Wallack was performing in America, he having again visited the New World, but this time in the capacity of manager. In May, 1839, he returned to England to engage actors and actresses for his theatre at New York, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Giubilei. However, shortly after, Mr. Wallack again returned to England, appearing at the Haymarket on Monday, August 31st, 1840, as *Don Felix*, in "*The Wonder;*" *Violante*, Miss H. Faucit. On the 11th of September, Mr. Webster revived "*The Road to Ruin*," on purpose to display our hero's powers in that touchstone of comedy, "*Harry Dornton*."

Old Dornton	S. Phelps.	*Widow Warren*	Mrs. Glover.
Silky . .	R. Strickland.†	*Sophia* . .	Mrs. Stirling.
Goldfinch .	B. E. Wrench.†	A cast worthy the drama's palmy days.	

* And in 1838-9 joined the Drury Lane company. † Dead.

During the run of Bulwer's play of "*Money*," with Macready as *Evelyn*, our hero visited Dublin, and returned to the Haymarket on the 8th of February, 1841, appearing in his original part of *Martin Heywood*, in "*The Rent Day;*" *Silver Jack*, H. J. Wallack (his first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre for six years); *Rachel*, Mrs. Stirling. On the conclusion of our hero's engagement, he, for the fifth time, visited the "Land of Promise," and on the 29th of May, suffered greatly by the destruction of the National Theatre, New York, by fire.

H. J. Wallack continued at the Haymarket until engaged by J. M. Maddox for the Princess's, where, in the capacity of stage-manager, he delivered the opening address, on the 26th of December, 1842; and, after a prosperous season, closed his duties with Mr. Maddox on the 5th of September, 1843. Elated with his managerial success at that theatre, he now imagined himself capable of restoring the lost honours of Covent Garden Theatre, and positively signed an agreement, on the 9th of August, for three years, supported, as was said, by the Hon. East India Company. Accordingly, the theatre opened on the 2nd of October, with a new comedy by Bourcicault, called "*Woman*," and on the 10th Mr. Hoskins, now of Sadler's Wells, made his first appearance in London with success. He was also a thriving suitor for the hand of the manager's daughter, Miss Julia Wallack, the elder sister of Miss Fanny Wallack. Mrs. Hoskins is also at Sadler's Wells, where her husband is a deserved favourite. On the 13th, H. J. Wallack closed Covent Garden (in consequence of the failure of the comedy) until the 16th; but on Wednesday, November 1, it was finally closed, when, worse and worse, that speculating *Guy*, Jullien, hired it for his concerts. Mr. Phelps, Mr. Anderson, Mr. A. Wigan, and Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, joined Mr. Hooper at Bath, and the rest of this excellent company became distributed. James Wallack having concluded his engagements in America, returned again to London, making his first appearance at the Princess's Theatre on Tuesday, October the 8th, 1844, in the popular version of the famous French drama, "*Don Cæsar de Bazan*," adapted by G. A. à Beckett, and Mark Lemon. In this piece the acting of Mr. Wallack, who, throughout, had a most difficult and precarious duty to perform, was of a high character; it was a serio-comic part, in which a very nice discrimination was necessary, to prevent the tragic portions assuming the appearance of burlesque; but he sustained it with a skill that rendered his motive, as well as his action, intelligible. The boy *Lazarillo* was acted by Miss Marshall, and here follows a list of the principal *artists* who, about this time, represented the hero in this popular story, with the theatres in which the drama was produced:—

J. Wallack	. . . .	Princess's.
C. J. Matthews	(the original in England, and in his own adaption)	Haymarket.
H. Hughes	. . . .	Surrey.
B. Webster	(D. Bourcicault's adaption) . . .	Adelphi.
Mr. Paumier	. . . . Dunlop Street Theatre,	Glasgow.
T. Lyon	. . . . Adelphi,	Glasgow.

R. Roxby . . . . Olympic.
H. B. Roberts . . . . Strand.
Charles Dillon . . . . Marylebone.
J. Parry . . . . Queen's.
W. Grisdale . . . . Pavilion.
D. W. Osbaldiston . . . . . . Victoria.
W. J. A. Abington . . . . Southampton.

Our hero's success in the delineation of the rolikin *Don*—a reckless Spanish gentleman—was indeed great.

> "No poet's dream of legend or chivalry,
> Could picture to his mind a form like this,
> Which flings in shade each proud one's rivalry,
> And leaves the happy triumph solely his!"

In December, "*The Rent Day*" was revived at the Princess's, and shortly after "*Wild Oats*," in which H. J. Wallack also performed. This gentleman on the 9th of January, 1845, obtained his final order in the Bankruptcy Court, without opposition, and continued performing at the Princess's, during the engagement of Miss C. Cushman, and E. Forrest, who appeared in February. Our hero's success was also very great in "*Monseignor*," and "*The Brigadier*," dramas similar in outline to "*Don Cæsar de Bazan*." On the occasion of L. Murray's first appearance in London, our hero, J. Wallack, sustained *Master Walter*, in "*The Hunchback*," to his *Sir Thomas Clifford*; *Julia*, Miss C. Cushman; *Helen*, Mrs. Stirling; and, on Miss Cushman's benefit, June the 17th, he performed *Julian St. Pierre*, followed by the *Stranger*, and other parts equally important to the end of the season. He was, however, re-engaged, and appeared on the reopening of that theatre on Monday, October the 6th, 1845, in his original character of "*The Brigand*." The name of James Wallack has been identified with that of *Alexandro Massironi* ever since the production of the drama at Drury Lane, and though his vocal acquirements are rather slender, he is ever heard with pleasure in this romantic production, and also in *Wilford* and the *Singles*. His *Petruchio* to the *Katherine* of Mrs. Stirling, was an excellent performance; and, on the engagement of Mr. Macready, the most popular of Shakspeare's plays was produced, supported by the assistance of L. Murray, J. Cooper, J. Vining, R. Roxby, C. Mathews, Walton, Mrs. Ternan, Madame Vestris, Miss Marshall, &c. The success was great; and all went smoothly on till the beginning of April, 1846, when the casting of parts for the Easter burlesque, called "*Peeping Tom of Coventry*," occasioned a demur, naturally enough, from the lady to whose lot it fell to personate *Lady Godiva*. She said her hair was not so abundant as that of the fair countess who rode through Coventry without mantle, kirtle, or robe, save that which nature had bestowed upon her. The sensible manager, Mr. Maddox, suggested a liberal application of Macassar oil, by which means the actress might have in three days a head of hair so long that it would require a page to hold it up like a court lady's train. The lady, however, refused to accept the part; whereupon the manager waxed wroth, and scurvily hinted something about discharging the contumacious *artiste*. This cowardly threat called up in her defence James Wallack,

who happened to be present, and who, in his open and manly style, remarked upon the indecency of the manager, forcing a lady to appear in such an objectionable position on the stage. High words ensued, and J. M. Maddox, in his usual gentlemanly style, called Mr. Wallack a liar, which acted like a signal for a clear stage and no favour, accompanied by an instant retort, *à la Cribb*, planted so judiciously upon the managerial nob, as to produce an extraordinary phrenological development between the managerial ogles, which by no means improved the Maddoxian mug. The chastisement was most seasonable, though we are grieved to say the dose requires to be administered about the first of every April, before a positive cure can be obtained, and as it is near the anniversary of the fray, we recommend *Passion-week* for its celebration.

In May, Mr. Wallack sustained *Rolla*, *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, and *Edgar* and *Iago*, to Macready's *Lear* and *Othello*, concluding his engagement in July. Performed *Mr. Ford*, in "*Merry Wives of Windsor*;" and, in August, accompanied by Mrs. Wallack, visited New York for the sixth time. On his arrival he appeared at the Park Theatre, and met with a hearty reception. In September he joined manager Burton, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and produced there "*The King of the Commons*," in which he sustained Macready's part, supported by Mr. Burton, Mrs. Wallack, &c., concluding, on the 30th of October, with the *Stranger* and *Don Felix*. He then proceeded to Boston, appearing with Mr. and Mrs. Bland, in "*Don Cæsar de Bazan*;" and, after performing at various other cities and towns, visited New Orleans, in January, 1847.

"The rapid stride Mr. Wallack made to favour was during the ascendancy of Alexander Rae. *Joseph Surface* was the first part of particular importance that he assumed, and, from that period, he stepped onward, until he reached the eminence on which we now behold him. He is one of the many in his profession to whom the phrase *Faber suæ fortunæ* will strictly apply. He had little aid from his parents or from friends—he has fought his way through difficulties, and made all the friends by whom he has been assisted. It is no slight proof of the estimation in which he was held, that a dramatic amateur, with whomhe had only a casual acquaintance, lent him 600*l.* one morning, in the Green Room of Drury Lane Theatre, though the request was made in a dubious, half-jesting way, upon the pressure of a sudden emergency."

His talents, as an actor, are of a very high order—they confine him to nothing within the range of the *art*, light comedy, melo-drama, or pantomime; and, with but few exceptions, tragedy, in his hands, have been equally effective. To the parts already enumerated, of which Mr. Wallack is the original representative, may be added—*Ulric*, in "*Werner*;" *Israel Bertuccio*, in "*Marino Faliero*;" *Sir H. Vivid*, in "*Marriage*;" *Louis XV.*, in "*Madame du Barry*;" *Juan Ruvagos*, in "*Compact*;" *Dashall*, in "*My Aunt*;" and "*The King's Barber*;" and as long as a face beaming with intellect and expression, a figure tall and in perfect symmetry, together with attitudes the most dignified and graceful, shall be deemed requisites for the arduous profession of an actor—so long, in all probability, will James Wallack be admired, as these gifts, "from ever-bounteous

nature," he possesses in their fullest extent, and adds thereto a correct and lively delineation of character.

We see much of his light comedy and careful acting in Walter Lacy; much of his pathos in Benjamin Webster; very much of his versatility and funniments in Alfred Wigan; and all his correct and forcible reading and romance in Henry Hughes, who, by the way, was second only to our hero in his conception and delineation of "*Don Cæsar de Bazan.*" Yet with his extraordinary combination of talent, Mr. Wallack has never approached the fire of Edmund Kean, the deep and subtle pictures of Macready, or the classic grandeur of J. Vandenhoff; nevertheless, he is unapproachable. To Mr. Wallack we are indebted, and not to Mr. Maddox, for the introduction of Mr. L. Murray to the London stage. Mr. Wallack is an excellent mimic, and has on his benefit nights given imitations of J. Kemble, C. Young, &c. In this particular his niece, Mrs. Wigan, is peculiarly happy. His son made his metropolitan *debut* at the Haymarket, in November last, under his travelling cognomen of Lester, and appeared in February, 1847, in "*London Assurance*," but has not yet essayed in either of his favourite characters. His *Rolando*, in "*Honeymoon*," is a very clever performance; but his *Tag*, in "*Spoilt Child*," with imitations of Charles Kean, recall to memory the beautiful specimens of mimicry with which his father has so often entertained his friends in private. The junior branches have had much experience in the provinces; we witnessed the efforts of Mr. Wallack, and also that of Miss Fanny, at Southampton, in December, 1843, and Miss Julia (Mrs. Hoskins), in the spring of 1844, at Bath. Our hero's brother, H. J. Wallack,* is at present managing the Theatre Royal, Manchester, for Mr. John Knowles. Mrs. James Wallack is related to Mr. Bew, a dentist, at Brighton, formerly co-manager of the Brighton Theatre, and whose daughter appeared on the stage as Miss Johnstone, but at the Lyceum, in 1810, as Miss Bew. It is a remarkable fact, that Mr. Wallack's family alone could supply fitting representatives for the performance of Douglas Jerrold's "*Rent Day.*" His private character rests upon long and uninterrupted friendships, both at home and abroad, which speak of generosity, a high sense of honour, kindness to his brother actors, to youthful merit a ready and generous friend; indeed, he is, in all respects, a man of large and liberal heart and temper, a jovial companion, his conversation lively and unprofessional —never egotistical or detractive, a philosopher in the true art of being agreeable, a good-humoured man; and such are the only true philosophers. They alone know how to enjoy life. Beings wiser far than all the grave saturine star-gazers and riddle preachers in the world. James Wallack, with all his good fortune, has felt also the frowns and probings of calamity; but to give way to grief, he never did; and to allow the mind to succumb to despondency, is certainly to exhibit our poor humanity in one of the most ridiculous positions in which it could be placed.

London, March 20th, 1847. THOMAS MARSHALL.

* The material which elevated this gentleman to the directorship of Covent Garden (1843), was in an unguarded moment supplied by Mr. Hoskins, it being the amount of a legacy left him by his father.

With a Catalogue of their Original Productions and Adaptions.

No. I.—Dion Bourcicault.

In 1840, on the suggestion of a friend, Mr. Bourcicault tried his powers as a playwright, his first dramatic essay being the very successful piece called "*London Assurance*," in the construction of which he had the good fortune to be assisted by the able experience of Mr. Brougham, the comedian. The piece was produced as a comedy in five acts, at Covent Garden, March 4, 1841, with immense success. The language is of a superior class, abounding in irony, humour, sarcasm, and wit, bearing the marks of great talents, though the incidents are loosely put together. Its good jokes, puns, repartees, and sallies, stamped the author as a good satirist. This maiden attempt succeeded; he directly set about a second, "*The Irish Heiress*," produced at Covent Garden, on the 7th of February, 1842, which was a failure, and was performed about twelve times only. It was in five acts, very amusing, but wanted interest, and high dramatic character. However, nothing daunted, "*Alma Mater*," in five acts, was produced at the Haymarket, September the 19th, 1842, with but partial success, followed in the same month by "*Curiosities of Literature*," a very successful farce. "*Woman*," a play in five acts, at Covent Garden, October 2, 1843, a failure, played a very few nights. "*Used Up*," from the French, a farce; Haymarket, February 6, 1844, very successful. "*Lolah; or, The Wreck Light*," a drama, Haymarket, March 25, 1844, failure, and was among the unsuccessful for B. Webster's 500*l.* offer, in June, 1844. "*Mother and Son*," a drama from the French, Adelphi, September 28, 1844, the plot of which was conducted too much after the unwholesome fashion of the modern French dramatic school—*vide*, Dumas, Hugo, &c.—performed only three times. A version of "*Don Cæsar de Bazan*," Adelphi, October 14, 1844, partially successful. "*Old Heads and Young Hearts*," a comedy in five acts, Haymarket, November 18, 1844, very successful, though to a very thin house. In this production, our author took a flight in jockey wit, and named the character, supported by Madame Vestris, after the swindle race-mare, *Alice Hawthorn*. His next piece concludes the list, and is amongst the wittiest of his productions, "*The School for Scheming*," first performed at the Haymarket, on the 4th of February, 1847. English comedy is "a graceful ornament to the civil order—the Corinthian capital of polished society." Like the mirrors which have been added to the sides of one of our theatres, it reflects the images of grace, of gaiety, and pleasures double, and completes the perspective of human life. To read a good comedy is to keep the best company in the world, where the best things are said, and the most amusing happen. The wittiest remarks are always ready on the tongue, and the luckiest occasions are always ready to give birth to the happiest conceptions. Sense makes strange havoc of nonsense. Refinement acts as a foil to affectation, and affectation to ignorance. Sentence after sentence tells. We don't know which to admire most, the observation or the answer to it. We would give our fingers to be able to talk so ourselves, or to hear others talk so. In turning over the pages of the best comedies we are almost transported to another world, and escape from this dull age to one that was all life, and whim, and mirth, and humour. The Prompter.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF LONDON THEATRES.

No. I.—The Princess's.

This temple of the drama is erected on the site formerly occupied by the Queen's Bazaar, destroyed by fire, May 28, 1829, commencing in the Diorama Picture Gallery, containing, with many other fine paintings, that of "The destruction of York Minster by Fire." Shortly after Mr. Hamlet, the silversmith, of Prince's Street, rebuilt the bazaar, which, not answering the expectancies of its owner, was offered for sale by Mr. Foster, on the 14th of March, 1836; at length the spirited proprietor resolved to convert the property into an elegant theatre; towards the accomplishment of which he spared no expense. Many annoying difficulties met him at the outset; but, by dint of perseverance and unwearying application, they were surmounted. Mr. Hamlet, after having obtained a music license, declined opening any part of the premises, until the contemplated improvements (a large concert room) were entirely completed. Having applied at the Middlesex Sessions, in October, 1837, for a renewal of the license—the premises having been previously let to Mr. Warde—it was refused; but, on the next application it was granted. It remained, however, unemployed as a place of entertainment, until Wednesday, the 30th of September, 1840, when it was opened, under the title of "The Princess's Theatre," with promenade concerts. The leader of the band, which consisted of sixty first-rate instrumentalists, was Mr. Willy; the second leaders were Mr. Dando and J. Bannister. In the autumn of 1842, John Medex Maddox made an offer for the theatre, which was accepted, and on Monday, the 26th of December, he opened it for dramatic performances. H. J. Wallack, as stage-manager, delivered an address, after which "*La Somnambula*" was acted; *Elvino*, Mr. Templeton; *Rodolph*, Mr. Weiss; *Amina*, Madlle. Eugenia Garcia; *Liza*, Mrs. T. H. Severn. "*The Yellow Dwarf*" followed. On Thursday, October 19, 1843, Mr. Bodkin, on behalf of Mr. Maddox, applied at the Sessions for *a license* for the theatre. Sir P. Laurie asked if the theatre had not been already licensed by the Chamberlain? Mr. Bodkin replied that he *understood* such was the case, but as it was thought the Chamberlain's license did not extend to mere concerts, but to stage plays and other entertainments of the stage only, the applicant was desirous for *better* security. After a little more cobbling the license was granted.

The size of this theatre is somewhat smaller than the Haymarket, but larger than the Lyceum, and was completed from designs by T. M. Nelson, the architect; the decorations are principally in the Louis Quatorse style, than which for richness and boldness of relief, none is better adapted for the embellishments of theatres, executed by Messrs. Crace and Sons. There are three tiers of boxes, with slips above. The front of the first tier is adorned with a white ground, and a rich gold moulding, crimson points with tassels hung from the top of the boxes. The second tier is Arabesque. The third and upper row are painted in scrolls, beautifully ornamented with golden points. With the exception of the gallery, which is too small, it is one of the best designed theatres in Europe.

An Architect.

JANUARY 28th.—The Pera Theatre at Constantinople is entirely destroyed by fire. The Sultan immediately commanded the building of a large theatre to be attached to his palace of Bechiktasch, at Constantinople, for the representation of Turkish translations of French and English drama.

MONDAY, FEB. 1st.—Miss F. Cooper again sustained *Pauline*, "*Lady of Lyons*," at Sadler's Wells, with the most unequivocal success, repeating the performance on the following evening, and on the 10th and 11th. It is painful to witness the injustice Miss Cooper is receiving at the hands of the Sadler's Wells management, by being thrust into parts utterly beneath her talents, while she is the only Shakspearean actress in the company.

J. R. Scott appeared at the City Theatre as *Richard III.*

The melo drama, "*Promotion in Life*," performing at the Standard, is now produced at the Queen's Theatre.

Miss H. Faucit commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, as *Pauline; Claude*, Mr. Paumier. The rush at the doors was immense—hundreds could not gain admission. Miss Faucit was re-engaged.

H. Betty appeared at Exeter as *Hamlet*, on the 3rd as *Othello; Iago*, J. W. Benson, and on the 8th Mr. Betty appeared at Devonport.

H. G. Denvil's benefit at the Woolwich Theatre.

A new theatre, named the Odeon, after that at Paris, is first opened in Broadway, Albany, United States.

2nd.—The Grand Theatre of Pesth, in Hungary, is burnt to the ground.

3rd.—The Theatre Royal, Warwick, closed, after six nights performance. J. W. Carr, manager.

Professor Risley and his two sons appear at the Theatre Valle, Rome.

4th.—A new ballet of action called "*The Pretty Sicilian*," produced at Drury Lane, in which Marietta Rosetta Baderna, as *Roselia*, made her English *debut*; she goes to Covent Garden.

A new five-act comedy by D. Bourcicault, called "*The School for Scheming*," is produced with success at the Haymarket. The author says he has drawn four of the characters from Miss Gordon's excellent novel, *The Jilt*, a true and honest acknowledgment. The comedy was, after a few nights, curtailed by one hour's performance, and the character of *Job Sykes*, originally played by B. Webster, is now sustained by T. Stuart. The comedy will now rank with the other Schools, viz.,—

School for Scandal.
School for Grown Children.
School for Wits.
School of Reform.
School for Wives.
School for Friends.
And another "*School*" is already in hand.

Mr. E. Marshall's annual concert at the Star Assembly Rooms, Oxford.

5th.—Mr. Aldridge appeared at Ipswich, as *Shylock*, which performance was followed by a reading in defence of the Drama. On the 8th he appeared at Bristol.

6th.—J. L. Thornton closed his season at Rochester, and proceeded with his company to Maidstone—opening on the 9th.

Halifax Theatre opened for the season.

MONDAY, 8th.—The receipts at Drury Lane Theatre for this night were intended for the Irish Relief Fund, but they were not sufficient to defray house expenses; the boxes were nearly empty.

Mr. Macready appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dublin (for seven nights), as *Macbeth*. He is engaged for Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool.

The Miss Cushmans appeared at Sheffield.

E. Hooper closed the Brighton Theatre with his benefit.

"*Battle of Life*," produced at the Carlisle Theatre.

H. Farren appeared at Nottingham; the theatre closed on the 17th, when the company went to Chesterfield.

On this and the two following nights 4,000 persons visited the theatre at North Shields. Lessees—Roxby and Beverley.

The performances at the Woolwich Theatre were under the patronage of Sir Thomas Wilson. Lessee—Mr. E. Marshall.

9th.—Miss Bassano sustained *Norma*, and Miss A. Romer from the Adelphi, Liverpool, made her metropolitan *debut* as *Adelgasia*, at the Princess's, with great success. Miss Romer is own sister to Mr. Travers (Romer), and cousin to Frank, and the famous Emma Romer, now Mrs. Allmond.

Mr. Allcroft's tenth annual concert at the Lyceum.

10th.—Lord Clifton and family visit the Standard Theatre to witness the performance of Mr. Lee's pantomime.

Mr. G. Owen re-appeared at Exeter as *Richelieu*; on the 12th he appeared as *Shylock*, for his benefit.

Mrs. C. Gill's benefit at Bristol; Mr. Gill appeared in "*The Secret*," and *Susan Hopley*.

11th.—The receipts of Astley's Theatre are by Mr. Batty devoted to the fund for the relief of the Irish and Scotch poor, amounting to only 57*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* The weather was terribly against it, though we may add that a sparring exhibition held in the locality of the theatre, and for the same humane purpose, produced three times that sum.

MONDAY, 15th.—A new drama called "*Shade and Sunshine*, produced at the Standard Threatre.

G. V. Brooke and Mrs. Gill appeared at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

16th.—The Italian Opera House opened for the season, with (first time at this

theatre) "*La Favourite*;" director of the orchestra, M. W. Balfe.

A.W. 17th.—Annual general meeting of the "General Theatrical Fund Association," at the Lyceum, Strand.

The license and interest of Mr. Sloan, in the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, is sold by auction to Mr. Knowles, the Theatre Royal manager, for 100*l*. The improvident bankrupt, Sloan, has since obtained his certificate, and will open the Queen's again on Easter Monday. Sloan was weak enough to lose 2,000*l*. in an attempt to establish a resort for the accomplishment of seduction and crime, called a "Cassino," and, worse and worse, was actually skinned and spitted by sharps, playmen, prize-fighters, and horse-chaunters of Manchester, going *ducks and drakes* with the fortune he had obtained by the fire at the old theatre. We feel deeply for the company deserted, but have no pity for the deserter.

18th.—A new five-act play, by the Rev. Mr. Whyte, called "*Feudal Times*," produced at Sadler's Wells. A piece, by G. Colman, called "*Feudal Times*," was produced in 1799, and "*Feudal Tyrants*" was written in 1806, by M. G. Lewis.

Hereford Theatre opened by C. Reader, with a good company.

Leicester Theatre opened by J. F. Saville, and on the 22nd he opened at Chesterfield.

20th.—Miss H. Faucit commenced an engagement of ten nights, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, as *Julia*, "*Hunchback*."

Boston Theatre opened with an entire new company, by R. Daniels.

SUNDAY, 21st.—Opening of Alexandre Dumas' new theatre "Historique," at Paris—a fine pile, but very incorrect and deficient

MONDAY, 22nd.—A new opera, by Mr. Wallace, called "*Matilda of Hungary*," produced at Drury Lane Theatre, with partial success.

H. Betty appeared at the Surrey, as *William Tell*. There is evidently great improvement in this gentleman's acting.

A new fairy extravaganza, by C. Dance, called "*The Enchanted Forest*" (from German romance), produced at the Lyceum.

A nautical drama, by T. Townsend, called "*The Life of a Ship*," produced at the City Theatre.

Mr. Macready appeared at the Adelphi, Glasgow, as *Hamlet*, supported by J. Cooper, Holmes, Heild, Mortimer, Ray, C. Melbourne, Mrs. Warner, Henry, Aitken, and Mrs. E. Debourgh (now Mrs. Lewis), in nine performances.

The Sheffield Theatre closed its brilliant season.

The Miss Cushmans appear at Lincoln, and then at Wolverhampton.

23rd.—MARRIAGE.—Mr. Robert Mark, of the Theatre Royal, Dunlop Street, Glasgow, to Mary Carmichael, relict of the late James Campbell, Carron Iron Works. See *Chronicle* for March.

Mr. Aldridge appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, as *Zanga* and *Mungo*, dividing throughout his engagement the laurels with Mrs. Bishop.

25th.—Benefit at the Italian Opera House for the relief of the distressed Irish and Scotch. The Queen was present, and the sum produced was 1,313*l*. Look on that picture, and on this! A ball was given on May the 30th, 1822, for the benefit for the distressed Irish, and held on the boards of the very same theatre, produced the net sum of 3,511*l*. There's something rotten in the state of———.

J. Vandenhoff gave the proceeds, 76*l*, of his reading of *Hamlet* at Belfast, to the Belfast Ladies Association for the destitute Irish.

27th.—Mrs. Butler concluded her engagement at Manchester, having sustained *Julia*, *Juliana*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Juliet*, *Lady Teazle*, and *Queen Catherine*. Mr. Knowles, and his manager, H. Wallack, taking advantage of Sloan's fall, raised the prices of admission to 5*s*., 3*s*., 2*s*., and 1*s*., and assigning, as a reason, Mrs. Butler's exorbitant demands, namely—500*l*. for six nights, which 240*l*. liquidated. When the Miss Cushmans were there, at 40*l*. per night, the prices were as usual, namely—4*s*, 2*s*., 1*s*., and 6*d*., producing, on an average, 212*l*. to 221*l*. per night. Now, if the best supporters of the British drama, we mean the good folks of Manchester, will thus allow themselves to be gulled by speculators and money-grubbing managers, we can assure them that it is entirely useless even to *hope* for a reformation of the stage and regeneration of the drama.

Mrs. Wood, the eminent vocalist, is very successful at the Concert Hall, Liverpool.

The romance of "*Raby Rattler*," was published by Saunders and Ottley only two years since, and was written by the author of "*Rowland Bradshaw*," an excellent tale, now publishing by Sherwood and Co. Imagine, then, the audacity of Edward Stirling adapting the man's work, and producing it at the Surrey with his name in the bills as the actual author. We don't remember if Mr. Stirling was called before the curtain; but if he was, it would have been an excellent opportunity for a display of missiles. Poor Archer does acknowledge the robberies he commits; but no—no—not so—Edward Stirling—*mine—all mine—all Mr. Stirling's*. We shall now take the trouble to analyse *all* bearing his name, and report accordingly. "Nay, madam, he is a doctor; never rack his person, but rack his style; let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake, by collecting the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no."—BACON.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.

A strolling play'r as story tells,
If truth in modern stories dwells,
Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate
Hard-by an honest farmer's gate;
And saw the clowns with pleasure come,
Who heard the beating of the drum:
For country actors roam about
Whene'er their cash or credit's out,
Or when his worship shall determine
To drive them out like other vermin,
Then some poor youth who fain would sup,
For sixpence, takes the drum-stick up,
And gladly rumbles up and down,
To beat the play thro' all the town.
And oft' this man, by hunger prest,
Is better paid than all the rest.—
But as our present mouth-piece stood,
And curdled ev'ry rustic's blood,
Exerted all his might and pow'r
On Henry murder'd in the Tow'r;
How Glo'ster basely took his life,
And after married Edward's wife.
Then quickly stopped his nephews' breath,
By vilely stifling them to death.
With many other horrid crimes,
Whose mention shocks the latest times.
Till Richmond nobly made him yield,
And killed the wretch in Bosworth Field.
The honest farmer sighing said,
"What ways there are of getting bread!
I dare say, friend, you'll think it hard
To work in any farmer's yard,
Yet tell me, tho' you speak so fine,
Whose trade is better, yours or mine?
Is any fellow in your station
Of half our value to the nation?
And yet at us you toss your nose,
Whene'er you get a rag of clothes;
With fancy jests presume to flout us,
Altho' you could not eat without us;
In London why I've seen the play'rs
In better waistcoats than *our* mayors;
Nay, I declare it on my word,
I've seen an actor wear a sword.
And not a creature in the town,
Would ever knock the fellow down,
Altho' the puppy had began
To think himself a gentleman:
When but the very summer after,
(I scarce can mention it for laughter)
He came among the country boors,
And beat just such a drum as yours;
What can you say," the farmer cry'd,
When thus our orator reply'd,
"Sir, if my word you'll please to trust,
I own your censure often just:
Experience every day declares,
The foolish pride of many play'rs;
And some, perhaps, but let that rest,
Whose lives are not the very best;
For tho' this truth on some may fall,
The censure ne'er can reach to all.
A rascal high soever drawn,
Had been a rascal clad in lawn,
And worth will every eye engage,
Tho' fortune placed it on the stage;
Professions, sir, you never find
Have changed the temper of the mind:
And if a man, genteely bred
A faultless life has always led;
Why will your censure wish to blame
The merit justice should proclaim?
I need not say what native fires
Or judgment such a life requires,
A truth like this I need not smother.
They're higher much than any other:*
And if sometimes we meet with losses,
All men are liable to crosses;
Why is an actor's made a jest,
When pity smiles on all the rest?
Had fortune burnt your haggards down,
You, sir, had worked about the town,
Had beat a drum, or acted worse,
Without a sixpence in your purse."
Here paused the youth. The farmer turned,
Whose breast with true good nature burn'd,
"Of all thy trade I ne'er espy'd
A man possessed so little pride:
I ask thy pardon, honest youth,
Thou hast spoke nothing but the truth;
And while with us you choose to stay,
I beg thou'lt see me every day,
Nor blush if e'er thou art distrest,
To be an honest farmer's guest.
A man I dare be sworn thou art,
Blest with a very noble heart.
And harkee—nay—but this way stand,
Here take a guinea in thy hand,
Had I been in thy place, I see,
You would have acted just like me."

* Elocution is more perfect on the stage than in the pulpit, in the senate, or at the bar.

TO OUR READERS.

The "National Dramatic Biography," as was stated in our preface, is intended to furnish for future years a document which may serve, perhaps, as a guide, and certainly as a chronicle. We hail the opportunity that now appears to present itself (an increasing circulation), of doing something towards the removal of that disadvantage under which dramatic excellence so peculiarly labours, and which so many feeling writers have poetically lamented—the disadvantage of posthumous oblivion. We rejoice that there is now some chance of transmitting at least *a description* of those efforts which are themselves incapable of transmission. The 1st of January, 1847, has proved an *epoch* in dramatic history, till when, with some few exceptions, the actor was doomed to flourish but in his life-time; or, at best, like the bards of uncivilised ages, was celebrated by tradition alone. The waters of time, which perpetually raise fresh verdure for the wreaths of others, flowed but to sweep away the laurels the children of the drama had planted. Here should be interposed the consolatory assistance of criticism, not the party-criticism which the fashion of December will promote, and the fashion of January superannuate, but that criticism which consideration has had time to construct of solid materials, such as may withstand not only the passing caprice, or speculator's broad-sheet, resembling the torn banner of some corpse-like tradition, but the gush and storm of ages yet to come. By the aid of such criticism (incorporated with the life, and not comprised in some half-dozen lines by way of finale), the fame and character of an actor, though not his works, can be intelligibly preserved and perpetuated; and recording testimonials may bestow a celebrity which, however inferior to the glory of the direct admiration bestowed by posterity on other artists, will, at least, afford anticipations more gratifying than attended the limited honours of contemporary fame. Professing these sentiments and objects, we shall not be expected to deal largely in the style so popular at present, the severe, not to say ill-natured jocularity, that sacrifices everybody and everything for the sake of displaying itself. We are aware that many publications on the drama, as well as on many other subjects, have acquired a great circulation by this kind of writing; but we are aware also, that in a country like Great Britain, even the minority on any popular question is always large enough to command an extensive sale; and, though this were not the case, we would rather pursue what we believe to be the true, and know to be the moderate course, accompanied by a few who *study*, than rush intemperately along an opposite path, amid the acclamations of the multitude who *read*. Virtue is constancy in devotion; all error passes away; truth is eternal. Here for posterity is preserved the latest specimen of dramatic criticism, culled from a notice of the "*Flowers of the Forest*," performed at the Adelphi, and appeared in the *Era** newspaper, of March the 14th, 1847:—"Mr. O'Smith had a part well fitted to him, a bloody-minded old gipsy father; and, of course, he acted it to the life—and death, too." Will men of character, after reading this scurrilous abuse of talent, be bold

* A weekly Conservative print, price 6d. The same impression kills J. Russell

enough to make the stage their profession; or can managers expect to retain the best actors in their company, while they allow such writers the use and benefits of an editorial pass? Answer who may; but let him be no detractor of the honest actor's art; for

> ———"Thrice is he armed
> Who hath his quarrel just."

determined to preserve our little work from the stigma of being either an advertisement speculation, or in the pay of aliens (reproaches that are so fatally attached to a weekly print pretending to school the whole profession, and from the proprietors of which we received two letters begging information concerning our principal singers, to whom we say—let the traitors alone, and they will die; leave them unnoticed, and their own spleen will consume them.) It would, therefore, be erroneous to consider our labours as a conflict of interest. Nevertheless, we pledge our honour—dearer to us than life—to carry the torch of truth into the almost secret and obscure chambers of dramatic history, and awake its torpid and dormant tenants, bringing back to light and knowledge the long-buried forms of past ages, the mediocre, and the gigantic children who toiled in undisputed sovereignty in the histrionic world. Petty re-actions, and cowardly uneasiness of disturbed indolence, may accumulate thick unwholesome vapours; but it is only for a time, and the immortality of genius can wait patiently for its day of triumph. From its rampart of cards, or from its watch-tower of sand, has the alarm gun of an assailant already been sounded, though, from so puny an enemy, we could not have expected sport; for

> "Our castle's strength shall laugh a siege to scorn."

A writer in the *Dramatic and Musical Review*, has penned the following spirited and just remarks, he says: "I belong to no one particular class, but am the advocate of my countryman's just right and privileges. But when we behold such rights abused—trampled upon; when foreigners are usurping those offices, those stations, which nationally belong to Englishmen, it is incumbent that some voice should raise its cry, and shout 'Down with the profane intruders, the scions of foreign charlatans!'"

I feel my efforts will prove futile in taking up the cudgels on behalf of my suffering countrymen; but I have justice, truth, and outraged privileges to back me. My object being to draw the grave attention of those individuals who can and ought (were they not wilfully blind to humanity) to remedy the growing evil, the continued injustice.

If we calmly and deliberately analyse the excuses made by those individuals who hold up to scorn and ridicule native talent, yet patronise (no matter how mean and contemptible) whatever savours of a foreign claim, we shall find that they teem with injustice, and are based on principles the most deleterious. A little investigation will prove them to be merely subterfuges for the enjoyment of low ideas, the gratification of a depraved taste. The consequences of such a preference will be the promulgation of vice, the imbibing of a most fatal prejudice against British products and native genius.

An English artist, no avail what mechanical skill or intellectual endowments he possess, does not meet with that encouragement, or yet prosper, like those who, scouted from their own country, have

taken up abodes amongst them. The mean, abject qualities which spurned them from their native soil, find in this country that support maniacally rejected to her own *native offspring*. How many thousands of pounds are not yearly extorted from the poor labouring man to lavish on the cast-off mistresses and Italian bravos who contaminate the boards of her Majesty's Theatre!

If men noble in birth, supposed to have received the best education, take under their protection women divorced, and publicly recognise the wretches they have ruined; if such examples are set by those who ought to be the friends of genius, and the preservers of peace and virtue, can one, then, quarrel with the excesses committed by their starving brethren? Can we wonder that insurrections break out, or is it a matter of surprise that men should commit ravages when their last penny is forced from them to support the filth patronised by their drivelling landlords?—when the nobles of the land support the spurious offspring of foreign peasants, neglect, and even spit upon the produce of their native soil? The voice of the poor, perhaps, but honourably born, English artist, is too frequently drowned by the ranting bullyism of foreign foundlings. Verily, this is a motley golden age; an age when vice precedes virtue; an age when, unnoticed, filth and corruption are allowed to accumulate and poison the very atmosphere.

Before our next number can be published, our national temple, Covent Garden, will have become polluted; we, therefore, take this opportunity of entreating our readers to consider how they may assist the oppressed *native artist* before they patronise the whirlagig *pirouettes*, and leap-frog *tours de force* of base refugees—refugees who inundate our shores, and are the retainers of a speculating Jew. We are not amongst those who question the taste of Englishmen; but would remind them of the great fact—the native actor is still our brother, and this is our Father Land.

THOMAS MARSHALL.

SENTIMENTS OF THE PRESS.

Mr. Marshall seems to have entered heart and soul into his new work, bringing to light much truth hitherto concealed and lost among a mass of blunders and mistakes. His predecessors, and also his contemporaries, evidently employed themselves in dipping buckets into empty wells, and consequently drew nothing up. He will doubtless give some of our theatrical despots a good dose of his syrup of buckthorn. Woe, then, unto him who shall be found worthy of the first withering bolt from the pen of this stern republican.—*Post.*

The numbers of this work are written with impartiality; and while Mr. Macready's faults are not slurred over, his magnificent restorations of the legitimate drama at Covent Garden and Drury Lane are highly and deservedly praised.—*Liverpool Chronicle*, Feb. 27.

MARSHALL'S *Dramatic Biography* has already found its way into the most famous libraries both at home and abroad.—*New York Herald.*

We have at length an authentic and well written digest on dramatic life and history, and from the pen of one who, if willing, is of all men, the most competent to work some wholesome and beneficial changes in our present *mis*-managed theatres.—*Observer.*

PROVINCIAL THEATRES,

WITH the names of their former, and last, or present, MANAGERS; who are respectfully solicited to communicate with the Editor of the "NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY," in order that he may present them with a full and complete list of all theatres, established and temporary:—

Locality.	1815.	1835.	1843.	1847.
Armagh .	...	Talbot .	...	...
Bakewell .	...	Thornhill.	...	...
Banbury .	...	H. Jackman.	H. Jackman	...
Ballinaslo .	...	...	Seymour, a new Th.	...
Barnsley .	...	Smedley .	...	...
Barnstaple .	H. Lee .	H. Lee .	E. D. Davis	E. D. Davis
Barton, L. .	...	Smedley .	Bullen	...
——— NewTh.	...	...	Henderson and Melvin	...
Bath . . .	J. Palmer & Comp.	W. C. Macready	E. Hooper	Mrs. Macready
Beccles . .	Fisher and Scraggs!	C. Fisher	C. Fisher .	...
Bedford . .	...	H. Jackman	H. Jackman	...
Belfast . .	Talbot .	W. Burroughs	T. Cunningham	T. Cunningham
Berwick . .	King . .	...	...	Burnt, in 1845.
Beverley . .	S Butler .	Smedley .	Bullen	...
Birmingham	W. Macready	...	J. Munro & M. H. Simpson	M. H. Simpson
Bishop's Castle	...	Smedley .	...	...
Blackburn .	...	...	E. Mills .	...
Blandford .	...	Shalders .	...	...

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Sub., Dublin.—Mr. R. is still a member of the D. L. company; Miss R. belongs to the Southampton company. She is a dramatic singer of very superior abilities, and has refused several London offers.

E. Y. L.—The memoir will appear in No. 7 or 9. A reference to No. 3, page 49, will answer your second question; to which we may add, her parents for many years obtained a livelihood by making ladies' *kid* gloves, prepared from the skins of Paris *rats*.

X. Y. Z.—There is not at the present prices 10*l.* difference in the measurement of the two theatres; the Lyceum has the advantage, and will hold 158*l.* To your second question, three volumes—a copious index will accompany each volume, or Nos. 12, 24, and 36.

A. H. W.—Have nothing whatever to do with the parties in question; a pot-house is no place for the negociation of theatrical engagements, nor can we by any means recommend for such purposes a visit to the Garrick's Head. A list of agents appeared in No. 1 of this work. Avoid Liverpool, and long engagements.

S. J. C.—We think well of your suggestion, and agree with your sentiments as regards room, &c.; but the arrangements for carrying out the same require consideration. A note, stating particulars, with directions for a private answer, will receive immediate attention.

Melnotte.—A letter awaits you at Mr. Heywood's, Bookseller, Oldham Street, Manchester.



" AND "*Jane Shore.*"

"I would not have thee, Alfred, deem
That I am what I us'd to seem:
I would nòt have thee think me blind
To all thy gifts of heart and mind.
I know, and always knew thy worth,
E'en in my wildest hours of mirth;
And turning on the past my eyes,
I owe your love a sacrifice."

THIS very talented lady is the eldest daughter of Mr. John Somerville, a biscuit baker, in Marylebone. He is a native of Scotland, and was residing at Lanark, at the time of our heroine's birth, October the 26th, 1799. The Scotch themselves are not famed for their encouragement of dramatic performances, though, singular enough, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and several towns in Scotland, are noted for their astonishing number of dramatic aspirants. The mania visited Lanark, and a

hayloft was the arena for display chosen by the juvenile friends of Miss Margaret Agnes Somerville. *Cato* was the play, and *Marcia* our heroine's character; which, with the exception of rather a broad dialect, she is said to have sustained excellently well. Margaret was then in her eleventh year, and the remainder of the characters were supported by young people of the same age.

Miss Somerville's growth was precocious: her intellects were considered so; and when only *sixteen*, she was introduced to the most conspicuous member of the Drury Lane sub-committee, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird; and towards the close of 1815 she rehearsed some scenes from *Belvidera.* Mr. Kinnaird "thought" (that is, presuming he gave himself the trouble to think about it at all) "she would not do," and was accordingly dismissed with that cold and mortifying information. Mortifying, indeed! a girl of tender years is introduced into a room, packed with the vilest libertines of the age; with no advantages; the cues are omitted, or read listlessly to her; and is expected to produce as much effect as when aided by dresses and scenery, and under the excitement of applauding auditors, and with the assistance of fellow performers. The expectation is too monstrous to need one word in exposure of its utter absurdity; nor will her judges as men bear the slightest scrutiny. For, if we take the very head of this assembly, viz.—J. P. Kemble and Kinnaird, we shall not find them either noble or approved good masters. Kemble had but just been detected in a most abominable attempt on the chastity of his own brother's wife: the other was in less than a twelvemonth after voted out of the sub-committee. Miss Somerville's friends were dissatisfied with the *agreeable* verdicts of these two luminaries; and Mr. Hayter, who had originally introduced our heroine to Kinnaird, once more conducted her to him, and accordingly, in April, 1816, this young victim to managerial 'dulness again went through her scenes from *Venice Preserved.* On this occasion the passages were delivered on the stage, and Lord Byron, as a member of the committee, chanced to be in the pit of the theatre; and as soon as Miss Somerville had rehearsed the second act of the play, his lordship united his opinion with that of Mr. Kinnaird in pronouncing it a most promising performance.' It was, therefore, arranged that she should make her public *debut* immediately. The plain English of which is, that the moment a man of genius saw her, he discovered her talent; and the moment he delivered his opinion, Mr. Kinnaird coincided with him.

In a few days afterwards, Edmund Kean suggested the immediate rehearsal of a new tragedy, then in the theatre, for the express purpose of introducing Miss Somerville to the public. Fortunately for our heroine, the amateur management agreed to produce the new work, and on the 9th of May, 1816, she appeared as *Imogine*, in the tragedy of *Bertram.** The success, the brilliant and decisive success, that marked this performance, proved how little Mr. Kinnaird knew about our heroine's talents, and John P. Kemble just as much. *Bertram* was performed twenty-two nights during the remainder of this season, and four the succeeding season. The management was now induced to offer Miss Somerville an engagement for three years, on very advantageous terms, commencing with the season of 1816 and

* By Maturin.

1817, and the committee made her a liberal present for her performance of *Imogine*.

The public were led to expect that Miss Somerville's success would have induced the management, at all risks, to have brought her forward in Shakspearean characters. A long list of parts was, however, sent her to study and represent conjointly with Mr. Kean, several of which she actually rehearsed in September and October; after which she was suddenly withdrawn from public notice, unexpectedly and imprudently, without appearing in any of them: Edmund Kean having had the injustice to declare that he would not perform with our heroine, except in *Bertram*, as she "*was too big for him.*"

Mr. Kean modified his determination, and Miss Somerville sustained *Imoinda*, and appeared in the tragedy of *Manuel;* but the first walk was denied her, and she was consequently driven into obscurity.

At the close of the season she acquired great fame, by a performance of three nights at Bath; proceeding to Cheltenham and Birmingham, where she made a considerable stay, and became a prodigious favourite. Her success at Bath induced Mr. Dimond to offer her an engagement of ten weeks. This she at first refused, but subsequently obtained leave of absence from Drury Lane, and commenced the engagement in November, 1817, playing all the principal business with the experienced artist and dramatic scholar Conway, whose manly attitude did not find our heroine too big for him.

Miss Somerville had long read with delight Milman's tragedy of *Fazio*,* and suggested the work to Mr. Dimond, who wisely entered into her ideas. They accordingly cut the book, and arrangements were made for its immediate production, which took place on Tuesday, the 6th of January, 1818. The theatre was crowded with literary characters, numbers of Oxford collegians, drawn to Bath to witness Milman's beautiful work, who was a Fellow of Brazennose. The gay, the great, and all orders of society, equally thronged the theatre, creating throughout the city a very strong sensation, and to *Bianca*, infinitely more than any other character, Miss Somerville attributed her great celebrity. On her return to London, it was suggested to the committee of Drury Lane to bring forth the tragedy on her account. The committee had lost all power in the theatre; they had gone too far, and had reached a point beyond which endurance on her part would have ceased to have been a virtue. Justly indignant, Miss Somerville, in January, 1818, requested the management to surrender her articles, which, in their subserviency to E. Kean, they acceded to. An offer from Covent Garden was immediately made, and our heroine would have instantly crossed the vortex, but that the representative of Erin (Miss O'Neill) was in possession of the part in which Miss Somerville desired to appear. Baffled in this, she made a provincial tour: successful and highly flattering it proved; prolonging her stay until October, 1818, in which month she appeared at Covent Garden, in her favourite part of *Bianca.* Notwithstanding the recollection of Miss O'Neill's excellence in this character, our heroine met with a reception equal to her wishes, and on the 9th of November appeared, in conjunction with the *star* of Hibernia, as *Alicia* to her

* *Fazio* was first offered to Covent Garden, but was rejected; was published by Murray, read and admired, and was first put upon the stage by T. Dibdin, at the Surrey.

Jane Shore. All this was a proud source of triumph to her friends; and it may here be said, that Miss Somerville's appearance on the stage has furnished the NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY with a singular and memorable instance of the efforts and assiduity of a very rare genius. Her *debut* is the only one that has substantiated a claim to high ability, from making a first appearance in London—unknown—unskilled—inexperienced. It is great as it is singular; the effort of unconquerable powers of mind—of rare and astonishing capacity—with the assistance of the fullest bounty of nature. The situation to which her abilities exalted her was the highest and proudest station of literary ambition, and the means by which she obtained it most praiseworthy and honourable. Miss Somerville is the only tragic heroine born in Scotland, and who, as it were, had risen to redeem the histrionic character of her country's stage? Mrs. Siddons had represented the English, Miss O'Neill the Irish, and Miss Somerville now came forth the Melpomene of the Caledonian stage. It was gratifying to the public, and a peculiar pride to her country at large, to see so young an aspirant crowned with the highest honours of her profession; and, from a reflection on the singular ordeal through which this lady had so rapidly passed in her short career, we may draw the favourable inference, that many other gems of talent are still reposing in the shade.

With Miss O'Neill, in *Jane Shore*, our heroine performed eleven nights; and on quitting Covent Garden, she again visited the provinces with every success, but in no place did she rise with more rapidity in popular favour than in Birmingham. *One* individual, however, here admired her more than the rest, and, as a proof of his sincerity, made her a tender of his hand—this was Alfred Bunn, a little gentleman, peculiar for nothing, except excessive irascibility, who was early in life in a public office, and who, by giving imitations of actors, indicated that he had a *penchant* for the stage. How Mr. Bunn prevailed with the bonny lassie is beyond our ken; but in 1819 our heroine became the wife of Alfred Bunn, who undertook the management of the Birmingham theatre.

Mr. Bunn was one of the *seven* managers with Elliston for one season at Drury Lane, and by dint of debts and authorship, managed to scramble into some kind of notoriety. Meanwhile, Mrs. Bunn played the leading heroines in tragedy, and made her re-appearance on those boards, where her powers were first witnessed, on the 27th of October, 1823, as *Bianca*, and performed it as excellent as heretofore. On the 3rd of November she sustained *Hermione*, "*Winter's Tale*," and on the 18th appeared as *Cornelia*, the mother of the Gracchi, in the tragedy of *Caius Gracchus*. Here the author, J. S. Knowles, had done but little for her, and the audience were obliged to be content with a few spontaneous bursts of feeling and queen-like dignity of manner. Notwithstanding, she was well supported by Macready and other great talent, the drama was a failure. Her *Queen Elizabeth*, "*Kenilworth*," was applauded "to the very echo." The old feud still existing between her and E. Kean, *they* seldom appeared together; and, in consequence of her sudden absences from town, Mrs. West was occasionally her substitute as *Elvira*, *Meg Merrilies*, &c.

To a decided and peculiar line of tragedy, Mrs. Bunn had every

preference; it is that line known as heavy tragedy, *i.e.*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Elvira*, *Bianca*, &c. She could not represent what is generally understood by the softer passions, but she could represent those passions in their *intensity*. For instance, nothing could be more great than her paroxysms of love and jealousy in *Bianca*. Give her the extreme of any emotion, and she could render it faithfully—a studied dignity of deportment, adorned by a correct taste and refinement of manners; but void of those acute sensibilities that wound, or those flashes of genius-mental conception that charm the heart and hold the senses as spell-bound. She ever evinced a propriety of demeanour and conduct, when become the object of jealousy from the mean vanity of superior powers; but showed no power of representing the medium, or the weaker qualities of those passions. The *fondness* of love was below her—her soul soared above such a weakness—her passion was the boiling of Etna—fierce, wild, and uncontrollable. *Juliet* and *Belvidera* were totally unfit for her: she could not endure such a being as *Jaffier*—she could not sigh and breathe love spells from a window—nor set her happiness upon the constancy of a *Romeo*. In such a character as the *Lady of Lyons*, where the cheat is discovered, Mrs. Bunn would have risen to sublimity; but she never could have listened to the outpourings of the gardener's son, either disguised or otherwise: she could not have rendered with any truth the avaricious pride and jaunty air as correctly given by Helen Faucit; nor could Mrs. Bunn have endured the imaginary fall from so high a state to become the submissive cottage wife, so truthfully rendered and naturally enacted by Fanny Cooper. All the strong passions, in their strongest mood, were Mrs. Bunn's, representing them with great force and effect. In all but these she failed; and the failure was not her fault, but Nature's. Her *Meg Merrilies* was the best after Mrs. Egerton's. It had all the force and depth that Charlotte Cushman displays in the part; but neither Mrs. Bunn nor Miss Cushman threw around the creation the life-like reality and romance of Mrs. Egerton. Mrs. Bunn's *Helen M'Gregor* was a praiseworthy performance. Her *Adelgitha* (at Birmingham, August 24th, 1821), in the drama of that name, was a wonderful assumption. Some portions of her *Isabella*, "*Fatal Marriage*," deserved praise; but to the full development of such a character she was ever incompetent.

Against all her attempts in comedy, we enter our decided protest, from her *Mrs. Simpson* to her *Mrs. Oakley*. In the latter, indeed, she was respectable; for the character is a nearer approach to tragedy, and to that kind of tragedy in which she excelled; but her figure, voice, face, and action, were all against her success in this branch of the art. In *Alicia* and *Jane Shore* she approached greatness. In *Elvira* she was unapproachable. In *Belvidera* she was far below Mrs. West and Miss Lacy. In *Emilia*, "*Othello*," she equalled any actress of her day, and was in that part what Fanny Cooper* is now. In *Isabella* Mrs. Sloman exceeded her; but in *Lady Macbeth*, *Hermione*, *Bianca*, and *Katherine*, she was far superior to either of these ladies—above the efforts of Mrs. Bartley or Mrs. Ogilvie, and only surpassed by Miss O'Neill, Mrs. Siddons, and Miss Walstein.

* Mrs. T. H. Lacy.

Mrs. Bunn is tall, and of rather a masculine form; her hair and complexion is light; in her youth her face was not beautiful, but interesting and expressive; and the oft used epithet, "a remarkably fine woman," might have been justly applied to her. Her residence at Brompton is visited by numerous old friends, many of whom are well known to fashion and histrionic fame.

London, April 20th; 1847. THOMAS MARSHALL.

MEMOIR OF MR. SAMUEL BUCKINGHAM,

(Of the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells, and Principal Provincial Theatres;)

ACCOMPANIED BY A CHRISTIAN APPEAL TO THE BENEVOLENT.

Be thou a stream of many tides against thy foes; but like the gale that moves the grass, to those who ask thine aid.
OSSIAN.

To rouse the feelings of a British breast.
To banish want, or succour the oppress'd,
Needs little art,—name but the want alone,
And every bosom feels it as its own.
WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

YOU, gentle reader, have read of Thomas Chatterton, *the wondrous boy who perished in his pride*, doubtless and of Savage too: Of the *actors* Johannot and Lund, who, weary of struggling, each breathed their last in a poor-house, while impudent assumption reached the goal which the unthinking had denied to the children of genius. In your own time, kind reader, the inimitable Eller—the honest forgiving Eller—was allowed to wander at nightfall the public street in quest of food to save him from starvation, and not till it was too late was he recognised from among the crowd by *one* good Samaritan. His clever and industrious partner Barnes, the slippery laughter-moving pantaloon—unrivalled—the attractor of thousands into Drury Lane, was by its Theatrical Fund allowed to perish as he walked, and would have dropped in the street, had not Mr. George Wieland, like a ministering angel, have brought him comfort, and have smoothed the pillow of the dying pantomimist with raiment, sustenance, and prayer. This to the sons of genius and of talent incomparable is destiny terrible. What, then, shall we say of one who at his birth was cursed with genius, and favoured by heaven to exercise with reputation and credit his legitimate faculties for the universal good; but in the bloom of youth and zenith of his hopes, beholds himself sinking into the grave a victim to that terrible malady, the English plague, consumption. If blame can be attached to the above artists for improvidence in early life, the same can in no wise be applied to the subject of this notice. No; he is the object of our deepest sympathy, a kind and dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a warm

hearted friend, and an ornament to his profession and society at large. Reader, be my companion, and I will not only show you from his birth the good he has done, and what more he was hoping to achieve, but guide you where, stricken with fatal malady, the child of genius blest with patient merit sits mumbling a crust.

Samuel Buckingham was born on the 22nd of April, 1818, in the borough of Barnstaple, Devonshire. Very early in life he evinced strong symptoms of a genuine love for the works of our elder dramatists, and at ten years of age he had enriched his mind with the words of *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, and others of equal length and difficulty. These parts the wiseacres of Barnstaple often called upon him to recite, and give proof of his peculiar accomplishments in reading also, which nothing loath he did, adding the best speeches from Massinger, Beaumont, and Fletcher, &c., &c., and all declared young Buckingham to possess a precocious genius.

His first visit to a theatre was under singularly curious circumstances. Having heard from his mother much dissertation on theatrical matters, he longed to visit one of those temples, wherein he could behold the wonders of the art displayed. His mother, a woman blest with the faculty of thought, had considerable taste in such matters, now took delight in assisting by her experience the imagination of her (to use her own words) wonderful boy. Unfortunately for our hero, his father was by nature a harsh, narrow-minded man, and by art uncultivated, had no idea that the human brain was a labouring commodity, or that genius ever had an existence. He, therefore, felt himself the best of parents, even when depriving his children of every intellectual enjoyment. Under these circumstances the theatre was, of course, a forbidden subject in his presence. But, like the father of Isaac Watts, his power was unable to smother the marvellous flame which heaven had so brightly kindled in the bosom of his child, who now seized the first opportunity to present himself, reckless of parental punishment, at the portal of manager Lee's temple of the muses in Barnstaple. That skilful caterer for public enjoyment happened to be present when the youthful tyro, nothing daunted, tendered to the veteran all the money he was master of (threepence), with ardent solicitations for admission to the scene of his attracting wonders. The old man laughed heartily at the earnest pleadings of young scapegrace, and, pocketing the pence, sent his petitioner, full of thrilling sensations, stumbling up stairs to a perch amongst the gods.

The play was Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice:* our hero was inoculated, and no words can convey the intoxicating delight that inspired the young enthusiast.

On his return home he suffered castigation with martyr-like fortitude: to endure in such a cause was to him the perfection of glory. Inspired and filled with hopes, in the spring of 1835 he quitted his father's roof to seek his fortune in the great world ycleped London, where, for a time, he was subject to many reverses. But in the season of 1838 he applied and was engaged as a minor pantomimist for the Italian Opera House by M. Coulon, *maitre de ballet*, under the lesseeship of Laport. At the close of the opera season, being anxious to try his powers in the legitimate drama, he sought an

engagement in the provinces, and his services were accepted by Mr. J. B. Harvey, for the Weymouth and Guernsey theatres. At Guernsey he first met that excellent actor the late J. P. Warde, who, observing the untiring perseverance and zealous study, joined to the natural ability of the young aspirant, gave him great encouragement, earnestly recommending him to continue his course, and certain success would be the result. As a proof of Mr. Warde's high opinion of our hero's merits, that gentleman presented him with various articles of theatrical embellishment. Mr. Buckingham next visited Salisbury, and pursued his course into Wales, where at the principal towns he was called upon and was ready to play every line of business within the wide range of the drama. Experience the drudgery, says all good actors, and you are an *artist*, whether you will or no. An offer from Mr. Hay enticed him to ascend a step and visit Exeter and Plymouth: here, endowed with address and modern erudition, he soon rose to high favour as a genteel and eccentric comedian.

On his return to London he was immediately engaged to assist Mrs. Nisbett (now Lady Boothby) in a professional tour, and accompanied that esteemed ornament of the British stage to the principal provincial towns, sustaining the leading characters in our best comedies with distinguished applause. This was succeeded by a similar engagement to assist the late Mrs. Honey in her various performances, and he attended her to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Hereford, Ludlow, Warwick, &c., &c. After visiting Ireland, where he was received with every mark of approbation, and where his name is mentioned with deserved respect, he progressed to Ryde, Reading, &c., &c., maintaining a high reputation. At Bristol success again attended him, and the famed city of Bath next witnessed and acknowledged Mr. Buckingham's histrionic abilities. His *debût* in Bath took place on Saturday, February 3rd, 1844, and the following notice from the *Bath Herald** will sufficiently show with what success:—"*The Belle's Stratagem* was performed at our theatre on Saturday, when a gentleman, Mr. S. Buckingham, made his bow to a Bath audience as the gay, fashionable, handsome *Doricourt*, and rarely have we had the pleasure to record a more successful *debut*. His voice is good, his carriage gentlemanly and easy, and his action graceful and unaffected. Added to these advantages, Mr. Buckingham evidently possesses a clear insight into stage tactics, as well as into the minutiæ so essential to the success of a piece; and we shall not, we hope, be charged with being too lavish in our commendation, when we say that a better representation of the character has not been seen on these boards for a considerable period." His fame spread—he had passed one of the most critical audiences that is known to assemble within the walls of a provincial theatre. He was engaged and retained by a most experienced manager (E. Hooper, of the Olympic, St. James's, &c., &c.) who felt with his audience, and could discover and appreciate merit. Consequently, our hero rose to a high position in the estimation of the *elite* and good citizens of Bath. Mr. Hooper revived many of our best comedies; and, like a good tactician, offered every advantage due to the successful favourite. On the close of this prosperous

* This print was the first to give to the world the early effusions of the late respected actor, Mr. W. Abbott.

season our hero proceeded to Guildford, out of respect to one who had fostered his youthful ambition—manager, E. Barnett. Busy fame had sounded her trump in foreign clime, for while acting at Guildford Mr. Buckingham was visited by Mr. Simpson, of the Park Theatre, New York, who endeavoured by high pecuniary offers and first-rate parts to tempt him to cross the broad Atlantic, and *star* on those boards where Cooke, Kean, Macready, Wallack, &c., had left an undying name. The offer was for twelve months certain, with considerable advantages, which honour and prudence dictated our hero to decline. How wise was this: his progress in England and Ireland had been prosperous—his engagements and prospects were flattering, too flattering to admit of a visit to America at this early period of his professional career.

On the 12th of August, 1844, he bowed to the ordeal of Brighton fashionables, and passed triumphantly through that critical assembly. The *Brighton Herald* contains the following notice:—

"On Monday Mr. S. Buckingham, from Bath, made his *debut* in the difficult part of *Mercutio*, in the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, and immediately gained the suffrages of the Brighton public. A fine figure, a good voice, vivacious manners, and an easy playful style carried the part off dashingly to its premature close. On Wednesday he appeared as *Captain Absolute*, in Sheridan's comedy of the *Rivals*, which was a most spirited and yet gentlemanly piece of acting—two qualities which it is not a little difficult to combine on the stage, where the vivacity that dramatic representation demands, and the reserve of polished society are often found to be irreconcilable. Mr. Buckingham, however, succeeded in the arduous test of being animated without vulgarity, and genteel without tameness, and we welcome him as one of the best comedians that we have ever had on the Brighton boards. His personal appearance is strongly in his favour, and he dresses with admirable taste." To this notice we may add, from our being present on the occasion of his *debut*, that his *Mercutio* was the gem of the night.

While at Brighton, Mr. Buckingham received offers from the managers of three London theatres; but a feeling of immaturity and unconsciousness of his own powers—natural enough, but ever the companion of genuine ability—prevented his acceptance of either. On the 8th of November he was addressed by Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street, and now of the French plays, who, having heard of our hero's great success, solicited him to join Mr. Macready, G. Bartley, Miss H. Faucit, and the rest of his selected artists for the continent. It will be remembered that Mr. Mitchell, actuated by the most noble and generous feelings, determined to conduct an expedition of English actors to Paris, for the purpose of representing before the court and virtuoso of France the highest specimen of dramatic excellence in the performance of a most choice selection of English dramas. Suffice it to say, the Parisian public were delighted, and the expedition successful.

Mr. Serle, acting-manager for Mr. Mitchell, was posted to Brighton to judge of Mr. Buckingham's capabilities. This experienced censor expressed himself not only satisfied, but in terms of high commendation, urgently pressed him to join the enterprise. This request he

regretted his inability to accede to, he being under articles to Mr. Hooper (who, of course, was unwilling to yield his claims) for the remainder of the Brighton season and succeeding season at Bath. Our hero's return to Bath was enthusiastically welcomed, and his acting throughout the season was received with the greatest *eclat*. That his powers were not confined to comedy, the following pithy notice from the *Bath Journal*, of February 3rd, 1845, will show:—"The part of *Macduff* was sustained by Mr. S. Buckingham, whose efforts cannot be estimated by any faint terms of eulogy: he played it admirably; he bore his sorrows as a man, and as a man revenged them in an encounter with Mr. Charles Kean, that for skill and splendour of effect, we have never seen surpassed. Kean and Buckingham here were equal; on the part of both the acting and fighting were equally good, forming a grand climax to a well performed tragedy." His increasing fame now reached the ears of Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner, who were induced to make him an offer for the ensuing season at Sadler's Wells, and an engagement was immediately concluded for his appearance in the leading parts of comedy.

On the succeeding Easter Monday he appeared at Birmingham, sustaining *Macduff* to Charles Kean's *Macbeth*, and continued at that theatre for six weeks, when, having established a name in that town, he repaired to London, preparing for his approaching *debut* in the great metropolis, which took place on Whit-Monday (first night of the season), May 12th, 1845, in the character of *Jeremiah Bumps*, in the farce of *Turning the Tables; Jack Humphries*, Mr. Corrie; *Mrs. Humphries*, Mrs. H. Mellon; their first appearance at this theatre.

Our hero's success was great, the audience was delighted with his style, and the management perfectly satisfied, assuring each other that they had secured a sterling actor, and one worthy of a higher walk; accordingly, *Sir Robert Ramble* was given him to study, and in the following week the comedy, *Every One Has His Fault*, was produced. The performance gave Mr. Buckingham's histrionic abilities the metropolitan seal, and established his position alongside the best comedians of the day. Pity 'tis his London *debut* had not been at the Haymarket in lieu of Sadler's Wells, his talent would have found a happier school for its display; the latter theatre being devoted principally to tragedy, affords but limited scope for the best powers of a comedian.

Never was progress more rapid, never was an actor's success more complete, than that of the subject of this memoir—nothing occurred for a moment to darken its sunshine—fortune had seized a favourite theme, and continued to shower her choicest favours upon it, and never had presiding goddess a more grateful votary, nor one who less abused her gifts. The maxim he pursued and made his life an example for imitation and his conduct the subject of emulation, was truth to himself and deep faith in the duties of his high art, the importance of which never for an instant escaped his vigilance. He formed no leisure for idle pleasures; but, ever zealous for the well being of a pursuit in a profession for which his heart rejoiced, he abandoned every thought and object that aimed to deteriorate from the consummation of his best wishes. His society was frequently solicited by the worthy and respected; but, however good their intentions or cheerful

their company, our hero, like another Richard Jones, saw them in their true light, and as all actors who love their art should see them. Mr. Buckingham had embarked in an arduous but glorious profession, and to reach celebrity he was constantly absorbed in the study of that profession; consequently, it was seldom he could be prevailed upon to join at what is called the social board. His tone of feelings and submission to rigid discipline at once solves the enigma of his early success—alas! that prospects so fair should have been crushed so suddenly; that so much appreciable exertion and rare ability should be doomed so soon to experience the destruction of all earthly hope, the evanescence of all mortal possessions.

A few weeks after his establishment at Sadler's Wells, symptoms of consumption made their destructive appearance in the distressing form of a copious expectoration of blood, which continued with him for some length of time. Medical advice desired his return to the country, but the strong ties of nature and affection prevented his compliance with such a prescription. At this period his leisure was devoted to the alleviation and comfort of a much loved brother, who from the same fatal malady was fast sinking to the grave. In October, 1845, Mr. Buckingham attended this beloved relative to his final resting place, the tomb. Mark, kind reader, the benign tie and mortal suffering. After the last earthly tribute to the dead was paid, and the bereaved widow and her children were placed in a favourable position, our hero's thoughts returned to his own fast-failing constitution. He resigned his engagement at Sadler's Wells, having performed six months at that theatre, and repaired to Brighton, where he performed one night only, for the benefit of Mr. Wiber, of the box-office; then, proceed'ng to Reading, where his old friend Mr. Barnett had engaged him for five nights to *star*, at the close of which he was to have appeared at Bath and Bristol, but was unable from the vast strides the malady was making upon his constitution, rendering immediate rest imperative.

For five succeeding months he resided in the neighbourhood of Reading, near to his highly esteemed patroness and friend, Miss Mitford, the talented authoress of *Julian*, *Charles I.*, &c., &c. In the society of this gifted and amiable lady he found a solace for his sufferings; her serious and sympathising heart extended its utmost influence to pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of her afflicted young friend.

In the early part of June, 1846, Mr. Buckingham quitted England for America, under medical advice, and with the fond delusive hope that a voyage across the Atlantic and back would disentangle him from his raging disease. The attempt, as in so many other cases, proved abortive, and he returned to England a few months after without the slightest abatement of the above unerring symptoms. Since that period every art that human skill can devise has been put into practice and exerted for his relief; but, alas! mortal aid can avail nothing. He has near eighteen months been disabled from appearing before the public, and consequently has received no benefit from the pursuit of his profession. The faculty have assured him of the urgent necessity to resign all thoughts of further progress in the art, as excitement and exposure would immediately hurry him to the

grave. Thus bereft of health, and for support deprived of means, I need not dilate upon this talented but unfortunate man's position.

On Friday, the 4th of March, 1847, Mr. Buckingham, through the kindness of Mr. Barnett, the oldest and one of the most worthy managers extant, was allowed the opportunity of taking leave of his Reading friends, in which address he said, "Various persons embraced various professions, he from young desire, and perhaps some love of fame, had selected the stage as a means of existence—had laboured years as a member of the histrionic art—and had, by his engagement at Sadler's Wells, almost arrived at the pinnacle of his ambition, when disease arrested his further progress. With the hope of reinstating his health he had made a voyage to America, &c., but all human efforts were in vain. He thanked them for their early patronage and the liberal support he had received at their hands, and bid them a respectful farewell; observing, *that his future must be occupied in preparing himself to meet and render a just account to the* GREAT MANAGER OF THE UNIVERSE, *before whom he felt he should soon be summoned to appear*." The audience sympathised with the actor, and not a dry eye was to be seen in the house: many of the neighbouring gentry, overpowered by their better feelings for the favourite comedian, retired from the theatre.

They knew his merits, cherish'd what they knew;
They felt his sorrows, and will relieve them too.

Thus, a respectable and talented member reduced not only to the affliction of bodily suffering, but broken in spirit, is compelled to throw himself on the charity of the benevolent.

Oh, England, of the open hand,
To-day, a brother, by untoward fate,
Driven to ask your aid, must supplicate
For that assistance which a brother lends
Unto a brother;—and to our patron friends
The appeal is made—oh! not in vain—
Your answer now will quite remove *this* pain
To Providence he bows, and gratitude impart,
Burns in his breast and lives within his heart.

Mr. Buckingham is at present sojourning in Bath, at which city he purposes, as soon as circumstances will admit the estimable manageress (Mrs. Macready) to grant him the use of her theatre, to take his final leave of the stage.

In private life, Mr. Buckingham has ever been distinguished as a gentlemanly, honourable, and worthy man; indefatigable in the discharge of his professional duties, his hand ever ready to assist the needy and unfortunate, an enemy to every form of oppression dealt to the less fortunate in his art. Alas! that the evening of his youthful and well spent life should close in sorrow and affliction—*avert it heaven!*—blameless and young in truth he is, not having yet completed his twenty-ninth year.

A more worthy object demanding attention from the benevolent and humane never came before the notice of the public. Assured of this, we immediately devoted our pen and pages to the cause, in proud hopes of rendering him that service which he is unable to accomplish for himself. To the charitable and lovers of dramatic

excellence we beg to offer this sympathising appeal, and sincerely hope that it may have its desired effect; that it may, while so worthy a member is allowed to be among us, be the means of alleviating his sufferings; that he may not want those necessaries his too fatal malady requires; and that, while he is gradually fading under the terrible infliction that decks its victims with all the charms of sentiment and false show while preparing them for the sacrifice, we are, at least, endeavouring to lighten his sorrows, and banish from his afflicted mind the crushing dread of want, and his memory from the vile reproach of taunting obligation.

To those kind friends and professional brethren who can and will respond to this appeal, a page in each succeeding number will be devoted, showing a return of all subscriptions, with the real or fictitious signature of the donor; a book will also lay for signatures and subscriptions at our publishers, 86, Farringdon Street, City. All communications concerning which to be addressed to the editor of the National Dramatic Biography, and all will receive immediate attention.

Fair charity, 'tis thine to wipe away
From sorrow's faded cheek the streaming tear!
'Tis thine the debt of sympathy to pay,
And whisper comfort in affliction's ear.
One wish alone shall in our bosoms live—
May you ne'er want the bounty that you give;
But all, and each, pass life's rough circle round,
By bliss attended, and by plenty crown'd.

If he to whom this praise we drink
Hath brought the needy to his door,
Or raised the wretch from ruin's brink
With the abundance of his store;
If he hath soothed the mourner's woe,
Or help'd young merit into fame,
This night our cups shall overflow
In honour of the actor's name.

If he be poor, and yet hath striven
To ease the load of human care;
If to the famish'd he had given
One loaf that it was hard to spare;
If, in his poverty erect,
He never did a deed of shame,
Fill high! we'll drink, in deep respect,
In honour to the actor's fame.

But—rich or poor—if still his plan
Has been to play an honest part,
If he ne'er fail'd his word to man,
Or broke a trusting woman's heart;
If emulation fire his soul
To snatch the meed of virtuous fame,
Fill high! we'll drain a flowing bowl
In honour of the actor's name.

MACKAY.

London, April 25th, 1847. THOMAS MARSHALL.

BRITISH DRAMATISTS,

With a Catalogue of their Original Productions and Adaptions.

No. II.—Prince Hoare, F.S.A.

This tasteful and elegant writer and amiable man was the younger son of William Hoare, long a distinguished painter of Bath, and one of the original members of the Royal Academy. Prince was born in the good city of Bath, in 1775, and where, in his twenty-second year he beheld Mrs. Siddons appear before "the most elegant audience in Great Britain." He was placed early in Mr. Hele's grammar school, at Bath, and, during the intervals of short hours, was instructed by his father in painting, which he soon made considerable progress in, and on the commencement of his career as an artist was sent to London, at the age of seventeen, as a student of the Royal Academy, where he manifested his attachment to the arts, by devoting more than the regular time to labour, and frequently writing the whole day without intermission. Agreeable to the practice of other students he continued his professional education by visiting Rome, in 1776, where he studied under A. R. Mengs, who died in 1779, and had H. Fuseli and Northcote among his companions. After an absence of four years he returned to England, in 1780, and settled himself in London, where he devoted himself awhile to the practice of his profession, with considerable success, but ill health obliged him suddenly to relinquish the arts, and for the recovery of his strength he withdrew to the sea coast for the benefit of the air. He now, for amusement, attempted dramatic composition, and while on his way to Lisbon presented to the managers of the Bath Theatre the first offspring of his muse, "*Such Things Were,*" a tragedy, formed on the history of Kirk's cruelty, in the reign of James II., and first acted at Bath, on the 2nd January, 1787; and Mr. Hoare, while at Lisbon, had the gratification to hear of its success. He returned to England, in 1788, having derived much benefit from his excursion, and by the persuasions of Stephen Storace, who was then eminent as a composer, and flattered by the reception of his first play, he applied his mind to dramatic composition, and with such success, especially in small after-pieces, that many of them still retain their original popularity. But finding the London managers less compliant than the managers of Bath, he was obliged at first to bring out his pieces for benefits, and consequently forego the customary emolument. Their success, however, soon induced the London cormorants to accept what their glutinous stomachs had before rejected, and having thus established his fame, he found no difficulty in procuring their favour and indulgence; and, indeed, the general success of his writings gave him a title thereto, which few of his contemporaries could boast.

On the 16th April, 1789, Mr. Kelly's benefit, his pleasant and popular musical comic entertainment of "*No Song no Supper*" was first acted at Drury Lane.

On the 3rd May, 1791, Mrs. Crouch's benefit, was produced at the same theatre his musical entertainment "*The Cave of Trophonius;*" and on the 23rd of May, 1792, at the Haymarket, his serio opera "*Dido, Queen of Carthage,*" translated from Metastasio, which, though aided by the abilities of the late Madame G. E. Mara in the principal character, by the music of Storace, and by splendid scenery, met with but a cold reception. It was, however, his first published work.

On the 11th March, 1793, his farce of "*The Prize, or* 2, 5, 3, 8," was first acted at the Haymarket, for Signora Storace; it was very successful, and became a stock piece. On the 16th December, in the same year, he again complimented Signora Storace, on a similar occasion, with the first performance of his farce of "*My Grandmother,*" which was also favourably received. In 1795, he produced a musical comedy, entitled "*The Three and the Deuce,*" afterwards printed in 1806, acted at the Haymarket.

His next production was "*Lock and Key,*" a musical farce, first acted at Covent Garden, February 2, 1796, with great applause; and this was followed, on the 30th of April, by his "*Mahmoud,*" a musical opera, performed at Drury Lane. At the same theatre, two days after, his first dramatic production was again brought forward, for the benefit of Mrs. Siddons, under the title of "*Julia, or Such Things Were,*" and it was then published.

On the 25th April, 1797, another opera from his pen, called "*The Italian Villagers,*" was produced at Covent Garden, and in the same year he wrote a musical entertainment called "*A Friend in Need,*" acted at Drury Lane.

"*The Captive of Spilsburg,*" a musical entertainment, altered from the French "*Le Souterrain,*" and acted at Drury Lane, in 1798.

In 1799, he produced at the Haymarket a comedy entitled "*Sighs; or, the Daughter,*" altered from the German of Kötzebue.

His subsequent dramatic works were "*Children; or, Give them their Way,*" a comic drama, acted at Drury Lane, for a benefit, 1800, "*Indiscretion,*" a comedy, acted at Drury Lane, 1800; "*Chains of the Heart; or, The Slave by Choice,*" a comic opera, acted at Covent Garden, 1802, in which J. Braham sustained the principal character; "*The Paragraph,*" musical farce, ditto, 1804; "*Something to do,*" a comedy, 1803; "*Partners,*" a comedy, 1805. Few of these pieces were printed.

In consequence of being appointed, in 1799, to the honorary post of Foreign Secretary to the Royal Academy, he published in 4to., 1802, "Extracts from a Correspondence with the Academies of Vienna and St. Petersburg, on the Cultivation of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture," a work afterwards continued at intervals, under the title of "Academic Annals." In 1806, he published "An Inquiry into the requisite Cultivation and Present State of the Arts of Design in England." In 1809-10, he edited, in two volumes, 4to., "The Artist," a Collection of Essays, written chiefly by professional persons, and to which he contributed several papers. In 1813, he published "The Epochs of the Fine Arts, containing historical observations on the use and progress of Painting and Sculpture."

Besides these various works, he was also the author of a poem, entitled "Love's Victims;" and of a "Life of Granville Sharp," 1820, characterized by a delicate perception of Christian excellence, as well as a just taste.

His last production was an Essay on the moral power of Shakspeare's Dramas, read before the Royal Society of Literature, and printed in their Transactions. With this elegant and thoughtful paper he closed his literary career, establishing, by arguments and facts, the indispensable union of moral truths with dramatic and all literary excellence.

He died on the 22nd of December, 1834, at his residence at Brighton, aged 79, Secretary to the Royal Academy, F.S.A., and M.R.S.L., leaving behind him character and productions, that for ages Bath may boast the birth of such a man.

The intellectual endowments of Mr. Hoare did not surpass his benevolence, integrity, and sincerity; the mildness of his manners and kindness of his heart won him the respect and affection of the refined and enlightened circle who enjoyed the advantage of his friendship. He left his library to the Royal Society of Literature.

A portrait of Mr. Hoare, by Northcote, is published in the European Magazine for February 1798, and another, drawn by Mr. George Dance in that year, was published in 1814, in Daniell's Engravings of Dance's Portraits.

London, April 27th, 1847. THOMAS MARSHALL.

BRUSHING COBWEBS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

No. I.

(A FEW EXPERT HANDS WANTED.)

"*Warrant sent to the Actors at ye Cockpit in Drury Lane, the 13th of October*, 1660.

"WHEREAS seuerall complaints haue been made against you to the King's most excellent Majesty by Mr. Killigrew and Sr. William Dauenant, concerning vnusuall and vnreasonable rates taken at your playhouse doores of the respective persons of quality that desire to refresh and improue themselues by the sight of your Morrall Entertainments, which were constituted for profitt and delight, and the said complaints made vse of by the said Mr. Killigrew and Sr. William Dauenant, as part of theire suggestions for theire pretended power, and for your late restrainte.

"And Whereas complaints haue been made thereof formerly to me, where with you were acquainted as innovations and exactions not

allowed by mee; and that the like complaints are now made that you doe practise the said exactions in takeing of excessive and unaccustomed rates vppon the restitution of you to your liberty.

"These are, therefore, in his Maiesties name to require you and euery of you, to take from the persons of qualitie, and others, as dayly frequent your playhouse such vsuall and accustomed rates only as were formerly taken at the Black fryers, by the late Company of Actors there, and noe more, nor otherwise, for every new or old play that shall be allowed you by the Master of the Revells to be acted in the same Playhouse, or any other playhouse; and you are hereby further required to bringe or send to me all such old Plaies as you doe intende to Acte at your playhouse, that they may be reformed of Prophanes and Ribaldry, as it shall seem meet at ye office of ye Revells."

(Signed) "HENRY HERBERT.

"To Mr. Michael Mohun and ye rest of Actors of ye Cock Pitt Playhouse in Drury Lane, the 12th of October, 1660."

"The prices of admission to the Theatres in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were considerably under the sums charged at the present day, even on reference to the relative value of money at both periods. The cost varied from the gallery at twopence, to the lords' room, where the charge was one shilling. The lords' room, situated over the stage, answered to the present stage boxes. Ben Jonson, in the prologue to '*Every Man out of his Humour*,' acted for the first time at the Globe, on Bankside, in 1599, says, 'Let me never live to look so high as the two-penny room again;' and in the same play mention is made of 'the lords' room over the stage.' Decker, in his '*Belman of London, bringing to Light the most Notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdom*,' first printed in 1668, also says, 'Pay you two-pence to a player, and you may sit in the gallery,' while in a play from the pen of Middleton, 'one of them is a nip; I took him once into the two-penny gallery at the Fortune.' It appears that the price of admission to the lords' room over the stage, at the period above alluded to, was one shilling; for Decker, in his '*Gul's Hornbook*,' printed in 1609, says, 'At a new play you take up the twelve-penny room, next the stage, because the lords and you may seem to be hail fellow well met."

"At the period to which the above documents refers, there were six playhouses allowed at one time in London; viz. 1st. at *Blackfriars*, for the King's Company; 2nd. The *Globe*, on the Bankside; 3rd. The *Fortune*; and 4th. The *Cockpit*, both of the latter in Drury Lane; 5th. one in *Salisbury Court*, and 6th. The *Bull*, in St. John Street. The prices of admission, as far as we have been able to discover, varied from sixpence to two shillings and sixpence."

RETIRED LIVING ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

J. ANDERSON (vocalist), M. Barnett, G. Bartley, T. Bennett, W. H. W. Betty, J. Braham, J. Byrne, J. K. Chapman, T. Cooke, T. P. Cooke, Creswell, W. Dowton, Dyer, W. C. Evans, C. Farley, S. Faucit, Fearon, E. Fitzwilliam, Gibbon (vocalist), T. Green, Harrington, C. E. Horn, R. Jones, C. Kemble, W. Lacy (Williams), Mackay, Mc Ian, Morley, Norman, Pearman (vocalist), G. D. Pitt, L. B. Rayner, Rumball, Serle, W. H. Simpson, Sinclair, Sloman, C. Taylor, C. P. Thompson, S. Vale, Villiers, Walbourne, W. West, B. Wood (vocalist), J. Wilson, E. Yarnold, and C. M. Young.

Miss K. Atkins (now Mrs. Macready), Mrs. C. W. Baker, Mrs. Balfe, Mrs. Bartley, Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Barrymore, Miss Boyce, Miss S. Booth, Miss Brown (Mrs. Owen), Miss Brunton (Mrs. Chase), Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Bunn, Miss H. Cawse, Miss M. Cawse, Miss Chester, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Cubitt, Mrs. Davidge (only in ballet), Mrs. Ducrow (equestrian and rope performance), Miss Elphinstone (Mrs. Knowles), Mrs. Faucit, Miss Foote (Countess of Harrington), Mrs. Gibbs (Colman), Mrs. A. Gibbs, Miss A. A. George, Miss Hallande, Miss Hammersley, Mrs. Harlowe, Miss F. Healey, Miss A. Kemble, Miss F. M. Kelly, Mrs H. Kemble, Miss Logan, Miss Love, Miss Lacy (Mrs. Lovell), Mrs. Liston, Mrs. Mathews, Miss Nelson, Miss O'Neill (Mrs. Beecher), Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Osbaldiston, Miss E. Pincott, Miss Povey (Mrs. Knight), Mrs. Salzberg, Miss Scott (authoress and actress), Miss Scott (black-eyed Susan), Miss Sheriff, Miss Stevens (Countess of Essex), Miss Wilson, Mrs. Wood, and several others, all of whom will be noticed according to their merits.

RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES, PAST AND PRESENT.

SIR,—Your readers are no doubt aware that throughout Europe, in the Middle Ages, our very wise ancestors took all the subjects of their coarse and superlatively stupid dramas from Scriptures, and the "Plays" were called "Mysteries."

Nothing could exceed the gross improprieties of many of these pieces. They were many of them, however, written by ecclesiastics; and Michael Jean, Bishop of Angers, composed a Mystery, which contained the whole life of our Saviour, and was performed with great applause at Poitiers. Lazarus, when raised from the dead, related in this performance all that he had seen in hell at much length, together with a thousand other absurdities. Mass was said in the pit before the commencement of the play; and the painter who had painted the scene, which represented Paradise, cried out to the spectators, "You see there, gentlemen, a more beautiful Paradise than you have ever seen or ever will see."

Such plays were common all over christendom, and our country abounded with them. They were the composition of priests, for the best of all reasons—at those times, the priesthood was the only class that knew how to write, and vile were the uses they made of their learning. To the prostitution of it we owe much or most of the superstition that still degrades and injures society.

Sorry enough you will be to learn that religious mysteries are still extant in the Pyreneés, especially in the valleys of Roussillon.

These religious theatricals are performed in the language of the department. The legend of the patron saint, to which the parish church is dedicated, usually forms the subject of the piece; at other times it is taken from the Bible. *La Presa del Hort* (the capture in the garden) is one of the most common; the play begins with the creation, and concludes with the death of our Saviour. The costumes of the actors are most ridiculous, and it is by no means uncommon to see a black-bearded man performing one of the female characters. The theatre is generally raised in the *place*, and in character and comforts very much resembles those of our strolling players. Planks resting upon chairs, tables, or benches, form the seats for the vulgar audience; while the aristocracy of the place, at the expense of a few *sous*, are accommodated with seats upon a higher platform. M. Henry gives a curious description of these Roussillon theatricals, in his observations upon the *Mystere de Sainte Basilice, et de Sainte Julien;* he represents to us the Saint Felicio dressed in a coat of changing colours above an embroidered vest of such length as nearly to cover his thighs, with white silk stockings, gold buckles, and his hair powdered.

To see an actor in these religious dramas might well excite risibility. San Felicio in a powdered wig, and with a gold-headed cane in his hand, is odd enough. The part of Santa Felicio, the wife, was not less grotesque. In the first place, the character was personated by a strapping stout fellow, of a dark brown complexion—as opposite to a feminine appearance as could be. Then, the gown was of yellow damask, with a tail to it hanging through the pocket-holes, and dangling about the fellow's legs in fine style. Frills enough, in rows, adorned the neck; and a huge pair of pendants stretched from the ears to the shoulders. But the best joke of all was to see this Santa Felicio copiously powdered and frizzled.

ONE OF THE WORKING CLERGY.

The following is a verbatim copy of the original Play-bill which first introduced David Garrick as an actor to the London stage, in the then popular character of *Richard III.*, which the ardent genius and stature of Edmund Kean has since made his own:—

Monday, October 19th, 1741.

GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

At the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, this Day, will be Performed,

A CONCERT

Of Vocal and Instrumental Music,

Divided into Two Parts.

Tickets at Three, Two, and One Shilling.

Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre.

N.B.—Between the Two Parts of the Concert will be presented an Historical Play, called the

Life and Death of

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Containing the Distresses of King Henry VI.,

The artful acquisition of the Crown by King Richard,

The Murder of young King Edward V. and his Brother in the Tower.

The Landing of the Earl of Richmond,

And the Death of King Richard in the memorable Battle of Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between the Houses of York and Lancaster, with many other true Historical Passages.

THE PART OF KING RICHARD BY A GENTLEMAN,

(Who never appeared on any Stage).

King Henry, by Mr. *Giffard;* Richmond, Mr. *Marshall;* Prince Edward, by Miss *Hippisley;* Duke of York, Miss *Naylor;* Duke of Buckingham, Mr. *Paterson;* Duke of Norfolk, Mr. *Blakes;* Lord Stanley, Mr. *Pagott;* Oxford, Mr. *Vaughan;* Tressel, Mr. *W. Giffard;* Catesby, Mr. *Marr;* Ratcliffe, Mr. *Crofts;* Blunt, Mr. *Naylor;* Tyrrol, Mr. *Puttenham;* Lord Mayor, Mr. *Dunstall.*

The Queen, Mrs. *Steel;* Duchess of York, Mrs. *Yates;*

And the Part of Lady Anne by Mrs. *Giffard.*

with

Entertainments of Dancing,

By Mons. *Fromet*, Madame *Duvalt*, and the Two Masters and Miss *Granier.*

To which will be added, a Ballad Opera, of One Act, called

THE VIRGIN UNMASKED.

The Part of Lucy, by Miss *Hippisley.*

Both of which will be performed Gratis, by Persons for their diversion.

The Concert will begin at Six o'Clock.

MONDAY, MARCH 1st.—R. E. Graham, from the Princess's, and Theatre Royal, Manchester, commenced a short engagement at Aberdeen, as *Werner*.

"*The Black Doctor*" is produced at the Theatre Royal, Dublin; *Fabian*, Mr. Aldridge, supported by H. Bland, F. Cooke, J. Penson, Baker, and Mrs. Ternan. Mr. Aldridge then proceeded to Cork and Birmingham, sustaining the same character.

2nd.—Mrs. F. Butler appeared at Birmingham as *Julia*, in "*The Hunchback*;" the prices were doubled, and Mrs. Butler received £40 She then proceeded to the Adelphi, Liverpool, and from thence with Mr. Creswick to Dublin, performing in tragedy and comedy.

Mr. Martin, the favourite comedian, reappeared on the stage for the benefit of Mr. Canham, at Ipswich, in the parts of *Zekiel*, *Homespun*, and *Joe Standfast*.

3rd.—A crucified version of "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*" is produced at the Princess's; the scenery was highly effective, and the music well arranged; but the acting, especially the male performers, was very so so. J. Vining was careless and slovenly, and Hughes, who is a man of sense, roared and thundered the great bard's language in stentorian style.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean concluded a short but successful engagement with their benefit, at the Walnut Street, Philadelphia, in "*The Wife's Secret*" and "*The Wonder*."

4th.—A ballet, called "*Spanish Gallantries*," produced at Drury Lane.

Mrs. F. Butler appeared at Liverpool as *Julia*, in "*The Hunchback*;" *Master Walter*, Mr. Creswick; *Modus*, R. Roxby; *Helen*, Miss K. Fitzwilliam, who surprised and delighted this critical audience.

DEATH.—Mr. James Bradshaw, M.P. for Canterbury, died in South Street, Grosvenor Square. He was the son of the late J. Bradshaw, Esq., of Portland Place, by Miss Fitzhugh, who since married Sir Harry Peyton, Bart. Mr. Bradshaw married Miss A. M. Tree, the elder, but far less talented sister of Mrs. C. Kean, and Mrs. J. K. Chapman, who attended Mr. Bradshaw in his last moments. He leaves one daughter, who is married. Mrs. Bradshaw is in her forty sixth year, and was by will, executed on the 27th of January last, appointed sole executrix to the deceased's property of every description. The personality was estimated at 30,000*l*.

6th.—Macready, J. Cooper, and Mrs. Warner conclude their engagement at the Adelphi, Glasgow.

Miss H. Faucit concluded her engagement with her benefit, at Edinburgh, as *Pauline*, "*Lady of Lyons*," and returns to Edinburgh at Easter. This talented lady is engaged for the metropolis.

Mr. Mark, of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, and whose marriage was inserted in our last, was badly wounded in his left hand by the unexpected discharge of a pistol, while performing the part of *Renordir*, in "*Susan Hopley*."

MONDAY, 8th.—A large assemblage of the literary, including Mr. and Mrs. C. Dickens, witnessed the new tragedy of "*Feudal Times*," at Sadler's Wells.

An excellent dramatic spectacle, founded on Scott's *Kenilworth*, is produced at Astley's.

Mr. J. Wilson commenced his entertainments in Paris.

9th.—The trades bespeak at the Carlisle Theatre; and on the 12th the ladies of Carlisle attracted two fashionable audiences. A new pantomime is produced on the 15th.

10th.—Benefit for the distressed Irish at the New Orleans Theatre.

11th.—A new drama, by J B. Buckstone, called "*The Flowers of the Forest*," produced at the Adelphi; chorus and music by E. Fitzwilliam and A. Mellon. This piece is the most extravagant and unnatural in construction of all Mr. Buckstone's productions. Poor Leman Rede, the author of the "*Wandering Tribe*," smiled when he saw it, yet grieved for Mr. Buckstone's utter want of knowledge in the peculiarities of gipsy life and character. At this establishment there does not seem to exist the slightest respect for the memory of the late worthy manager, Mr. Frederick Yates, nor for his unprotected but highly talented widow; for, without any regard to decency, Mrs. Yates is burked from the home of her happiest days, and, without sympathy or knowledge of her former station, is sent adrift from the profession of which she was so long one of its brightest ornaments. Surely Mr. B. Webster is not so far lost to the welfare of the art, as to entirely let faintings and physical force novelty supply the place of virtuous merit and high art.

W. West gave his entertainment, "*An Evening with Everybody*," at the Mechanics' Institution, Old Kent Road.

Mr. Dowton's, jun., benefit at Canterbury.

BIRTH.—The wife of Mr. W. P. Davidge, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, of a son.

13th.—The tragedy of "*Feudal Times*" is produced at the Theatre Royal, Manchester: *Cochrane*, G. F. Brooke; *Margaret Randolph*, Mrs. C. Gill. This lady's performance realised the author's intentions to an extraordinary degree; and, from her rendering of the part, we would advise Miss L. Addison to take an early lesson, as in her hands the true fire of the Scottish maid is entirely lost, and the writer's meaning rendered abortive.

14th.—DEATH.—Mr. W. Rhodes, of the Cyder Cellars Tavern, aged forty-seven.

MONDAY, 15th.—Mr. A. Bunn's benefit at Drury Lane.

Mr. G. Wild's (Brodie) benefit at the Olympic.

The drama of "*Angeline*" is performed for the first time at the Princess's.

"*Martin Chuzzlewit*" revived at the Lyceum.

Mr. and Mrs. Power's benefit at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

Mrs. Beverley and Roxby open the Sunderland Theatre.

A wretched jumble of melo-dramatic stuff called "*Laid up in Port*," is produced at the Birmingham Theatre.

J. R. Scott appeared at the Adelphi, Liverpool, as *Richard III*.

16th.—Hervey Leach, better known as Hervio Nanno, the *Gnome Fly*, and the imposture of "*What is it?*" died after a short illness, at 29, George Street, Shoreditch He bequeathed his body to Dr. Liston, for the furtherance of medical science.

17th.—An adaption from the French, called "*Dreams of the Heart*," is produced at the Princess's, and proved a terrible failure. There seems a determined purpose in the conduct of Mr Maddox to get all he can out of his company; we have witnessed with pain the work forced on Miss Anne Romer, of whose talents we have a high opinion, in two pieces on the same evening. For one so young, and apparently so delicate, this is indeed an unwarrantable step. We have before alluded to the abominable system of *mis*-management carried on at this theatre, and shall now endeavour to lay bare some facts, which will indeed startle the uninitiated in these matters.

The favourite low comedian, S. Vale, appeared at the Surrey, and stated it as his last appearance on the stage. *What next?*

J. Johnson, co-lessee, took his benefit at the Standard Theatre.

Mr. W P. Davidge's benefit at the Theatre Royal, Manchester; there was £120 in the house.

The bespeak of the mayor, J. Sharpe, Esq., at the Theatre Royal, Boston; the "*Wonder*" and "*Robert*" was performed.

18th.—DEATH.—Mr Moralt, provincial tenor player at the Philharmonic and the Italian Opera House, and principal violin secundo at the Ancients' Concerts, died in Howland Street, aged sixty-three.

19th.—Mr. C. La Poole closed the Ipswich season through severe indisposition, though not till he had proved that the inhabitants of the town were capable and willing to support the drama when efficiently produced, and by the company's strict attention to their duties.

The Grand Opera at Berlin was discovered to be on fire, but the flames were got under with the loss only of a portion of the scenery.

20th.—A new comic drama by J. Buckstone, called "*The Light Troop of St. James's*," is produced at the Haymarket, with success At this establishment Miss P. Horton (Mrs. T. G. Reed) is now compelled to stand as a *Pose plastique;* what her husband is about to allow such a degradation, we are unable to inform our readers. The scene painters are much wanted at the Haymarket, indeed, the stage department altogether presents the most filthy appearance that we ever saw in a metropolitan theatre. If only to rouse the London managers to a spirit of respect and cleanliness, a theatre under Macready's management is sadly wanted.

Mdlle. Mars died in Paris.

DEATH—The beloved wife of Mr. T. Fredericks, of the Surrey Theatre, after a long and painful illness, borne with Christian fortitude, aged thirty-three.

MONDAY, 22nd—"*Othello*" is performed at Sadler's Wells—*Othello*, S. Phelps; *Iago*, H. Marston; *Brabantio*, G. Bennett; *Desdemona*, Miss Addison; *Emilia*, Miss F. Cooper (Mrs T. H. Lacy), who for some time previous was advertised for *Desdemona*, but owing to Miss Addison's inability to sustain *Emilia*, the parts were changed, and the result proved Miss Addison's incompetency to sustain either. The tragedy was in consequence withdrawn. Miss Cooper's *Emilia* was indeed a triumph.

The Strand Theatre is re-opened for dramatic performances.

The Theatre Royal, Manchester, having broken through the principle on which it commenced its career, was resolved on following up the starring system, and on this night Mr Macready was to have been the object of attraction; but in an attempt to rehearse the part of *Hamlet*, in the morning, he was prevented from sudden indisposition, and notwithstanding G. V. Brooke, W. Davidge, Mrs Gill, and other good artists were attached to the establishment, the lessee, J. Knowles, by the advice of his *Iago*, H. Wallack, with a stroke of diplomacy sufficiently dishonest, *closed* the theatre against *dramatic* performances until Easter. Thus, at a moment's notice a respectable company is deprived of their salary, and are compelled to wait the revolution of *three* Saturdays before they can touch one penny. The law of the land compels them (no other class) to be idle all passion week, and the caprice and villainy of these two men (?), for plunder sake, obliges them to be idle the week before. We must whisper to our readers that the Distin family had made an offer for the theatre for the performance of *concerts*, which offer was accepted, and what the poor player should have carried to his wife and family was *stole* from him by grasping managers and despicable

aliens. One spirited individual deserves our mention, this is Mr Wyndham, who, hurt at the treatment he had received, immediately went over to J. Sloan, at the Queen's Theatre, where, on his appearance as *Laertes*, to H. Betty's *Hamlet*, he was hailed with deafening plaudits; and we sincerely hope the people of Manchester will not countenance such barefaced oppression as held out to their talented brotherhood by Messrs. Knowles and H. J. Wallack.

A new theatre is opened at Gibraltar. The construction, the arrangements, and the decorations do credit to the liberality of the proprietors, and to the skill and taste of the architect, Mr. Bracebridge.

23rd —The Misses Cushmans appeared at the Theatre Royal, York, as *Romeo* and *Juliet*; *Mercutio*, Mr. Pritchard; *Friar*, B. Norton; *Apothecary*, Mr. Chicheley, *Nurse*, Mrs Poynton. The performance went off with great eclat, to the delight of a brilliant assembly. Mr Pritchard's *Mercutio* was highly and deservedly applauded, and the getting up of the tragedy does him infinite credit; sorry, then, are we to add that on the 24th he disgraced his company and insulted his patrons by allowing that impudent impostor, Baynum Holt, to amaturise on those boards, where the brightest genius had been wont to shine.

24th.—This day was, by command of the Queen, appointed as a *fast* day, and she being by blood related to all the players, they for the unfortunate connection suffered the diminution of this night's salary.

26th.—Mr. C. Groves closed his season at Faversham. "*The Lady of Lyons*" was well supported — *Claude*, Mr. Faulkner; *Pauline*, Miss Walton—business rather encouraging.

27th.—Mr and Mrs Mathews having concluded their second engagement at Birmingham, appear this night at the Theatre Assembly Rooms, Leamington, with the Birmingham company; there was a good attendance, at 4s., 2s., and 1s. Madame delivered an address on the 29th, and proceeded to Dublin.

"*The Hunchback*" and "*Mischief Making*" were performed at Wrexham Theatre, under the patronage of Sir R. H. Cunliffe, Bart. Mr. Mills closed his season on the following Thursday, and opens at Easter at Blackburn, then proceeding to Ayr and Dumfries.

A concert is given at Rome in aid of the suffering Irish. Mrs Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) and Miss Brown of Mayo county, with a number of amateurs, German, Russian, and Italian, were engaged in the good work of charity; and the Spanish envoy of Rome flung open the long deserted halls of the once gorgeous palace of his national embassy for their reception. Lord Ward paid for the lighting, and Earl Compton sang.

MONDAY, 29th.—The Distin family give four concerts at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, during this week.

30th.—Van Amburgh and his *troupe* make their grand entry into Baltimore.

The lease of the Liver Theatre, Liverpool, is advertised for sale, with its wardrobe, scenery, and music. It is described as controvertible to a concert room, public hall or chapel.

The very talented widow of the celebrated tragedian and lecturer, Mr. Samuel Butler, gives a series of dramatic readings illustrative of elocutionary expression, at Crosby Hall. Discourses of this nature were given by Mrs. Butler in the United States, with very great effect; and we feel convinced that the patronage she is destined to experience in England will not be inferior to that which she received in America. Her readings are wonderfully impressive, and convey a correct notion of the manner in which fine, elevated, or pathetic ideas, respectively, should be communicated orally.

We are sorry to hear that, on our account, Mrs Butler should have abandoned the idea of publishing her husband's memoirs, and take this opportunity to assure her that, if she would carry out her intention with the public, no Memoir of Mr. S. Butler shall appear in this work for the space of two years.

PROVINCIAL THEATRES AND MANAGERS (*Continued*).

Locality.	1815.	1835.	1843.	1847.
Ballymena .	...	...	...	J. W. Anson
Bodmin .	...	J. Dawson	...	...
Bolton .	...	T. Manley	W. Burroughs	T. Johnson
Boston .	T. Robertson	Mrs. T. Robertson	W. Robertson	R. Daniels
Bourn .	...	...	H. Chester	...
Bradford .	...	Smedley	Rice and Mosley	Mosley

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Master Grinnidge.—See page 55, Part III., and correspondence, Part IV.; on doing so, borrow your mother's Sunday spectacles.

X.Y.Z.—Many thanks. Will our correspondent forward the numbers of the D. and M. R. regular; if so, we will endeavour to return the obligation, with interest.

L.M.—Errata, in Part II., page 23, for Mrs. Wheatley read Mrs. T. G. Reed.

T. and L.—Our pages are devoted to memoirs of *artists*, and not to persons who come forth gratuitously, to the disadvantage of patient merit, and to the abuse of an honourable profession. The *name* is correct.

H.B.—Proceed: our best wishes are with you.

A.Q.T.—Accept our best thanks: *other* names and dates are equally acceptable. Address Mr. W. Cullenford, Theatre Royal, Adelphi, Strand, and that gentleman will immediately direct you.

W.C.K.—Undoubtedly *all*, and a lengthened one of the actor mentioned, combining all the principal incidents already published, and much additional matter, which other writers had not the opportunity of collecting.

Young Manchester.—We agree with you, and intend to adopt your kind suggestion.

I.R I.—Yes; all you have mentioned will appear in our pages. The alteration you speak of will be adopted. The answer had no reference to the work. Own sister to her, born July 28th, 1811.

E.Y.L.—Certainly, French; born near forty years since, at Alsace, in Normandy. The particulars concerning the binding appeared in the Prospectus; however, your opinion is correct, and we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity suggested. Do not think you trouble us; it is a pleasure to answer our correspondents.

H.P.— The memoir will appear in volume the second.

A Sub. (Manchester).—Our correspondent belongs to the small class of fine thinkers—beings able to pass on from thought to reflection, from reflection to comparison, from comparison to inference, and from inference to the giant improvement, new discovery. *Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard III.*, &c., had been previously personated to perfection; but history furnishes no parallel to Macready's *King John*. *Mrs. Page* seems to have been misunderstood until Mrs. Matthews attempted the part and realised the poet's fancy—she is *Mrs. Page* by nature. *Falconbridge*, the graceful and chivalrous, had been most wofully rendered, until J. Wallack gave the part so much finished truth and conception; and even G. Vandenhoff's late attempt to C. Kean's absurdity, at the Park Theatre, New York, was a signal failure. So far, the above three stand unrivalled; and, to carry out Mr. Marshall's unexceptionable improvement—to give the actor all the actor's due, and avoid comparisons —the first artist of the age, J. Gilbert, and the two most celebrated wood-engravers, Greenway and Wright, were employed regardless of expense, to embellish the work.

Bertram.—Forward the bills, you cannot serve us better.

Stage-Manager.—Send us the particulars in writing, and confine yourself to a statement of mere facts. They cannot climb out of our reach; our weapons are quills plucked from the lustre-eyed eagle's wing.

One of the Sadler's Wells Company.—Came safe to hand.

An Admirer (Bristol), in our next. Write as occasion may require.

Part VI. will contain an interesting Memoir of R. KEELEY, *with other valuable matter.*

Mr. R. KEELEY, as "*Innocent Lambskin.*"

Feyther and mother they used to control
SIXTEEN *of us bairns, all* red in the pole;
We all were merry and happy as *Punch*,
But I was always the pride of the bunch.
                    Oh, dear! oh, dear!
I'm a queer little comical soul!
And if you'll believe me, tho' I think you may see,
I'm the lad with the carrotty pole.

KNIGHT.

A vast number of individuals are ever desirous above all things of stepping out of the sphere in which they were born, bred, and intended to pursue, and trying others "*that they know not of.*" This spirit—in numerous instances, commendable—possessed Master Robert Keeley, and from a printer he became a comedian. Other printers had done so before him, and many, we are happy to say, have

followed suit; among the number are: G. F. Cooke, Mr. Foot, of Drury Lane, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Briant, Mr. Oxberry, Mr. Ryder,* of Dublin; Mr. Davidge, Mr. T. Power, and W. L. Rede, deceased. D. Jerrold, W. J. Hammond, J. Wilson, W. E. Burton (now in America); Mr. Templeton, and several other living artists who are thoroughly acquainted with the printing business.

Our hero has seen life in many of its shapes, but has not experienced any of those *pleasing* vicissitudes, such as *starvation* and *penury*, that unfortunately too often attend the hapless sons of Thespis. The manager of the Lyceum and Starvation—*hush*, the nineteenth was Derby day, and well we know the size of Keeley's "Sir, here's my card!" we recollect his awful look with fear.

To begin in the usual way, Robert Keeley is one of the *least* in stature, though not in his own estimation, of the male members of the British stage, and the playmate of W. T. Moncrieff, was born of worthy parents, in 1793, at No. 3, Grange Court, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn Fields. He is one of a family of sixteen brothers and sisters, seven of whom were living in 1830, and among them and others in Grange Court, he fretted away the hours of infancy and boyhood. Whether little Bobby was intended for the Grenadier Guards or not, we shall not here determine, but his first suit consisted of a scarlet jacket, *a la militaire*, nankeen trousers, and "he was the ladies darling." He fought and cuffed his way, as most boys do, up to the age when a boarding-school is generally considered a proper nursery for rising talent, and youth in some manner are taught to forget the playful quietudes of the domestic circle. Here he remained until the death of his father, when he was called from the tender mercies of the pedagogue to be initiated into the delicate art and mystery of a printer's office. To Mr. Hansard he was apprenticed, and with the composing stick in one hand, and the most popular play in the other, he managed to drag out an uncomfortable existence of three years. In so short a period he could have learnt but little, and his intentions to learn were evidently less, for under this novitiate he imbibed the strong desire of enlisting under the banners of Thespis. At length, oh, lucky crisis! he became resolute, and as a relief to the monotony of his existence, he forsook his occupation, and obtained permission from a *beneficiare* to sing poor Davy's admirable production "*The Bay of Biscay, O!*" at the Surrey, paying the usual penalty of taking numerous tickets, to present to sweethearts—and Robert had many—and aunts, cousins, &c. The benefit night came, Robert was there—the orchestra as usual pitched the key, and Robert unlocked his chest, up went the curtain, discovering Hansard's runaway apprentice. He commenced, after a rapturous and friendly reception,—

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder;
The rain a deluge show'rs;
The clouds were rent as——

Here Bob showed a want of development in his vocal powers, together with an absence of nervous stamina, he stuck—looked wildly round, more like Octavian than an English sailor: "the night seemed drear and dark," recommenced, with loud shouts of bravo,—stuck, and ultimately ran off, leaving the orchestra to finish the rest with

lengthened symphonies, and the *beneficiare* to manage in the best way he could with the audience.

To return to Mr. Hansard was out of the question, circumstances, however, compelled him for a short time to turn his attention to the mysteries of his craft, and with the late William Oxberry he commenced printing in a friendly way. Oxberry endeavoured to induce him to relinquish his theatrical notions, but Robert felt he must retrieve the "wreck of his lost honour," and notwithstanding much advice at home, kindly prefaced by the invariable observations of bad voice, face, and no figure, he resolutely made up his mind to strut in the buskin. "I will be an actor," said Robert, yet the sages would argue that he did not *look* like an actor. And, certainly, if there be such a thing as looking like an actor, Robert Keeley was, and is, the very reverse of the picture fancy could create: his voice singularly weak, his figure singularly small, his memory unaccountably bad, and his love of pleasure (?) unbounded.

Printing to him was an ignoble occupation, Robert therefore thanked his friend Oxberry for the kind counsel he had tendered him, and in the summer of 1813, went forth to that famous or rather *infamous rendezvous* for "the gathering of the clans," the Harp, in Russell-street, Drury Lane, shook the late Mr. Sims by the hand, placed seven shillings into the "*manus*" that he squeezed, and was enrolled a member of the Richmond company of comedians; and to Richmond in Surrey, Robert accordingly went.

The Harp is a public house, immediately opposite the pit-door of Drury Lane Theatre, formerly kept by Mr. Sims, a theatrical agent, and whose hours of *business* were from eleven o'clock until three. On the payment of an introductory fee of seven shillings, this wily boniface used to amuse the purblind aspirants by the performance of a trick, *i.e.* carefully pocket the silver, and with all the business-like ceremony possible, would enter the applicant's name in a book, together with the line of the drama he may wish to fill—and, on the procuration of a situation, he proportioned his demand to the amount of salary obtained, which at times exceeded the total of one week's stipend. This system of agency was carried on for many years, and continued by the son of Mr. Sims, though not without exceeding regret to the profession, that he had not chosen a more suitable place of business, as it was peculiarly unpleasant, especially to ladies, to make calls in such a neighbourhood, and at a house of public entertainment. A similar attempt at public house agency has been made within the last few months by a member of the profession, one whose experience and standing should have taught him better. The locality and accommodation are even worse than that of the late Mr. Sims. The duties of a theatrical agent are most important, and while we are called upon to give advice, and afford a greater facility of communication with *all* dramatic professors, we are in duty bound to utter our most sweeping condemnation against all public-house allurements, carried on under the disguise of agency offices.

Who had the charge of Robert Keeley's *theatric infancy* is now of little moment. Richmond, so renowned in histrionic affairs, fostered his rising genius, and Richmond, a village so dear to every thorough-bred cockney, has generally been selected by aspirants as the arena

for the display of their professional prowess. The place has classical associations,—the church, hallowed by the recollections of the past; here rest the remains of the undying one—Edmund Kean, and in its chancel we behold the modest entablature of filial affection, raised by a living actor to the memory of his immortal parent. From Richmond it is easy for the repentant or repulsed performer to return to the hospitable shelter of a parental roof, or pay a weekly visit to a larder, better stocked than are the generality of a country comedian's. These thoughts weighed with our hero; and, in addition to such imaginings, he knew the distance was a convenient one for a friendly dramatic *star* to come down, and shed his or her beams on a benefit, brightening the theatre and the prospects of the actor together. Master Robert, all things taken into consideration, acted wisely, if he *acted* not well; and of his acting, we have heard it said, that though he exercised it so near the Thames, there was no apprehension of his setting it on fire.

Mr. Keeley was in a short time fairly launched into the ocean of the drama; the drudgery incidental to theatric infancy he bore with patience. The Richmond season ended, he journeyed further into the provinces, and joined the *Norwich native*—Mrs. Yates's father, the late J. Brunton. Fortunately for our hero, this worthy man encouraged his various attempts, and Robert persevered and improved, so much so that he solicited the "cream of all the Tartars," R. W. Elliston, who enlisted him under his banners. In 1817, he visited the borough of Lynn, famous in the history of the stage for its steady support of the intellectual drama. This circuit then embraced Norwich, Yarmouth, Ipswich, Bury St. Edmund's, Sterbich, and Colchester; and at Lynn Mr. Robert Keeley became a great favourite. By what train of circumstances we are unable to record, but in consequence of *circumstances*, Mr. Keeley came to town, and joined Beverley at the West London, now the Queen's Theatre, and there, for two seasons, he divided the low comedy with Henry Beverley, an actor who, with much to forget, possessed more genuine humour than half the pretenders of the present day, which says much for the powers of our hero. Again in the country, under the infliction of itinerancy, Mr. Keeley proceeded, visited Birmingham, was applauded, and run back to town, joined Elliston's finish at the Olympic; which finish, though an unfortunate speculation for Elliston, proved the reverse for Keeley, for his perseverance here—the spur being continually in his side—fairly brought him from his obscurity. This was at the period of the production of "*Giovanni in London*,"* long before Madame Vestris's fatal fascination at Drury Lane. Mr. Keeley was the original *Leporello*, and his brother, who is since dead, performed the part of *Simpkins*. This was in 1818. Our hero's brother was a member of the Olympic company in 1817, and was, consequently, the representative of many characters in those disgraceful performances produced under Elliston's management. After this Mr. Keeley

* Mozart's opera, "*Don Giovanni; or, 'The Spectre on Horseback*," was produced at the Italian Opera House in 1816, on a Saturday; Dibdin, then proprietor of the Surrey, was present, taking notes with his brains. The opera over, and successful, Dibdin hurried back to his own theatre, announced to his company, then playing, his intentions, and never slept until he produced his famous burlesque of the same name on the following Monday, which ran 117 nights.

succeeded in attracting public attention in a variety of low comedy parts, and rose in the estimation of the management.

Perhaps a man of nicer discrimination with regard to histrionic talent than the late R. W. Elliston did not exist. He calmly, and therefore accurately, extracted the gold from the dross; and, when he pleased, could put forth the respective abilities of a whole company in the very way in which each individual was calculated to shine the brightest. Indeed he may be said to have arranged his "bouquet" of dramatic talent after the manner of the feathers in an Indian's crown, where each reflects its own brightness on its neighbour. Mr. Elliston certainly appreciated Keeley's abilities, though we cannot say he rewarded his industry and talent.

In 1819, the Drury Lane Committee offered their theatre on lease to the highest bidder; ashamed of their past conduct, and heartily sick of the sorrowful complaints produced by Stephen Kemble's management, they were eager to rid themselves of this seeming burden. They wanted Elliston, and Elliston had his eye upon the property, and also on their manœuvres, but hung back. After seeing his own time, he bid, the committee snapped at him, and Elliston became the lessee, at a yearly rent of 10,200*l.* Reeve succeeded Elliston at the Olympic, and the latter opened Drury Lane, the scene of his former repute, on the 3rd of October, 1819.

At this period seven theatres were constantly open in London, which produced half a million per annum, or 300,000*l.* more than those of Paris. Mr. Keeley, panting for fame, followed in the wake of his wily patron, was engaged for the line of characters the *vox populi* of the little theatre in Wych-street had declared him eminently qualified for; but, alas! he was scarcely there before he was shelved. No opportunities were offered him,—he was the *little* two-line man of the *great* theatre; and he and M'Keon, who had been lording it as first singer and first comedian at the Olympic, became dummies at Drury Lane. At such treatment Mr. M'Keon naturally enough felt himself hurt, and shortly after joined Cobham, Warde, P. Bedford, A. Lee, Pearman, &c., at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins-street, Dublin. Keeley, however, was content to endure, until chance, that ambiguous awarder of fortune, that blind goddess, who showers indiscriminately her favours, a foe to riches and the friend of poverty, sent J. P. Harley, one of the Drury Lane fixtures, to Liverpool as a *star*, and left little Edward Knight as his substitute for *Leperello*, to the all attracting *Don* of Madame Vestris (June, 1820); *Tailor*, R. Keeley.

And what of that? say our readers. Why, my friends, little Knight, the inimitable *Jerry Blossom*, was ever querulous and fanciful. Illness, *or the assumption of it*, a failing too common in the profession, put this fine specimen of Birmingham ware *hors de combat*, and the consequence was, that the interesting and classical production, "*Giovanni in London*," which was attracting all the town, stood a fair chance of being withdrawn. Elliston, who did not engage our hero for nothing (we speak in allusion to his talents, not his salary, for in that sense the remark would carry a very different conclusion), was put about; aware, however, of Mr. Keeley's capabilities, exhibited his dexterity, saved his own reputation, pounced on our hero,

who, well read in the part, was, of course, ready at an hour's notice, and to Robert Keeley, the original *Leperello*, Mr. Elliston entrusted the *role;* thus raising him from the *Tailor* to his Olympic position, with the difference of Drury Lane to boot.

Keeley, overjoyed at the turn fortune's wheel had given him, summoned all his energy, threw into the part more than its wonted funniments and irresistible humour, depending solely on his own original powers for success. That he surpassed himself was acknowledged by the plaudits of the audience, and the compliments of his brother actors. The management took advantage of the occasion, for on the following morning the bills and advertisements bore this notification appended to his name:—

"LEPERELLO, MR. KEELEY, *whose performance of this character last night was received with unmingled approbation.*"

Those who have since witnessed his *Rumfit* can best judge of his powers in the little part of the *Tailor.* However in *Leperello* Mr. Keeley reaped nothing but Drury Lane fame from his praiseworthy exertions. Mr. Knight soon chose to be well, and Harley's return from his starring (?) tour sent him again into obscurity.

In 1821, Mr. Keeley seceded from Drury Lane, and joined the Adelphi company, where he appeared in a part called *Dash*, that was by no means calculated for his powers; that he failed is to say no more than the truth. Five yards and a half of cloth made Daniel Lambert a coat, a similar quantity would make Robert Keeley a suit, with cloth boots, and a comfortable travelling cap in the bargain.

The "*Don Giovanni*" *mania* somewhat abated, the autumn and winter of 1821 was made memorable, and the town again electrified by the production at Astley's, the Olympic, and November 26th, at the Adelphi—Moncrieff's version—of that enormous extravaganza, from Pierce Egan's silly book, "*Tom and Jerry; or, Life in London.*"

Corinthian Tom,	B. E. Wrench.*	*Tom Cribb*,	Mr. Callaghan.
Jerry Hawthorn,	W. Burroughs.	*Tattersal*,	Mr. Phillips.
Bob Logic,	J. P. Wilkinson.	*Billy Waters*,	Signor Paulo.*
Jemmy Green,	R. Keeley.	*Dusty Bob*,	Mr. Walbourn.
Dick Trifle,	Mr. Bellamy.	*Little Jemmy*,	Mr. Cooper.
Squire Hawthorn,	Mr. Buckingham	*O'Shaughnessy*,	Mr. Chapman.
Primefit,	Mr. Waylett.	*Kate*,	Mrs. Baker.
O'Boogle,	Mr. Ball.	*Sue*,	Mrs. Waylett.
M'Lush,	Mr. Lee.	*Jane*,	Miss Hammersley.
Tartar,	Mr. Daly.	*Mrs. Tartar*,	Mrs. Daly.

African Sal, Mr. J. Sanders.

The run of this piece is in the recollection of every playgoer, and it may fairly be said, that Mr. Keeley made the part of *Green* a feature; it was his greatest *hit*, and is now before us. Notwithstanding its brevity—the enigma of Keeley's success—the character became in his hands of as much importance as *Tom*, *Logic*, or *Jerry*. The piece ran *two seasons*; but at the end of the first our hero, with Walbourn and Cooper, transferred their services to Sadler's Wells, and refused to join the standing army at the Adelphi, for which Robert was

* Dead.

threatened with an action by Messrs. Rodwell and Jones; but which threat, for manifold reasons, was never put into execution. At this period Sadler's Wells was under the proprietorship of Mrs. Hughes (widow), Mrs. Jones, Mr. Dixon, of Barbican, and the late Joseph Grimaldi, and let on lease to D. Egerton, of Covent Garden Theatre.

At Sadler's Wells, Mr. Keeley, amongst a variety of performances, attempted *Jerry* (April 8th, 1822), in Pierce Egan's own version of the successful volume, and performed it in such a style of excellence as to attract the notice of the Covent Garden management. This, in the first instance, was through the friendly interference of Mr. Egerton, who, delighted with our hero's success, considered him worthy of better things, and on sending for Mr. C. Kemble to witness his exertions, represented him as such. Accordingly Mr. Kemble (a gentleman well fitted for that which John and Stephen were totally inadequate—*dramatic censorship*) visited the Wells, and the consequence was, a message from the upper to the lower house, requesting Mr. Keeley to wait upon the Covent Garden seniors. A summons like this our hero was not slow in complying with; he was immediately engaged, and on terms far more liberal than he had been previously acquainted with, though he did not immediately appear, but served out his time at Sadler's Wells, and then remained awhile aloof, as he expressed himself, "*to let the public get the taste of the minor theatres out of their mouths.*"

His engagement, however, was no secret; Mr. Keeley let the intoxication of good fortune run away with him, and babbled eternally; and, not to recal many unpleasant facts of this period to his recollection, we would whisper to him, that he should not have asked in a public room, and in a tone of insulting irony, a brother actor, whether "*he was sent for to Covent Garden?*"

On Saturday, October 26th, 1822, Mr. Keeley made his first appearance before a Covent Garden audience, in the part of *Darby*, "*Poor Soldier*," under circumstances peculiarly auspicious; for "*Douglas*" had been the play, and a Mr. Mason, one totally inadequate for the part, had been the hero. The farce, therefore, came like a relief in distress to the auditors, and was hailed accordingly. With regard to our hero, he was well received, though the management did not show any concern for his establishing a position; indeed, his next part, though an original one, was of so little importance, that the numerous notices of the new opera do not even mention his name. Keeley is little, it is true, and little was the part he had to play; but little, indeed, must be the critic who could thus wilfully slight the *actor* for his part, and display a culpable neglect towards the public. No thanks, then, to the critics (?) of 1822, that I am enabled to subjoin the cast of the long promised opera, "*Maid Marian; or, The Huntress of Arlingford*," founded on a novel of the same name, and produced on Tuesday, December 3rd.

King Richard,	T. P. Cooke.	*Friar Michael,*	C. Kemble.
Prince John,	D. Egerton.*		W. Pearman.
Baron,	W. Farren.		R. Keeley.
Earl of Locksley,	W. Abbott.*		Master Longhurst.
Sir Ralph,	C. W. Baker.*	*Lady Matilda*	Miss A. M. Tree.

* Dead.

Mr. Keeley next played *Hodge* to Larkin's *Young Meadows*. This was a step too far for both, and proved two decided failures. But ere this injurious "taste of his quality" had time to rankle in the public mind, that prop of mannerists, R. B. Peake, brought forward his inimitable farce of "*The Duel.*" A *Magazine* of the day has done justice to actor and author in these words:—

"No one understands the stage, or what is technically called situation, so well as Mr. Peake.

"He shuffles Farren, Jones, Connor,* Keeley (a most amazing minor!), and Blanchard* together, with admirable sleight of hand, and turns them *all* up—trumps.

"He measures Keeley for such a suit of clothes as no dramatic habit maker ever before fitted him with. Keeley in *The Tailor*, was the sublimity of impoverished manhood—the true ninth part of a man."

Thus established in public favour, Mr. Keeley had nothing to do but to float down the stream of popularity; which he did with peculiar complacency.

At the termination of the Covent Garden season, he joined Mr. Arnold at the English Opera House, where he appeared (1823) as *Fritz*, a part expressly written for him by R. B. Peake, in that gentleman's new production "*Frankenstein*," and where, subsequently (September, 1824), he performed the part of the *Gardener* in "*The Frozen Lake*," written with a view to his peculiar style, by Professor Planché. We say professor, because the *costumier* of the *Lady's Newspaper*, and F. S. A. has ever been a getter-up, not a writer, of pieces.†

Besides characters in farces that have come to an untimely end, Mr. Keeley has had *Natty Larkspur*, in "'*Twas I*, *Jonathan in England*," written for him, and another part by Mr. Peake.

As *Watty Cockney*, in "*The Romp*," Mr. Keeley shone to considerable advantage, and attained in that part great provincial fame.

On Tuesday, July the 13th, 1824, "*The Devil's Bridge*" was performed at the English Opera House: *Belino*, J. Braham; *Lauretta*, Miss F. M. Kelly; *Rosalvina*, Miss Noel; *Pietro*, R. Keeley, who was natural and entertaining.

In the autumn of 1824, he again joined the Covent Garden company, and at which theatre, October the 14th, C. M. Von Weber's immortal work "*Der Freischutz*"‡ was first performed in an English dress; Mr. Keeley sustaining the part of *Killian*, to the entire satisfaction of one of the most brilliant and crowded audiences that ever assembled within the walls of any theatre in Europe. A marked night in the records of dramatic music; an English compliment that breathed a welcome to a stranger's sublime production; tuned by a mighty soul to harmonise with every tempered breast: the voice revels in the numbers of its wondrous agency, and will for ages continue to vibrate in every honest heart.

On Friday, the 1st of July, 1825, a pretty little fascinating girl named Goward, from the Norwich circuit, appeared as *Rosina* at the English Opera House. Keeley ran to see, was smitten, and walked home without his heart. For months, for years, he pined. At

* Dead. † See page 46.
‡ First produced at Berlin, June 21, 1821.

length, while both were playing at Covent Garden, it was, that "clever little Miss Goward" was "woo'd and won" by "funny little Bob Keeley." A wit remarked that the wedding-bells of *Bob-minor* rang forth a *treble Bob-major* of good fortune; and so it has proved, for if lucky mortal ever possessed "a fortune *in* a wife," Robert Keeley is that highly-favoured individual. Well do we remember, at this period, Mrs. Keeley was considered a double of Madame Vestris, when that lady acted waiting-woman. But to return to Mr. Keeley, and leave the rare abilities of his excellent lady for the subject of a separate memoir.

In 1826 and 1827, our hero added greatly to his popularity by his famous assumption of "*Innocent Lambskin*," one of the most finished pieces of acting we ever remember to have witnessed. Mr. Keeley is one of the most decided mannerists upon the English stage. However he may multiply his characters, vary his dresses, his wigs, or his words, it is Robert Keeley, and nothing else; but as *Innocent Lambskin* his mannerism was not so observable, it stood out in relief from his peculiar method of confined whimsicality, his great fault, though J. Wallack, C. Kemble, Granby, and A. Wigan, who are not mannerists, have their failings, but have no followers.

We shall pass over this glaring fault, as it would appear to be peculiar to the air we breathe, nor single our hero out in a censure that did attach to Parsons, Edwin, Suett, Quick, Blanchard and Liston, and also attaches to those inveterate mannerists, W. Farren, Harley, and to the Adelphi buffoon, Wright.

It must be remembered, that up to this period nearly all Mr. Keeley's characters have been written expressly for him, fitted to his failings, thereby ingrafting a monotony of style into the actor's general assumptions, which Mr. Keeley has never forgotten. Firstly, *Rumfit*, a more finished picture of inanity could not be conceived; but was his *Rumfit* likely to have been tailor to *Augustus Buoyant*, and to have given credit to the amount of 800*l.*? No; Mr. Keeley brought his tailor from a garret in the Minories—not from a shop in Bond-street. If we could reconcile this incongruity, Mr. Keeley's performance would have commanded our unqualified approbation: as it is, we must say, he produced an imbecile vulgar dog instead of a would-be fashionable puppy: after the style of George Bolton, the Olympic *dung*.

In *Fritz* (could we believe a Swiss peasant, the child of Hofer and of Tell, to be such a victim to nerves?) he is excellent, but he is not comic; the creature he creates, shocks us, and we feel too much for the degradation of human nature to be amused.

As the *Gardener*, in "*The Frozen Lake*," he was certainly inimitable; and we cannot call to mind any scene more irresistibly ludicrous, than that one in which he attempts to tell his tale to the *Duke*. Pusillanimous fear never had so excellent a representative. The tone he gives to the equivocation,—

"No, no—not a woman—a female—"

must be heard to be appreciated.

His *Natty Larkspur*, is the very same part in another dress; and we recollect, with admiration, his enunciation of

"He has got some money, though, however;"

and his reply to his brother's information of the "place where they put the victuals,"

"I found that out long ago;"

but we must remark of this performance, as of his *Fritz*, that it is a painful one; and Mr. Keeley may recollect, perhaps, getting hissed in his song, where he carried his acting to the verge of the horrible. It is bad taste thus to expose the wants of mankind, as food for laughter; and that which extracts a sigh from the sensitive, and smiles only from the brutal and depraved, may be relished in the absence of good acting, but it is not comedy, and it is not in good taste.

We may conclude our summary of this period, with a fact obvious enough to us now, but for which observation we are indebted to the acuteness of another:—"Mr. Keeley's style of acting is borrowed entirely from one performance—that of Samuel Russell,* in *Jerry Sneak.*† Any person who will take the trouble to compare their recollections of that gentleman with the efforts of Mr. Keeley, will find that, in manner and in tone, Keeley has completely followed the track of the Brighton manager."

On the 15th of February, 1830, the Lyceum fell a prey to a fire, over which no control could by any possibility be effected, leaving the Drury Lane and Covent Garden companies without a metropolitan summer retreat. The Keeleys remained at the latter establishment, where in April, 1832, Mrs. Keeley as *William*, "*Rosina*," added greatly to her reputation by her excellent acting and correct execution of the duet with *Phœbe* (Miss Cawse),

"I've kiss'd and I've prattled with twenty fair maids."

However, at the close of the season in June, 1833, they joined the excellent company performing at the Cobourg, then under the late Abbot and Egerton's ruinous speculation, who, under the impression of ridding the theatre of the odium previously cast upon it, re-christened it with the name of Victoria.

At this establishment Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were immense favourites. In August, Jerrold's worst production, "*Nell Gwynne*," was revived, in order to display our hero's peculiar powers, in his original character of *Orange Moll;* and it is but justice to state, that with Mrs. Keeley as the heroine, they succeeded on the evenings of their performing, in realising a handsome profit to the management, which after Edmund Kean's *final* retirement, and J. P. Warde's secession from the establishment, served to prop the hopes of Messrs. Abbot and Egerton, but which ultimately proved the prelude to their *final* ruin. Worn to their graves by misfortunes, Egerton closed his laborious career in 1835, his wife, the wild woman of Scott's novels, died in 1837, leaving a numerous family; and poor Abbot, the best *Romeo* of his day, fled his country, and died on republican soil, leaving manuscript papers, which have long been in our possession,—material for a lengthened memoir.

Whether instigated by Abbot's flight to the new world, or eager for

* Dead.

† A truly excellent performance, but a most contemptible model.

foreign fame, the Keeleys directly after Mrs. Egerton's demise, in 1837, visited America. Of what they did there little need be recorded: they were as good as they are now—perhaps better—when they took the trip, but they did not (we will not say they could not) play the legitimate drama. Low comedy is not the best talent for a wanderer; and it is not easy to carry a burlesque three or four thousand miles. There is a certain amount of conventionality belonging to the *primo buffo;* and it is dangerous for him to lose sight of his audience. Besides, they had neither of them made a leading popular character to star in, they were not comprehended anywhere throughout the States. The first sight of a very comical comedian is always a disappointment; and in America, they invariably prefer the fun they are familiar with. Such *artists* as T. Lee, H. Webb, H. Scharf, W. P. Davidge, A. Wigan, and Graham of the Wells, would be understood, and their talent appreciated; while such buffoons as the late J. Liston, J. Reeve, W. Smith, would not have been endured; nor would they allow such characters as Wright, J. P. Harley, and E. F. Saville, to stand in the way of actors possessing the slightest knowledge of their art. The Keeleys had a lesson on this subject in their visit to America, both having misunderstood their talent. They are neither of them buffoons. They are both steady high class legitimates, Keeley to a limited extent; Mrs. Keeley in a higher walk, a walk so peculiarly her own, that none can tread it with her?

A few—very few—months sufficed them in America, and Keeley returned to join Madame Vestris at the Olympic, where he appeared early in 1838, a few months prior to that lady's second marriage, and first and last unfortunate visit to America. In Oxenford's admirable farce "*What have I Done?*" Keeley and Farren rendered themselves highly popular by their excellent acting in the two principal characters. Keeley, as the brewer of Piaston, "*Queen's Horse,*" was exceedingly amusing, particularly when representing his brother as *Dare-Devil Dick.* He remained with Madame Vestris until her final retirement from the Olympic, May 31st, 1839, and was by her husband, C. J. Mathews, engaged for Covent Garden, the season first after Mr. Macready's retirement—commencing on the 30th of the following September; and amongst the principal of Mr. Keeley's assumptions at this establishment, was his *Diego,* in Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Spanish Curate,*" produced October 13th, 1840. A piece of quiet acting, and so true to nature, that if a doubt remained as to our hero's capabilities for the legitimate drama, this performance alone must at once remove it. Since this period Mr. Keeley's name and fame is known to the present generation of play-goers.

In 1842 he was at the Strand, during H. Hall's industrious management, running through farces and petite pieces suited to his peculiar powers. In the summer of 1843, both Mr. and Mrs. Keeley went into the provinces, visiting Mr. Rogers at Tunbridge Wells in July, Queen's Theatre, Manchester, Yarmouth, &c.; and in August enrolled their names amongst the talented but select few who assembled to support H. J. Wallack at Covent Garden, which theatre opened on the 2nd of October, the Keeleys making their appearance in the new interlude of "*My Wife's Out.*" They, however, seceded

from the company prior to the termination of the very brief season that marked Mr. H. J. Wallack's decline and fall. The theatre closed on November the 1st, when the Keeleys were delighting a Birmingham audience as *Natty* and *Lisette* in the "*Swiss Cottage*," thus wisely determined on husbanding their popularity for a more convenient and profitable opportunity of display; this was afforded them at the Princess's where they appeared on the 27th of November, 1843, in a new farce called "*Borrowing a Husband.*" Here they were immense favourites, having been called before the curtain nearly every evening of their performance. Nor has the hard, cold style of H. Mackenzie* done much to fill the vacuum our hero's retirement occasioned.

On the 1st of December they retraced their steps to Birmingham, performing for the benefit of the esteemed manager, J. Munro, thence to Bath, where they took their farewell benefit, January 22nd, 1844. On the 29th of that month, the Lyceum was opened by a committee of gentlemen, half actors, half amateurs, when the first part of "*Henry the Fourth*" was attempted, Keeley playing *First Carrier;* and afterwards with Mrs. Keeley appeared in Peake's drama of "*The Miser's Well.*" This affair, as was expected, did not last long, and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley transferred their services (Feb. 14th) to the Princess's, where shortly after a version of "*L'Homme Blase,*" was produced, in which Mr. Keeley created a great sensation. In the first act his nonchalence, and the heavy immobility of his features, as he gaped and dragged himself about, conveyed a most artistical picture of the most hopeful of "*blazes;*" and his scene with the widow (Miss Noel), had the true colouring of nature, while its effect was irresistibly ludicrous. In the second act our hero had an opportunity for the display of those powerful touches—expressions of terror—for which in all its stages he is universally allowed to be insurpassable. The way in which he relates how the image of the blacksmith (Paul Bedford), whom he fancies he has killed, haunts him, is one of the finest bits in its way, that we ever remember to have witnessed.

Mr. Keeley's *grand coup*, however, was his joining Mr. Strutt at the lottery of the English Opera-House, or Lyceum, which, at the time Mr. Strutt took it (March, 1844), had been for a length of time in the market, and whenever bought up, had proved a dead failure to the unfortunate speculator. Prosperity was a stranger to its doors, and its ill-fortune was a bye-word. At Easter, 1839, it was offered at a rental of 19*l.* 5*s.* 0*d.* per night; several had tendered Mr. Arnold 15*l.*, but all were refused.

The spirited manner in which Mr. Strutt commenced the undertaking of making the luckless theatre, or rather refuge for concert speculators, a profitable establishment, was a worthy prelude to its memorable popularity, commenced with the Keeley reign. Easter Monday, April 8th, 1844, with an address by G. A. à Beckett, delivered by Mrs. Keeley. The pieces produced were a new comedietta, by G. Dance, called "*Hasty Conclusions,*" in which F. Vining, C. Diddear, Frank Matthews, Craven, and Mrs. Keeley appeared. A new farce called "*The Post of Honour,*" followed, in which Mr. Keeley and Miss Woolgar (from the Adelphi) performed; con-

* Known as Compton.

cluding with à Beckett and Mark Lemon's new extravaganza "*Open Sesame*" (*Forty Thieves*), supported by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. A. Wigan, Miss James, and Miss Fairbrother.

Three new pieces on the opening night, and all of them unequivocally successful, augured well for the management, though the success of such productions was on the first night to be regretted, as it unfortunately gave earnest by public approval what course the management should follow. Its little span is ample for playwrights who seek only to amuse; who, "to beguile the time, look like the time;" who lend to frivolity or corruption "lighter wings to fly;" who sparkle, blaze, and expire. These may delight for a season the fire-flies on the heaving sea of public opinion—the airy proofs of the intellectual activity of the age; but in such productions there is no literature which aspires to endure. The *fault* lies with the management, and to Robert Keeley we address Cowper's fine moral line,

"Faults in the life breed errors in the brain.

The lovers of Shakspeare must sigh and lament the perverted taste of the present day, when the genuine drama is suffered to remain unnoticed on the shelf, and give place to spectacle and burlesque exhibitions that charm only the profligate votaries of the *Tom and Jerry* school. Among us, COMEDY is distinguished from *Farce*, in that the former represents NATURE *as she is;* the other *distorts* or *overcharges* her. They both paint from life, but with different views; by *both* we mean the dramatic *author* and the playwright, the former to make nature known, the other to make her ridiculous.

Farce was originally a droll or petty show, exhibited by charletans and their buffoons in the open street. The word is French, and signifies literally *forced meat* or *stuffing*. Some authors, however, derive "farce" from the Latin, *facetia;* others from the Celtic, *farce*, mockery; others from the Latin, *farcire*, to stuff.

Farce, at present, is removed from the street to the theatre, and is become the entertainment of the politest—save the mark!—audiences. Farce disallows of all laws, or rather sets them aside on all occasions. Its end is merely to raise a laugh, no matter "why or wherefore." Hence the dialogue is generally low, the persons represented of inferior rank, the fable or action trivial or ridiculous, and nature and truth everywhere heightened and exaggerated, to afford the more palpable ridicule. Thus the playwright serves a mere temporary purpose—he seizes on ephemeral topics—catches the humour of the moment for present gains, and depends on clap-traps and equivoques. They do not seek honours, but pander for a trifling profit.

Thus, in the very outset, did Mr. and Mrs. Keeley come down from their respectable position, and condescended to burlesque their profession. Why did they make a sacrifice which they never, *never* can repair? Why did they so unblushingly encourage men to write down to jokes?—jokes by them intended to be flung into the very face of their best patrons—jingling rhymes were strung together for the sake of introducing slang and absurdity—not wit, reader, which is fine, delicate, and profound; nor comedy humour, which is broad and unctious; but facetiæ, which is — what literary men were engaged to write for the Lyceum. Managers of theatres, who have

brains — such men, for instance, as Macready, Phelps, Webster, C. J. Matthews, and Honner — know very well, that education and intelligence have gone ahead of late years at immense strides. What would have answered in periodical literature fifteen years ago, when the *Mirror* and *Penny Magazine* were a novelty, won't do now. The people must have *Family Heralds* and *People's Journals*. The taste for blood and rubbish, clap-trap, and sentimentality, have been annihilated by the Broughams, the Chambers, the Taits, the Jerrolds, the Biggs, the Martineaus, with her cousin Marshall, the Foxes, the Cobdens, and all the rest of the hard-headed and warm-hearted writers and speakers who devote themselves to the people.

If managers had kept pace with the above writers in their choice of stage representations, such ephemeral productions as the following would never have had existence: to Mr. Keeley the public is, therefore, indebted for their dramatic fosterage:—"*White Feather;*" "*Two Heads Better than One;*" "*Three Fra Diavolos;*" "*Aladdin;*" "*Momentous Question;*" "*Martin Chuzzlewit;*" (Miss Woolgar returned to the Adelphi,) "*Seven Castles of the Passions;*" "*Watch and Ward;*" "*To Persons about to Marry;*" "*Trip to Kissengen;*" "*Home Again;*" Sivori's performance on the violin; "*Valentine and Orson;*" burlesque, Christmas, 1844; "*A Model of a Wife;*" "*Taking Possession.*" Theatre closed Marth the 7th, 1845, and re-opened on Easter Monday, the 24th, with "*Whittington and his Cat;*"—new members, Mr. Bellingham, Miss Villars, and Miss Dawson—"*Lowther Arcade;*" "*On Duty;*" "*A Good Name;*" "*Drunkard's Glass;*" "*Cinderella;*" "*Our New Governess;*" "*Friends at Court;*" "*Enchanted Horse;*" A ballet divertissement; "*Luck's All;*" "*Peter Jenkins;*" "*Mrs. Caudle's Lectures;*" "*Robin Hood and Richard Cœur de Lion;*" "*Sister and I;*" "*Dustman's Belle;*" "*Loan of a Wife;*" "*Hot Weather;*" "*End of June;*" "*Above and Below;*" "*Magic Horn;*" "*To Parents and Guardians;*" "*Which Mr. Smith?*" "*Mrs. Harris.*" Theatre closed November 11th, 1846, and re-opened on the 21st of December, with "*The Battle of Life*" and "*The Butterfly's Ball,*" at Christmas.—New members: —L. Murray, W. H. Oxberry, and Miss May.

The "*Battle of Life*" was a dramatised version of Mr. C. Dickens' Christmas Work of that name, who, for placing the proof sheets into the hands of Mr. A. Smith as they came from the press, received from Mr. Keeley the sum of 100*l.* This, the latter was anxious the public should understand, was purchasing the right of dramatising the so-called love story, but which right was nothing more than Mr. Keeley's being enabled to produce Mr. Smith's version five days earlier than any other theatrical manager. The work itself, as every bookseller who wore hatbands on the occasion, well knows, was a terrible failure; managers suffered also by its production on the stage; and the man who received 5,000*l.* for his *Nicholas Nickleby* stooped to receive our hero's 100*l.*; and for what?—what indeed!—what is 100*l.*? "Reputation, *Iago*, reputation!" Thousands cannot buy *that* back again when it is once gone. To secure it, a poor 100*l.* is well sacrificed. January the 23rd, 1847, the pantomime withdrawn; 25th, "*The Wigwam;*" — new member, Miss Dickenson — "*The Enchanted*

Forest;" "*Crusoe the Second;*" "*Creole.*" The literary merits of this drama are not great; it is, nevertheless, the best piece produced under the Keeley management; and in it there is ample room for the display of the effective style so peculiar to the powers of J. Wallack, or J. Rayner, of the Marylebone Theatre. "*Jenny Lind*" and "*Wanted a Hermit;*" the latter an old bagatelle with a new name; "*Wood Demon.*"

Come we now to an attempt on the part of the shareholders of the Lyceum to vantage themselves at the expense of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley's untiring industry. That the intellectual drama could expect nothing from the Keeley management is true; but tact and talent shown by our hero, in his endeavours to make the performance attractive, and put money into the shareholders' pockets, have been such as could hardly fail to be successful, and he deserves all the advantages he has gained; but the demand made for rent increases in proportion to the success of the lessees, as though bricks and mortar, and not the performance, drew spectators. The latest demand was for the next season 400*l.* more than that of the present one, terminating in June, which advance would raise the rent to 2,900*l.*, a far greater amount than that paid by Mr. Macready for Covent Garden, in the season of 1837-8. The present management have determined upon rejecting such a mean and ungentlemanly advantage.

The first of the above-named burlesques was rich, chaste, and original in its way. It turned the fortunes of a theatre hastening to ruin. The second was lively and gorgeous, in some instances picturesque; the three successors were more elaborately droll, but their general merit were above mediocrity. After "*Cinderella,*" the wit began to flag—the effort to produce fun was more apparent—the costumes and scenery exhibited signs of decay. "*Robin Hood*" was helped through its dullness by big and little girls in tunics of green. A spasmodic effort to be droll marked the brief career of the "*Magic Horn;*" the "*Enchanted Forest*" gasped and struggled in the throes of dreary humour; and in "*One o'Clock; or, the Wood Demon*" we have the flicker antecedent to total dissolution. Every thing, therefore, is prepared for the requiem of burlesque, which is to be sung by the whole of the company on the 12th of this month.

Of Mr. Keeley's professional merits little more need be said. As the personator of parts written for him, he is very entertaining; as an actor under less advantageous circumstances, we speak generally, fitting himself to characters, instead of having characters fitted to him, Mr. Keeley is not of second-rate importance. We presume the warmest of his admirers would tremble for his safety in Shakspearean assumption. He has attempted *Verges,* one of the few caricatures to be found in the writings of the immortal bard; and that attempt was not discreditable; but the part is of itself no criterion of power to execute the real conceptions of the Swan of Avon. Mr. Keeley has succeeded in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, for which he is entitled to be considered as a high class legitimate. He never was a buffoon; but what would become of him in *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, or the *Clown*, "*All's Well that Ends Well.*" In farces and drolleries (to which his efforts have unfortunately been confined) he is amusing enough, and deserves the title of an entertaining actor. In second comedy busi-

ness at Covent Garden he was fast improving, and would have acquired fame in some of the best five-act productions, if the puerile ineffectiveness of his voice and the monotony of his manner could have been forgotten. As it was, the free air, and quick versatile conception of C. J. Mathews and others, threw a glare upon Mr. Keeley's imperfections, a difficulty that whispered, "Mr. K. you are playing all your characters with the same countenance." To see him once was to see him always; he never changed face, voice, action; there it was, the same as ever: he did not, nor could not change; and the difficulty turned his endeavours to *low* comedy and Lyceum burlesque, where for three years the public have had no opportunity to judge of half his capacity. The same may be said of S. Cowell, a comedian, that for three years to come has fettered himself to the Princess's, with the worst model in London by his side.

Mr. Keeley is, we apprehend, the smallest actor on the stage, his height being but five feet two inches; his hair is, or rather was, red; his complexion florid, and his countenance handsome, though inexpressive; he has generally an appearance of lameness, occasioned by gout and rheumatism, to which all his family were peculiarly subjected; his brother Henry is still living. Mr. Keeley is a model of a straightforward, honourable, man of business; his conversational talents are of no very entertaining nature; he sings pleasingly, though his voice is totally destitute of power. There are two children, both daughters, the elder, Mary, having been upon the stage these six months, and was seen to most advantage as a young Indian huntress, in S. Brookes' burletta of the "*Wigwam*."

A meeting of the shareholders of the Lyceum, convened by Mr. Strutt, was held on Friday, May 14th, in the saloon of the theatre, for the purpose of taking steps for recovering the arrears now due on the debentures. A letter was read from Mr. Walter Arnold, the representative of the trustees of the theatre, declining to furnish any account to the shareholders, alleging that Messrs. Grissel and Peto had a mortgage on the property, which took precedence of the debenture deeds. Mr. Strutt stated that he had paid to Mr. Walter Arnold, as rent for the theatre in 1844, 2,203*l.*; in 1845, 2,307*l.*, exclusive of 400*l.* deposit; in 1846, 2,699*l.*; and up to the 13th of June, 1847, 557*l.*; making a total of 7,766*l.*, which he knew himself had been paid, and which, spread over an extent of three years, gave 2,313*l.* a year. From 1836 to 1846 there had been received, as rent of the theatre, 22,400*l.*, and as rent of the houses included in the same trust, 3,360*l.*, making a total of 26,260*l.*; giving an average rental for the theatre of 2,073*l.*, and for the houses of 357*l.*, showing a total annual average rental during the eleven years of 2,224*l* He then entered into some further details, showing a balance for the last eleven years of 300*l.* a year over the expenditure, making a sum of 3,000*l.*, notwithstanding which the debt of Messrs. Grissel and Peto had increased from 5,999*l.* to 9,237*l.* There was also 1,400*l.* arrears of ground-rent, besides a sum of 1,650*l.*, which during that period had been drawn by Mr. Walter Arnold for receiving the money belonging to them. A conversation ensued on the conclusion of Mr. Strutt's address, and eventually it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Mr. Lumley, solicitor for the Marquis of Aylesbury—

"That the debenture creditors present having received no payment whatever on account of the debentures granted by the trustees of the Lyceum Theatre, nor any satisfactory account since the grant of them in the year 1835, notwithstanding that it appears the property has been annually productive to a considerable amount during the whole of that period, an application be forthwith made to the trustees for an account, showing the annual net rents and profit since the date of the debentures, and for the production of the deed of trust and other accounts and papers necessary to ascertain the particulars of such net rents and profits."

Mr. Strutt, Mr. Warrington, and Mr. J. Powell, debenture-holders, were then appointed to make the application, examine the deed of trust, and report thereon to the meeting, which was adjourned to Friday, the 4th of June.

If books by their quality betray the moral character and complexion of the intelligent part of society, the theatre truly indicates the habits and manners of the people, seeing the support of the theatre must depend upon the majority, or vulgar, and not upon the existence of a few, however enlightened. The mirror is, indeed, thus held up to nature, not only in the sense of the poet, but also in representing the taste of the public, it is a mirror of the public mind and manners. When we shall find an audience take delight in the high and moral productions of genius, responding to the sentiments of humanity with a quiet admiration, irresponsive to the coarse buffoonery and lewdness so conspicuous in too many of our plays, then will the individual and collective greatness of a people be manifest. We there regard a theatre as a judgment hall, wherein the character and moral condition of a people are spontaneously rendered to the observations of truth; and a manager who, in spite of a popular viciousness, holds that viciousness up to public execration, in the severe morality of the drama, is one of the first of our benefactors. The theatre is the poor uneducated man's book, and, like a child, there he reads in the actual personification, the great truths of virtue, or else is sunk lower and lower into the filth and mire of grossness and vice.

Let Charles Mathews look to this if he would succeed at the Lyceum. When Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were placed in a position to raise up their art from its prostration, had, so far from making the attempt, used their whole endeavour to entangle it still farther in the meshes that enslaved it, we expressed our disappointment as strongly as it had been felt by us. What a glorious opportunity has been thrown away, in which this management might have been advantaged and the drama resuscitated. Anything like liveliness in competition between the Lyceum and the Haymarket would have attracted a greater amount of attention to the two theatres, and have been beneficial to both. But no; neither the manager nor his talented partner could have played the entire five acts of a regular comedy, and they would have nothing to say to it. So instead of emulating the Haymarket, they set their wits to rivalling the Adelphi; and as they could not engross to the class of their own individual performance the entire intellectuality of the national drama, they tumbled into buffoonery to enable themselves to compete with the minors, and have been beaten. They have not produced a "*Green Bushes*."

We understand, that on the close of the season, these parties do not contemplate undertaking another management. They have had enough of management. They intend to star it. We rejoice at the first part of this announcement; for we consider actor-managements an infliction, unless the actor is competent to the very highest class himself; and as for the last, it will not be for a long continuance.

Mr. Keeley's style is natural truth, and there is not sufficient appearance of acting in it to suit the provincial palate. Even in town there are some that do not find enough of seasoning in his quiet personations for their depraved tastes. We shall, therefore, only miss these excellent actors for a short time from the metropolis. The managerial life of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, we shall, in the meantime, endeavour to forget as completely as possible; and we shall be much assisted in the endeavour by the fact that they have not produced a new piece, or a *new* actor that will force our remembrance back to their domination. Their whole effort, from the commencement, has had self only for its object, and the Keeley dynasty at the Lyceum will have passed without leaving a single memento of its ever having had an existence.

Looking over Madame Vestris' foolish trickery of running about the provinces taking leave of her country friends, she is not the class of manager-actor to which we object. In every theatre in which she has been the director, however great the sacrifice may have been to herself, and, there is no use in mincing the matter, to her creditors; the playgoer, the actor, and the dramatic writer, have had only to applaud her doings. She has never stood in the way of rising merit, even of her own sex, at any time, and was quite ready to act an inferior part if she thought the principal could be better done by another.. Witness Brougham and Bourcicault's comedy of "*London Assurance.*"

Add to this, what we may expect from the pens of Knowles, Jerrold, &c., and the new talent from the provinces already engaged for metroplitan *debut* on the boards of the Lyceum. We understand the rent is fixed at 3,000*l*, with an understanding, which understanding leaves the affair still doubtful; and if not arranged, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews go to the Princess's.

London, May 27th, 1847. THOMAS MARSHALL.

THE CHAMBERLAIN* AND CHEAP THEATRES.

By Angus B. Reach.

Amongst the antiquated rubbish which time has not yet swept away, there exist a couple of fusty sticks—a dramatic licenser and a Lord Chamberlain.

The particular province of the former is to judge in matters of dramatic art for the whole community. He is a theatrical dictator. He knows by intuition—the intuition of office—what is good or bad for the people to hear from before the footlights. He affectionately preserves our morals; tenderly trains up the public mind as it ought to go. All plays must pass this dreadful ordeal. He vouches for the wit as pure; the patriotic speeches as purged from treasonable imaginings. We cannot judge for ourselves—we must be held up in the right course by licensing leading-strings. There is, of course, in a moral point of view, a vast difference between reading a play and seeing a play; between being made acquainted with its sentiments through our eyes, and learning them through our ears. What would be quite innocent expressed in type, is deadly immorality spoken by an actor. What is written can never, *prima facie*, harm anybody; what is declaimed must, *prima facie*, harm everybody: and therefore, for these and sundry other equally good reasons, we dispense with a censor and retain a licenser; we have kicked the one out, while we kiss the hand of the other.

It is not, however, with the licenser that we have to do at present, so much as with the Lord Chamberlain. That functionary appears to take it upon him to regulate matters before the curtain as the licenser does behind. The one prescribes what the play shall be—the other what the pay shall be. Now it is really not easy to see what the functions of a chamberlain have to do with playhouses. What may have been his original duties in the palace we know not; they possibly consisted in superintending the distribution of the bedroom candlesticks, and seeing that the hot water was duly left at all doors in the morning. But however that may have been, or however that may still be, the functionary in question now extends his cares from the palace to the city—from bedrooms to playhouses—from arranging the domestic matters of sovereigns, to undertaking the public business of managers.

A month or two ago the Lord Chamberlain summoned before his august tribunal the managers of certain minor theatres who had lowered to a small standard the prices of admission, and charged them solemnly to give an account of themselves and their mal-practices. They duly stated the reasons which had induced them to cheapen the wares in which they dealt, and up to this time we have not heard that the palace oracle has seen fit to take any further steps in the matter. We trust he will not. Let him be discreet rather than valiant; and ere he issue a sumptuary edict for boxes, pit, and gallery, let him well ponder the following simple considerations.

This is an age of cheapness, of vast diffusion of knowledge, of great facilities for locomotion at very low rates: society teems with evidences of its tendencies. Go into the bookseller's shop; you are surrounded by cheap reprints, by masses of reading carefully compiled and got up, with the view of a remunerating profit being drawn from

low prices and many buyers. See every wall covered with announcements of cheap newspapers—cheap steamboats—cheap balls—cheap trains to which you are conveyed by cheap omnibuses. We repeat the tide is setting in powerfully cheapwards. The Lord Chamberlain seems to have an objection to it. Well; let him attack all who offend. Why single out managers? Let him summons the editors of your cheap publications; let him launch his thunders at half-price newspapers, and fulminate his bulls against one-third price omnibuses. A manager deals in theatric entertainment just as an editor does in literary entertainment, or a coach proprietor in locomotion. Has not each a right to manage his own business? If he blunder, he will be speedily pulled up—his banker's book will soon convince him of the error of his ways. It needs not a court official to tell him when he sells too cheap, or to point out the sort of customers he is to prefer. We ask, then, on what principle does the Chamberlain permit the dealer in cheap books to vend his wares, when he arrogates to himself a right to check the vendor of cheap plays?

We shall, perhaps, be told of the difference between selling books to individuals of that class who can only buy them cheaply, and the act of gathering together a crowd of that class who can only come together cheaply. But the distinction applies to a cheap steamer as well as a cheap theatre. If the threepenny occupants of the gallery are likely to quarrel and breed riots, are not the threepeny passengers for'ard of the paddle-box just as likely to be offenders? Why should a man be less probably immoral standing on the deck than sitting in the front gallery row? Why should there be a less tendency to evil while gazing on the Isle of Dogs, than when listening to "*Susan Hopley.*"

But we shall be told that we are lowering the class of the audience. Well; but the low class audience has just as good a right to be amused at theatres as the high. Lord Frederick does not occupy his stall at the *ballet* by a right a whit better than that by which Dick, the coalheaver, is enabled to revel in *Jonathan Bradford.* Perhaps threepence is a great deal more to Dick than a guinea is to his lordship; in which case, if the "lowness" of an audience is to be judged by the prices comparatively to their incomes which they pay, then undoubtedly Lord Frederick belongs to the "lowest" class of the two.

At all events, it will be urged, by lowering the price of admission you lower the standard of the dramas represented. We reply—No; not necessarily. What is the case in the theatrical world of London at this moment? A glance at the play-bills of this very day on which we are writing, shows the two highest priced houses in London offering—one of them, a third-rate opera constructed out of a worn-out French melodrame—the other, an exhibition—very clever in its way, we admit—of men with blackened faces singing doggrel songs; whilst in two of the low-priced houses, the performances respectively are "*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*" and "*A King and No King.*" Now which appeals to the higher feelings—which belongs to the higer range of Art?—the performances for which the frequenter of St. James's pays his six shillings, or those which Mr. Phelps serves out to his pit customer for one. Dan Tucker at six shillings is certainly dear, considering that we have Beaumont and Fletcher for one.

APRIL 1st.—Norwich Assizes.—Bacon and others *v.* W. J. A. Abingdon. This was an action for printing and advertising for the Theatre Royal, Norwich; in which defendent attempted to prove that he had never been the actual or responsible manager of the Norwich theatre and circuit. This shameful attempt to defraud the plaintiffs and others who had given credit to his repeated assertions of the great respectability and responsibility of his management, was completely nullified by his own witnesses, and without hesitation the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 68*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*, the full amount claimed.

3rd.—DEATH.—W. L. Rede, author, actor, and sub-editor of the *Sunday Times*, aged 45, leaving a widow and one child. A memoir of this worthy man will shortly occupy our pages.

Dan Marble concluded a successful engagement at the Bowery theatre, New York.

EASTER MONDAY, 5th.—"*Jane Shore*," performed at Sadler's Wells, *Jane*, Miss F. Cooper; a natural and exquisite piece of acting.

Under Mr. Bunn's management, her Majesty's servants the beasts (miserable candidates for the knacker's yard), commence a mountebank performance at Drury Lane.

The Olympic re-opened by G. Bolton, who, on the following Saturday, very coolly informed the company that he had but *two* pounds to pay them with, meaning comedians, band, carpenters, doorkeepers, &c. &c. The theatre or *barn* in consequence closed.

A translation of Auber's "*Barcarole*" ("*Who's the Composer*" of the Haymarket), libretto, by Scribe, was produced at the Princess's.

The Misses Lebatt appeared at York in the "*Green Bushes*," and "*Don Giovanni*;" afterwards in the "*Comedy of Errors*," "*Guy Mannering*," and the "*Waterman*," taking their benefit on the 8th, and proceeded to Liverpool.

Queen's theatre, Manchester, re-opened by J. Sloan, when H. Betty commenced an engagement of twelve nights as *Hamlet*; *Laertes*, Mr. Wyndham, *Ophelia*, Mrs. H. Bickerstaff. On the close of this engagement, Mr. Betty proceeded to Blackburn.

Mr. Cowle appeared at Birmingham as *Fabian*, "*Black Doctor*," with great success. After his benefit he was succeeded by Mr. Macready.

Nottingham theatre opened by J. F. Saville, and on the 9th he opened at Derby; company very good.

Norwich, Leeds, and Plymouth theatres re-opened. C. Gill, and G. Smith (old lessee), have both an eye on the Norwich circuit. Vincent Crummels (Davenport) has it at present, and, we believe, can keep it; and Crummels, we are sorry to add, has extended the sphere of his meanness by taking the Wisbeach theatre.

Rochester theatre re-opened, and also Bradford.

Mr. Macready appeared at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, "*King of the Commons*," "*Macbeth*," "*Richelieu*," "*Othello*;" *Iago*, Mr. Couldock. Mr. Macready was re-engaged, and closed on the 16th, proceeding to Birmingham and Manchester.

Warwick theatre opened for this night only, for the benefit of J. W. Carr.

James Wallack commenced an engagement at the Park Theatre, New York, as *Don Cæsar de Bazan*.

The Seguins open the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, as an Opera House, with "*Norma*;" supported by the Seguins, Fraser, Meyer, G. Holman, and Phillips.

7th.—The "*Tempest*" was produced at Sadler's Wells, but in a mutilated state, the summoning and discharge of *Ariel* was entirely dispensed with, as was also the famous opening scene with the sailors; and Mr. Phelps, as *Prospero*, looked more like Cop the conjuror than the high-minded, noble, and forgiving Duke of Milan. The whole of Shakspeare or none, say we.

The second season at Palmo's, New York, commenced with "*Lucrezia Borgia*."

MONDAY, 12th.—Mrs. Nisbett re-appeared on the stage at the Haymarket, in her original character of *Neighbour Constance*, "*Love Chase*," with great success. We could have wished the original *Lydia* had been there too; the loss of Miss F. Cooper was a vacuum in the cast.

Mr. R. E. Graham and Mrs. Warner appeared [illegible] the Carlisle Theatre in "*Macbeth*."

14th.—G. Owen appeared at the Theatre Royal, Norwich, for six nights, as *Hamlet*, and concluded with *Romeo*, but was badly supported, H. Farren (a youth), and Miss Davenport attempting *Mercutio* and *Juliet*. Mr. Owen proceeded to the north.

15th.—H. J. Wallack took a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and set forth in his bills that Mrs. F. A. Butler would appear, previous to his making any arrangement with that lady, who, to her credit be it spoken, treated him with the contempt he so richly deserved, and left him to tell a respectable audience that Mrs. Butler could not appear through indisposition.

16th.—An assumed gentleman amateur, George Neale, *sans* intellect, insulted and disgusted a Chichester audience with his absurd attempts at acting, which circumstance utterly ruined the close of the season, which took place on the 3rd of May, after a prolonged and, unfortunately for Mr. Holmes, an unproductive opening. We are informed that the stage business, and particularly the scenery by the artist, J. G. Davies, was never surpassed by

any previous management in Chichester, which argues that Mr. Holmes at least deserves success; he has our best wishes.

MONDAY, 19th —The "*Jenny Lind*" fever commenced at the Adelphi.

Messrs. H. Widdicombe and C. Dillon open the Wolverhampton theatre, with "*Don Cæsar de Bazan*," supported by a highly respectable and good working company.

Miss H. Faucit's benefit at Edinburgh; this talented lady goes to Manchester, &c., calling at Newcastle in her way.

St. Louis theatre opened for the season.

Mr. Kemp's benefit at the Bowery Amphitheatre, New York.

On this night the Bristol stage was disgraced, and the admirers of the intellectual drama insulted, by the representation of that mass of ribaldry and trash entitled "*Jack Shepherd*," produced for the especial entertainment of a certain class of bipeds known as Albert Smith's "*Gents*," for which Bristol is, unfortunately, a thriving nursery.

22nd.—A first appearance was made at the Princess's by a young lady in the part of *Amina*, "*La Somnambula*," with some success.

23rd.—Anniversary of Shakspeare's birth and obstruction.

24th.—Benefit at the Olympic for the Printers' Society. Prince Albert gave the society 25*l*.

R. Cockrill and Moon opened the Barnsley Theatre

MONDAY, 26th.—Mrs F. A. Butler, appeared at the Princess's as *Julia*, in the "*Hunchback*."

Mr. Fox Cooper opened the Strand Theatre.

Mr. Graham and Mrs. Warner appeared at Bradford.

27th —Benefit for the destitute Irish at the St. James's Theatre.

Eleventh annual meeting of the members of the Art Union, at Drury-lane theatre, on which occasion Mr. Marshall gained the 500*l*. prize, awarded to his *Dancing Girl Reposing*, offered by the council of last year.

Benefit of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, at Nottingham.

28th.—A new farce by E L. Blanchard, called "*A Wife for an Hour*," produced at the Princess's.

Mrs. Mason concluded a successful engagement at the Park Theatre, New York. She was very successful as *Bianca*; and has been offered engagements for London, but does not intend to make the visit before the fall, when she will be accompanied by the Wallacks, father and son, and some low comedians of American celebrity.

29th --Mr. D. Groves closed the Faversham season with his benefit.

E. Forrest commenced a short engagement at the Park, New York.

30th --Mr. Bunn's action against Jenny Lind commenced.

Mr. G. Owen concluded his engagement at Gainsborough.

Baron Albert Noto, one of the most distinguished dramatists of Italy, died lately at Turin, aged 72.

The pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, who promise celebrity as vocalists, are Messrs. Gardner, Herbert, and Witherbee, Miss Ransford, Miss Holroyd, Miss Salmon, Miss Cole, Miss E. Holroyd, and one other.

We (*Theatrical Times*) have much pleasure in announcing that a young lady, Miss Ellen Mabel Graham, is about to make her *debut* as *Julia* in "*The Hunchback*." Hull and Edinburgh are, we understand, to be the towns selected for the first display of her abilities, which, if private report does not err, are described as first-rate. The profession of the actress is a noble one, and it is one of the healthy signs of the times, when, divesting themselves of the narrow-minded prejudices of sectarian influence, we find women of birth and education selecting it as a means for the attainment of fame and reputation. We shall rejoice to find Miss Graham adding another to the list of our accomplished countrywomen.

Died lately at Bebsham, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, after an illness of some weeks, borne with Christian resignation and fortitude, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, Miss Maria Gurner, late of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle; in this lady were combined great personal attractions, talent of the highest order, and an amiability of disposition which will cause her loss to be deeply deplored in the theatrical profession generally, as well as by a large circle of private friends.

Manchester, Theatre Royal, Monday, May 31st, Mr. Knowles took his benefit, giving his friends "*The School for Scandal*," and "*The Zothful Queen*." In the former appeared G. V. Brooke, Mr. Ranger, R. Roxby, Mrs. Nisbett, and Miss Jane Macnamara H. J. Wallack delivered an occasional address, and the theatre closed to the legitimate drama until October the 11th. The summer season will commence on the 7th of June, with operatic performances only, when part of the Surrey company go to *star*. Mr. Knowles discharged his old company at short notice, and for such conduct, if the company act wisely, they will discard him. Business is very bad at the Queen's Theatre, and worse may be said of the Circus. Let us hope that sterling comedian, W. P. Davidge, will now meet with a metropolitan engagement, either him or Wigan is the man for an Haymarket audience.

Locality.	1815.	1835.	1843.	1847.
Bradford Liver.	...	...	Mrs. Wild	...
Brecon .	Gladstanes	...	...	...
Bridgnorth .	...	G. Stanton	...	...
Bridgwater .	H. Lee	H. Lee	E. D. Davis	...
Bridport .	...	H. Lee	E. D. Davis (burnt)	...
Brigg .	...	Smedley	...	...
Brighton .	T. Trotter	C. Bew, and F. Vining	J. Saville and Harroway	E. Hooper
Bristol .	...	Mrs. Macready	Mrs. Macready	Mrs. Macready
Buckingham	...	H. Jackman	H. Jackman	...
Bungay .	Fisher and Scruggs	C. Fisher	C. Fisher	...
Bury St. Edmunds .	Hinds	J. Smith	G. Smith	Davenport, 1846
Buxton .	...	Thornhill	C. Bass	J. Saville, 1846
Cambridge .	Hinds	J. Smith	G. Smith	Davenport, 1846
Canterbury.	Dowton	J. Sloman	Robson	T. Dowton
Cardiff .	Gloucester and Dunn	Collier	Mrs. Macready	Mrs. Macready
Cardigan .	...	Collier	...	...
Carlisle .	...	J. H. Alexander	J. Munro	J. Daly
Carlow .	...	F. Seymour	...	...
Carmarthen	Gladstanes	...	H. Fenton	...
Cheltenham	J. B. Watson	W. A. Spencer	...	...
Chepstow .	Gloucester and Dunn	...	...	...
Chatham .	Dowton	J. Sloman	...	...
Chelmsford	...	Starmer	...	...
Chester .	Messrs. Crisp	Raymond	...	W. J. Hammond
Chesterfield	...	T. Manly	J. Clifford, 1844	J. F. Saville
Chichester .	Kelly, Maxfield, and Collins	Davenport	Closed	E. J. Holmes
Cirencester .	J. B. Watson	...	...	...
Clonmel .	...	F. Seymour	...	...
Colchester .	Hinds	J. Smith	G. Smith	...
Colne .	...	...	...	C. Lorton
Cork, Th. Roy.	F. E. Jones	W. Burroughs, and then F. Seymour	Burnt, F. Seymour at the Victoria	Dean and Seymour

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Sub. (*Pall Mall.*)—The grateful and complimental allusion to the NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY, by Madame Vestris, occurred at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

E.S.—Of the work mentioned nothing has appeared since 1812. A new edition of the same, with continuations up to the present time, by Mr. Marshall and assistants, is almost ready for the press, and will shortly be announced for publication: it will be very large.

Errata, page 88, Part V., for aged 79, read 59. Your letter to the T. T. was placed in our hands.

Edwardus.—Memoirs of all three will appear, and as you have placed them; we, however, cannot name the time, but that of Mrs. K. certainly in an early number.

A Sub. (*New Road*); *Colomba;* and *R.A.S.*—Our intentions are clear: we mean forming the first Dramatic Library in the kingdom; we are up to our work, the style is brilliant, and cogent in argument, and from the first number public attention was rivetted.

Lingo (*Sadler's Wells*),—Is requested to communicate with us again.

G.G. (*Brighton*).—Smoking discolours the teeth, destroys the tone of the stomach, causes general emaciation, and often impairs the mental faculties. It is particularly injurious to lean, hectic, and hypochondriacal persons; it creates an unnatural thirst; leads to the use of spirituous liquors; increases indolence; confirms the lazy in the habits they have acquired.

X.Y.Z.—Came safe to hand, and very acceptable. Favour us with your address.

A Foreigner.—Fanny Cerito was born in England; her husband's real name is Lyons, and is of the Jewish persuasion. Madame Favanti (Miss Edwards), is a native of London; and Madame Albertazzi, was born in the parish of St. John's, Westminster. There are several talented members of Her Majesty's Theatre, that Ireland gave birth to, Michael Balfe, and Patrick Garden, are amongst them, and Madame Montenegro is no *negro* at all. So far, and much farther, our aristocracy deserve credit for their support of native talent. Will A FOREIGNER forward a few more names for our analytical cauldron.

T.B.—Your proffered services are accepted with thanks. For the works mentioned apply to Mr. Parr, Theatrical Repository, 9, Broad Court, Bow-street. A memoir of S. F. will be given in this work: see answer to E. S.

A.R.C.—The memoir will appear in Volume II.

A Sub.—Mrs. Butler's benefit at the Marylebone Theatre will take place on Wednesday, June 2nd, on which occasion this talented lady will sustain *Agnes*, "*Avenger,*" and the *Boy*, in "*Gil Blas.*"

Melnotte.—Answered as directed, dated June 4th.

Una.—The lady known as Miss Susan Cushman, is in reality Mrs. Merriman. Her son is about eight or nine years of age.

R.S. (*Brixton*).—The life of Daniel O'Connell, M.P., price twopence, is now publishing by Mr. Appleyard, 86, Farringdon-street.

A Sub. (*Blackfriars*).—Mr. T. Marshall's Tracts on the Protestant Church, were published in 1846, by Batty, Fleet-street. We have always thought very highly of Miss Vaughan, of the Surrey; she is not only a clever actress, but a good girl. Mr. Harrison receives 40*l*. per week, and the other stars in proportion. This cannot last; we may, therefore, expect to see the Surrey ere long with closed doors.



MRS. HARTLEY, AS "*Calista.*"

"All that's bright must fade."—MOORE.

IT may probably be thought necessary, ere we proceed on our usual task, to preface the undertaking by a statement of the reasons which have induced us to take for our present subject the memoir of a lady, now denominated of the old school, and in doing so we shall set at rest the anxious inquiries of our numerous, and we believe the principal portion of subscribers, who, by a great sense of justice, are eager to know as much of the dead as of the living.

It has frequently appeared strange to us, that in the many dramatic works which have at different seasons fluttered for a time, and then

were seen no more, that in them there was never any memoir or pictorial semblance of those worthies who, in the days of Doggett, Betterton, Garrick, Barry, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Hartley, shed a lustre on the stage, and whose talents ultimately led the way for rescuing the adherents of the drama from that obloquy and persecution which, until then (by the abominable delinquency of some half dozen women, creatures who had become notorious for their gross animal depravity, and whose beastly excesses had set a cankerous and mouldering blight on the dramatic bloom of a hundred years), were too frequently heaped upon them. The virtuous and amiable examples of Mrs. Hartley, a Siddons, a West, a Smithson, a Stevens, a Tree, and an O'Neill, was scarcely sufficient to shield their honourable profession from suspicion.

"So they grew together, as if their hands, voices, and minds had been incorporate: seeming parted but yet a union in partition. *Seven* of the first, like coats in heraldry, due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

With the exception of Mrs. West the theatrical sun of that illustrious rôle has set, but the mantle of their virtues and talents has fallen on a Kean, a Faucit, a Warner, a Cooper, a Romer, a Woolgar, and a Bennett, all good names and true, and a long train hardly less illustrious, in whom we hope to accomplish the great work of regeneration, which their seven sisters had so nobly began.

"Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue: she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime."

MILTON'S COMUS.

"'Tis better to die, dear sister,
Than live one moment in shame."

FITZBALL.

Were a painter to advertise a prospectus of a Royal Gallery of Portraits, and afterwards only put forth semblances of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, Duchess of Kent, and, in short, none but those of the reigning house, we should at once denounce the work as incomplete, and accuse the artist of a design both on our purse and common sense. Of course, we should expect in a Royal Gallery to have the head of that greatest of kings, the pure and high-minded Alfred—the hero of Agincourt—the "boy king," and all the worthies that have added dignity *to* their diadems, not merely received it *from*. In like manner, a NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY should not be wholly confined to the lives and characters of living actors, when the illustrious dead are objects of the greatest interest to those who rightly contemplate the stage in its pure meaning, as a grand school of morals, and not as affording pleasure for an idle hour, without endowing both the mind and heart with the best and loftiest lessons of human wit and virtue. We ever and anon hear the name of Farren; some worthy octogenarian of this day shakes his head as he glances at the Haymarket play-bill, and utters a few words, they are—Bannister, Munden, Dowton! Our curiosity is naturally excited,

and we wish to become, as far as possible, intimate with the god of the old gentleman's idolatry. To accord such information will be our future care, and although we do not intend to make our work a catalogue of

> "Lives of *performers* that have really lived
> Deaths of good actors that have never died—"

Although we have no design to rival the *Gentleman's Magazine* in pompous mystery, always keeping our readers looking backward at the darkness of some centuries, we shall, at intervals, introduce to their notice an actor of the old school, thereby making our work a complete history of the British stage, from its earliest rise to the present time.

In the pursuance of this design, our readers must not blame us, if keeping to the nakedness of truth, we are compelled to present to them, what by the discontented might be termed a meagre account—a mere skeleton of a biography. Many of the old school actors have passed away, leaving scarcely anything but their names: if, using all possible industry, we possess ourselves of the little recorded of them, frequently in remote and difficult places, we trust our readers will estimate us by our intentions, and pardon us if, in telling the truth, we tell but little.

After some labour we have gained the following intelligence of Mrs. Hartley: much more than was ever yet in print, in consequence of a strange aversion which that lady ever manifested to give the least intelligence respecting her dramatic career or her private history.

Mrs. Hartley was born in the year 1751, in one of the northern counties: her friends were of the most reputable character and condition, but whether related to the Hartleys of Chorlton and Strangeways, we are unable to decide; however, we have reasons to believe that the famous Dr. David Hartley, who died at Bath in 1757, was connected with our heroine's family. Like most children of theatric genius she evinced, at a very early period, a desire for the stage, and, whether with the concurrence of her relatives, or not, does not appear, —she entered the profession, and played through the whole northern circuit; the greatest applause attending her endeavours, which were ever displayed in the first line of tragedy. She afterwards played in several of the western towns, and subsequently appeared in Edinburgh, where her success was most decided. She afterwards came to London, where she received the greatest attention from Garrick. She was a great favourite in the parts of *Jane Shore*, *Lady Jane Grey*, and such characters as required an interesting person, and pleasing delivery, without demanding any very considerable power of voice, or energy of action. Thomas Davies, who died in 1785, makes the following remarks on her in his account of the "*Belle's Stratagem,*" in which excellent comedy Mrs. Hartley was the original *Lady Touchwood.*

"The most severe satirist who bestows one look on Mrs. Hartley, must be instantly disarmed, and turn all his censure into panegyric. The calm and lovely innocence of *Lady Touchwood*, could by nobody be so happily represented as by this actress, who is celebrated

for her artless exhibition of the unhappy *Shore*, and the beautiful *Elfrida*."

The charms of our heroine were, in her day, besonnetted as much as were the attractions of the exquisite Miss Sally Booth, or Miss A. M. Tree (now the widow Bradshaw). At our heroine's *Jane Shore*, "the small wits" nibbed their pens, and epigrams, sonnets, and poetic laudations of all kinds fluttered in every *cafe* and club; indeed, she was always mentioned as the beautiful Mrs. Hartley.

The November number of the *Town and Country Magazine*, 1772, thus notices the London *debut* of our heroine:—

"On the 5th of this month Mrs. Hartley was brought out at Covent Garden, in the character of *Jane Shore*. This is another female candidate for dramatic fame, and she is deserving of much praise; her figure is elegant, her countenance pleasing and expressive; her voice in general melodious, and her action just. This lady promises to be a very shining ornament to the stage, and will probably fill most of Mrs. Yates' parts, if she is not engaged. Though this is her first appearance in a London theatre, she is not unacquainted with the stage, having performed at Edinburgh and Bristol."

Again, from the same print for December, in the same year:—

"Shakspeare's "*Henry VIII.*" has been revived at Covent Garden, in which is introduced the coronation procession, and a christening scene. The part of *Queen Catherine* was, on this occasion, performed by Mrs. Hartley, but in this part she did not display near so much merit as in *Jane Shore*; she frequently sunk into a whining mouthing, which from the length of some of the speeches, became very disagreeable."

Another specimen of criticism in Garrick's days:—

"On the 21st of December, the dramatic poem of '*Elfrida*,' written by Mr. Mason, was performed at Covent Garden Theatre. From the want of incident and variety of character, it is languid upon the stage, though the sentiments are noble and the diction chaste." [The critic then proceeds to the actors.] "Mr. Smith, in *Athelwold*, maintained his part with great propriety and fine acting." [How the critic can jumble great propriety with fine acting, we know not.] "We are sorry to be compelled to say, that Mrs. Hartley, though a very fine woman, and therefore well chosen for the part of *Elfrida*, was, in the first two acts, scarcely bearable, from that sameness of tone, which we could not approve of in her *Queen Catherine*. She, however, recovered herself in the latter part, and her attitudes were fine in the last scene."

What an intelligent climax! Here the writer criticises the arms, and not the mental powers of the actress. We, however, are induced to put the greater faith in the eulogium of Davies, than in the milk-and-water criticism quoted above; which, despite of its weakness, we felt compelled to extract, in order to show the power which the personal charms of our heroine could exert over writers who were either too stupid or too gross to be touched by the exquisite delicacy and chastity of her acting. A similar compliment may be paid to writers of the present day, who laud the vapid attempts of Miss L.

Addison, at Sadler's Wells, while the original powers and fine mental conception of Mrs. T. H. Lacy is passed over in silence.

Mrs. Hartley maintained her position on the London boards for many years, and during Sir Henry Bate Dudley's wild career was the subject of coffee-house eulogies, and box-lobby quarrels, among the grandfathers, and even great-grandfathers of the present generation of play-goers.

Her extreme beauty, and the truth and nature of her acting, attracted universal admiration, and caused her to rank the highest, as a female, to be admired and imitated in her arduous profession, previous to the appearance of Mrs. Siddons. After continuing a very successful career, she retired from the stage, and took up her permanent abode at the no very enchanting town—but famous for the manufacture of shot and shell—Woolwich; at which place she died on Sunday, February 1st, 1824, aged 73, a day and year marked by the birth of one who promises to rival our heroine both in her private qualities and in her professional abilities.

"As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow; so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born."

ECCLESIASTICUS.

Mrs. Hartley, Mrs. Mattocks, and Charles Quick were the only three that remained of the old school, and, as may be expected, these excellent artists did not long survive our heroine. She was a very favourite subject of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, and appears as the beautiful female in a number of his most celebrated pictures. Three in particular are professed portraits of her, called,

Mrs. Hartley, as *Jane Shore*,
Mrs. Hartley, as *Calista*, and
Mrs. Hartley, as a *Bacchante*.

A fine study from the first was sold in 1823, at the celebrated sale of the Marchioness of Thomond's pictures, at Christie's. From the prudent husbandry of her affairs, during her public services, which procured her a handsome independence, Mrs. Hartley was not only enabled to live in the retirement of a lady, but at her death a considerable sum reverted to her heirs.

We have already alluded to the extreme reluctance which she always manifested at giving any intelligence, either professional or private, respecting her "life's history." From this circumstance, it may hastily be concluded that there were incidents connected with either the birth or the subsequent adventures of our heroine, which, if disclosed, might, in some degree, have spotted the lustre of her good name in the eye of the superficial or unthinking; such, however, was not the fact. Her aversion to such exposure arose from a too exquisite and mistaken sense of delicacy and reserve, as she rather preferred to keep the "tenor of her way" as quietly and as unobservedly as the age and the nature of her profession would admit.

"No truant fancy ruled her precious hours,
Nor check'd the bias of her lofty mind,
Reason alone controlled her mental powers,
And made her talents useful to mankind."

We know there are some actresses of the present day who object to sitting for their portraits, and also to furnish materials for their memoirs, although, as members of a profession in the interests of which the wisest and best of mankind, aye, churchmen and women too, have, at different periods, stirred themselves, they ought not, from a point of principle, refuse that condescension which courtesy and the public demand of them. However, as regards ourselves, our cabinet of MS. memoir proves that we have not the slightest room for complaint, and argues greatly against the non-respectability of the prying and rejected applicants who in such cases have for their dastardly intentions been spurned and contemned.

It is not even known who was the husband of our heroine; although this circumstance may itself prove that he was no very uncommon individual. It is probable that he was connected with the church, and that a near relationship existed between him and the before-mentioned physician and philosopher, whose son, also David, was the first mover in the House of Commons for the abolition of the slave trade, and died December 19th, 1813.

We have extracted a few comments on the style of Mrs. Hartley's acting from a work which, though doubtless fashionable enough in its day, appears to us miserably deficient in either excellence of thought or expression. We will now add the opinion of *the old gentleman*, a living witness of Mrs. Hartley's acting. It is from a source, upon the correctness and principle of which we can most firmly rely.

"Mrs. Hartley was, in every sense of the word, an interesting actress. Perhaps the reason why she was not—although it was scarcely possible—more estimated in her day, was, because she was surrounded by first-rate talent. In those days, one or two actors did not pay a visit of a few weeks to a patent theatre, and then away again to York, or Edinburgh. Then there were no casual, but always *fixed* stars, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Barry, &c., consequently, every little twinkler, when left to itself, was not, as now, magnified by large letter distinctions into a first-rate planet. To this, Mrs. Hartley may, in a great measure, have owed the mediocrity of her fame, as given to her acting. She was, however, a most tender and touching actress; there was no one like her who could so eloquently, or so deeply, express the modest yearnings of the virgin heart: she was the Miss A. M. Tree,* and Miss F. Cooper† of tragedy‡—glowing, fervent, passionate, and yet restrained by so exquisite a sense of delicacy, that it seemed impossible to believe the least 'impure thought' could, even for an instant, despite of *Iago's* assertion, inhabit so fair a temple. Her complexion was beautifully fair, her hair was auburn, and her eyes more like those of doves than any I remember to have seen."

We trust our readers will be satisfied with our exertions in the present case. We have not only ransacked old volumes—absolutely half-smothered ourselves in the dust of long-buried tomes—for data

* Now the widow Bradshaw. † Mrs. T. H. Lacy.

‡ We are happy to find our ancient friend is not so great a stickler for the "old school," as to deny talent and attraction to the modern.—Ed.

and incidents, but we have beguiled an elderly friend, whom we are convinced had given up goose-quills for many years, once more to tempt the dangers of pen and ink, and draw, with an almost withered hand, the likeness of one who had delighted the eyes and feelings of his youth.

A true lover of the arts will not refuse a beautiful statue, if time or accident have bereft it of one of its limbs; neither, we trust, will the admirers of dramatic biography, reject a sketch of a once delightful and celebrated actress, if it do not put forth where her banns of marriage were published, or who was her milliner.

ELLAR, THE HARLEQUIN.

A SHORT autobiographical sketch of Ellar, written in a letter to a friend, to which is added his correspondence with Charles Dickens, Drinkwater Meadows, &c.

"DEAR SIR—When speaking of ourselves, perhaps the less we say the better; and as I have hitherto been paid for keeping my tongue still, perhaps 'twould be as well if 'twere still so to remain; but as you ask me to give some little sketch of myself, 'so shall it be.' My life, like the garb I wear, has been a chequered one, although, like many others in the world, I have found the benefit of wearing two faces under one hat; one was jet black, which I wore for reasons well known to the world. 'I was paid for it.' I still carry on the same kind of deception, with pleasure to myself, and glory in it still; 'but it's the way of the world.'

"I have seen some very gay and pleasing scenes, but how the rest may turn out remains to be proved. The last scene of a pantomime is in general very splendid, but not so that of a pantomimist. They have very little more than a workhouse in view, for although there is a Theatrical Fund established for the support of decayed actors, pantomime actors are denied the benefit of it for this reason—they are liable to accident, and stand more in need of its assistance. This was my answer on a former application, and this they call brotherly love I became acquainted with Signor Belzoni (afterwards the *great* African traveller), then styled the French Hercules, at the Royalty Theatre, Wellclose-square, in 1808; his salary 2*l*. per week; it closed after the second week. September, in the same year, I saw him performing in Bartholomew Fair. In 1809, we were jointly engaged in the production of a pantomime at the Crow-street Theatre, Dublin—he, as an artist to superintend the last scene, a sort of hydraulic temple, which, owing to what is very frequently the case, being over-anxious, failed, and nearly inundated the orchestra. Fiddlers generally follow their leader. Tom Cooke, now leader of Drury Lane, was the man, and out they went, leaving myself, Coll, &c., &c., to finish the pantomime, in the midst of a splendid shower of fire and water. The columbine was a lady of

great beauty, and is now the wife of the celebrated Thomas Moore, the great poet of the present day.

"I commenced my career at Covent Garden Theatre, in the year 1813, in a pantomime called the 'Swans; or, the Bath of Beauty.'

"Yours, very truly,
"THOMAS ELLAR."

Poor Tom Ellar! Few who delighted in his antics on the stage had any idea of the miserable privations he endured during many months before he sunk into the grave. He was the last but one of the FIVE pantomimic wonders—

JOHN BOLOGNA, JAMES BARNES,
MRS. PARKER,
JOSEPH GRIMALDI, THOMAS ELLAR,

who had imparted to the bustling scene an importance it had never known before, and probably may never know again.

One of the last times I saw Ellar was near his own residence in Hercules-buildings. His features, always pale, from the effects of poison administered to him in early life by the wicked hand of a jealous woman, were now absolutely livid, and he walked with a staggering, shuffling gait, as if every sinew in his frame had been slackened by debility. He saw, but tried to avoid me; however, I guessed his motive, and prevented this; consequently, Ellar and I shook hands as usual.

"Well, and how is fortune using you?" I asked, after the customary "How do you do" on both sides.

"Wretchedly, sir," (he had a deferentive mode of speaking, even to his intimates). "That pot-boy is better off than I," said he, pointing to a publican's lad then passing.

Expressing my surprise as well as sorrow, I added, "But how is it that a man of your abilities is out of an engagement?"

"They seem to think my dancing days are over," he answered. "I have tried, sir, at every theatre, from Covent Garden to the Pavilion, but they all shake their heads. I was even discharged from the Standard (a place in Shoreditch, then half beer-shop, half show), because I raised from the stage a few halfpence, which were thrown to me from the gallery after I had danced one night."

Halfpence thrown to Ellar the Harlequin!

"Gracious Heaven, Ellar, you are surely joking." Reader, I was not then so well acquainted with the profession as I am now, in 1847.

Ellar shook his head, his lips quivered and winced under some mental struggle, and I perceived a solitary tear trickle down his livid cheek. At length he smiled—as misery only smiles—and said, "A few halfpence, now-a-days, sir, is a God-send to me."

More shocked than ever, I asked him "Why he did not apply for relief to the Covent Garden or Drury Lane theatrical funds." He told me, what I found was true—a truth that reflects disgrace on all who had a hand in the framing of their laws—"That the funds afforded no relief to pantomimists."

"We may risk our necks night after night," he added, "to draw

the only good houses of the season. We may wear ourselves out, and sink into an early old age, and yet there is no relief for us—though we of all others mostly require it."

Who would subscribe to such funds while a better one exists?

I asked him, "How in Heaven's name do you manage to live?"

"*By going into the squares of an evening, sir, and playing on my guitar!*"

I relate the answer without comment upon the manner. A Smollett might have given one of his graphic hints, and left the filling up of the picture to the imagination of the reader; or a Sterne could have minutely traced every shade of expression, mental and bodily, a picture of deep anguish it was so worthy of their pens.

"So you see, sir, I have nothing now to do but to hide my head in the grave," continued Ellar.

In less than a quarter of an hour afterwards I had him in my own parlour, with a chop and reeking teapot before him. His spirits somewhat revived, he soon became full of anecdote and whim. I could not help remarking that his head was a perfect store-house of theatrical incident; and, struck by their originality and interest, I said, "Might it not be worth while to publish your reminiscences, Ellar?"

"Well, sir," he answered, "the same thing has struck me. Just look at this and tell me what you think of it?"

So saying he handed me a scrap of printed paper, on which I read as follows:—

ANECDOTE OF ELLAR, THE HARLEQUIN.—BY BOZ.

During the Christmas pantomime of "*Baron Munchausen*," produced in 1817 at Covent Garden, a fellow engaged as a carpenter, and whose business it likewise was to assist in holding a carpet, in which the pantomime characters are caught when they jump through the scenes, went to Ellar, who was the harlequin, and holding up the carpet, said that it was very dry—thereby intimating, in the cant phrase, that he required something to drink. Ellar, from some cause or other, either because he had already fee'd the men liberally, or was engaged at the moment in conversation, returned some slight answer, unaccompanied by the required gratuity, and the fellow went away grumbling. On the following evening, Ellar was informed that the man had been heard to talk about being revenged upon him. He only laughed at the threat, however, and all went on as usual until the third night afterwards; when, as he and Grimaldi were on the stage together, in the scene where he used to jump through the "moon," and after the former had given the cue for him to take the leap, he was surprised to observe that he hesitated, and still more so, when drawing close to him, he said, in a whisper, "I am afraid they don't mean to catch me. I have knocked three times again at the scene, and asked if they were ready; but nobody has said a word in reply."

"It's impossible," whispered Grimaldi; "I don't believe there is a man in the theatre who would dream of such a thing. Jump, man, jump."

Ellar still paused; and Grimaldi, fancying that symptoms of impatience were beginning to appear among the audience, told him so,

and again urged him not to stop the business of the scene, but jump at once.

"Well, well," cried Ellar, "here goes—but heaven knows how it will end!" And, in a complete state of uncertainty whether any men were there to catch him, or he was left to break his neck, he went through the scene. His fears were not without good ground; for the fellows, whose business it was, to hold the carpet, were holding it, as they well knew, in a position where he could never reach it, and down he fell. Suspecting his danger, while in the very act of going through the panel, he endeavoured to save his head by sacrificing a hand. In this he fortunately succeeded, as he sustained no other injury than breaking the hand upon which he fell. The accident occasioned great pain and inconvenience, but he insisted on going through the part, and the audience were quite ignorant of the occurrence.

The circumstance was not long in reaching the ears of Mr Harris and Mr. Fawcett who were made acquainted, not only with Ellar's accident, but with the man's threat, and the occasion which had given rise to it. Fawcett immediately caused all the carpenters to assemble on the stage, and told them that if Mr. Ellar would undertake to say he believed the accident had been brought about wilfully, they should every one be discharged on the spot. Ellar being sent for, and informed that this was the proprietor's deliberate intention, replied, without hesitation, that he could not believe that it was intentional, and whispered to Grimaldi, as he left the house, that the fellow had got a wife and half-a-dozen children dependant upon him.—"*From the Life of Grimaldi*."—Edited by Boz.

"Boz has done you honour," said I, after finishing the perusal. "I wish he would write your life for you, and present you with the profits."

"I wish," said Ellar, "he would only do as he has done in the case of Grimaldi: let another person do the drudgery, and *he* put his name as editor to make it sell."

"The very thing," I answered; "I know a clever fellow who will take down your reminiscences from your own mouth, and put them into shape, without charging you a penny. Shall I speak to him for you?"

"I should be much obliged. But we had better write to Boz first; and if I could get your friend to put together such a letter as would prove that he *was* a clever fellow, Mr. Dickens might feel safe in giving his consent."

"Well," said I, "at all events he shall write, and you shall copy the letter. Boz is a feeling man, and will require little inducement to do an act of charity that will cost him nothing—especially as he has just done the same for another pantomime hero. In fact, your life will form a necessary sort of companion to that of Grimaldi."

I communicated with the friend to whom I had alluded. He cheerfully complied, and the following letter was dispatched to the residence of Boz, the inimitable delineator of *Pickwick*.

"56, *Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, Sept.* 1, 1839.

"SIR—It is the high privilege of genius to have power to influence the fate of others, and with a breath, to effect that service which the less gifted can only perform by large inroads upon the purse. To you, therefore, who hold the most prominent portion in the literary world, and whose name can even force fate to smile upon the unfortunate, I venture to address myself, in the confidence, that one who so triumphantly advocates in his writings the exercise of kindly feelings, will not be unwilling to prove that the preceptor loves the practice of his own doctrines. The name of Ellar, the Harlequin, is, I trust, not unknown to you. I am the last of the three pantomimists who, at one time, occupied not an obscure niche in the temple of fame. Grimaldi is dead—Barnes died just as the tardy hand of charity was opened to him, and before he could taste the cup which was too late to save him; whilst I (now that my dancing days are over), am left in loneliness and old age to contemplate a similar doom. I am past the abilty of pursuing my profession—the theatrical fund allows no provision for the pantomimist, and I find myself in the midst of a world which I have so long contributed to amuse, without a resource to ward off the approach of want. In this necessity, I have thought that an autobiography of myself, enlivened with the vast funds of original anecdote which I possess of every star in the theatrical profession, would, under your auspices as the nominal editor, contribute to avert the stern destiny with which I am threatened. You have performed the same act, in editing the memoirs of Grimaldi, to rescue the *dead* from oblivion; may I then hope that you will not withhold its repetition, when it is to preserve the *living* from destitution. The lustre of your name will have power to brighten my last days, and render the close of a laborious life a happy one. Compliance might dim one particle of your brilliance, but your heart would regain the lost spark in warmth and self-approval.

"I need hardly add that whatever portion you may claim in the property of the work will be awarded by me, and that in granting my request, you will secure the lasting gratitude of, sir,

"Your humble servant,

"THOMAS ELLAR.

"To Charles Dickens, Esq."

Ellar listened with delight to the letter.

"You have said all I thought and felt," observed he to my friend, "and it is just what I could have wished; I feel a hundred pounds already in my pocket."

Several days and even weeks elapsed, but no answer came from Boz. I was obliged to leave town for a short time, but took the earliest opportunity of calling upon poor Ellar on my return. I saw at once by his look, that he had not heard from Dickens yet, for his glance seemed to inquire, in a sort of forlorn hope, whether I had been more successful.

I asked him how he had been going on, and he told me worse and worse! It seems that at that time the police had taken it into their heads to commence a crusade against all street musicians, and had

more than once threatened to lock Ellar up if he made his appearance again.

"I did no harm, either," said he, as he gave me the account, "for I always took care to go where there was the least chance of collecting a crowd, and only played under those windows where the gentlemen were in the habit of giving me a trifle now and then."

"And how have you been able to subsist since then?" I asked.

"Miserably enough, sir. I now go of an evening to a public house in Shadwell, where I pick up a few halfpence by giving them a song or a dance, or a tune on my guitar—just as they may call for. But they are a low set, and often think they do quite enough if they ask me to take a drop of beer or gin for my pains. When they get drunk, too, they sometimes use me very roughly; and only last night, a coal-heaver knocked me down with a blow between my shoulder-blades."

"Knocked you down!"

"Yes, sir. He meant it for a piece of rough fun. He was saying I was d——d clever, and slapped me on the back. But I'm so weak that I can't stand under anything now. It has made me so ill that I shan't be able to go out for two or three days at least."

And this happened to one who had been a favourite at the principal metropolitan theatres. Christmas is proverbially the harvest-time of managers; and those who play the harlequin and clown are frequently more attractive than many eminent tragedians in *Othello* and *Iago*. For season succeeding season had the agile movements of Ellar, and the glitter of his spangled jacket, delighted parents as well as children. He had contributed to make the Christmas holidays profitable to his managers and joyous to the public. How changed the scene! He was compelled to exhibit his waning abilities within the walls of a low pot-house; the only spangles he could now display were the tears which spangled his eye as he spoke; and he, who had been the admiration of thousands, was now left and exposed to the brutal jokes of a drunken coal-heaver.

"This cannot be intended to last," I exclaimed, shaking the poor fellow by the hand; "depend upon it, you will soon hear from Dickens. With a bare word, he can entirely alter the complexion of your fortunes, and as he is considered the chief Apostle in the cause of humanity, he will rejoice in the opportunity of saying, through the magic of his name, '*the world has cast you off in your decline: now then, rise above the world!*'"

In the course of a few days afterwards I again called upon Ellar, and finding that he was still without an answer to his letter I thought it would be judicious, on my part, to prepare him for a refusal on the part of Boz. This was, however, difficult.

"Do you think," said Ellar, "that the letter we sent, was too well written? Is Dickens a man likely to be *jealous* or *apprehensive* of the abilities of another?"

I laughed at the idea.

"Well then," said Ellar, "he can have no earthly objection to compliance."

"He may have reasons for refusal which we know nothing about," said I.

"None which would not have operated when asked to patronise the biography of Grimaldi," replied Ellar.

"He may think," said I, "that the attempt may be too hazardous, or that the work may prove unprofitable."

Ellar was evidently annoyed at these attempts, on my part, to damp his hopes.

"In the first place," said he, rather warmly, "a man so successful as Boz, has less reason than any other man to fear a disappointment. Besides, he *knows* his name would sell anything; so he can't have a fear."

"You don't leave me a leg to stand upon," said I.——"Well, at all events, if he *should* refuse, he will be sure to send you a five pound note."

"But that's not the object," said Ellar. "When the money was gone I should be as badly off as ever, and my aim is to purchase a little annuity for my old age. This is the only chance I have in the world against a life of beggary. My fate is laid out for me, and Boz can change it—but only by doing what I ask."

How I envied DICKENS, as Ellar spoke! I thought of the beautiful lines which occur in one of Scott's poems, and could not help repeating aloud:—

"Yes, Boz will drink, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of POWER,—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Misery, and rejoice!'

I had scarcely spoken before the postman's knock startled both Ellar and myself. "I'll wager a thousand pounds it's a letter from Boz," cried the former, springing to the door.

"Mr. Thomas Ellar, Hercules-buildings, Lambeth?" said the postman, delivering the following letter, which we tore open and read with the most feverish anxiety.

We should premise that the letter bears the Ramsgate post-mark. It ran as follows:—

"*Broadstairs, Friday, September* 27, 1839.

"SIR—It is with very great pain and reluctance that I feel obliged to tell you I cannot accede to your request. Many considerations, most of them obvious ones, and all too grave and weighty to be disregarded, render it quite impossible.

"To dissuade you from any further thought of publishing your memoirs as a means of relief and support, would, I fear, be very difficult. Still I cannot refrain from telling you most strongly that I do not think you are likely to gain anything by such a proceeding but disappointment and vexation.

"I should have replied to your letter before, but I have been out of town—here and elsewhere—for some time; and being busily engaged besides, I did not receive it in regular course.

"I assure you that I feel for your situation, and am extremely sorry that I cannot assist you in the mode you have pointed out.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"To Mr. Thomas Ellar."

Having read the letter aloud, I had no opportunity of watching the impression it made upon Ellar, who looked over while I did so; but on coming to the conclusion, I naturally turned my eyes towards my friend and never, *never*, shall I forget the expression of his countenance. It seemed as if his flesh had suddenly withered and his shrunken skin been tightly drawn over the bare skull. His jaw fell, a convulsive twitch drew his mouth aside, and his eyes literally protruded beyond the sockets; I question if ever wretch on the rack looked more ghastly.

He continued in a species of torpor for some moments, and then took the letter from my hands. After turning it over two or three times, he fixed his eye intently upon it, and I should have supposed him engaged in a re-perusal of its contents, but that he held the letter upside down. The blow had completely stupefied him.

My own feelings on this occasion were so excited, that I literally had not the presence of mind left to offer comfort; I therefore stood awaiting for Ellar to break silence. After some moments had elapsed, he returned the letter into my hand, and said, "Read it again, will you, sir?"

I complied, and again there was a pause. At length he said, in the most heart-broken tones I ever heard, "Do you think Dickens *really* wrote this?"

"I have no doubt of it," said I; "I know his handwriting."

"But may it not be some trick? Do you think it possible that the man who writes all those charitable sentiments in *Pickwick* could possibly do anything that was cold-blooded or heartless?"

"My dear sir," said I, "you must no more judge of an author's real sentiments by what he writes than you must of an actor's moral worth by the characters he represents."

"Well," returned Ellar, "I always thought differently till now. But never mind; keep the letter, and when I am dead, print it, to show the world that Tom Ellar did at least try to avoid eating the bread of charity. The only harm I wish Boz is, that when he is as near his grave as I am near mine, some one may place this letter into his hands."

Ellar was now so evidently in a despairing state of mind that I felt it a duty to try and impress upon him that all men were not alike insensible to the voice of charity.

"I know otherwise," said he; "the whole world is going against me. Were I to apply for admission to a workhouse, I know I should be refused, and my fate will be to die on a dunghill."

It is unnecessary to repeat the arguments I employed to counterbalance these impressions; suffice it that I succeeded in tranquillising him, and moreover, in persuading him to make a written application for relief to the committee of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, and in three or four days, at most, he received an answer from the secretary (the worthy Mr. Drinkwater Meadows), which ran as follows:—

"*T. R. C. G., October* ?, 1839.

"FRIEND ELLAR,—The moment I received your letter I lost no time in laying it before the members. The committee, as well as myself, regret exceedingly the distress into which you have fallen, and

still more the existence of a rule which excludes all pantomimists from the benefits of an annuity. There is, however, a bye-law which enables us to award casual relief at discretion, to any branch of the profession, and it is with the greatest pleasure I inform you by desire of the committee, that a sum of five pounds has been set apart for your benefit. You had better call upon me and let me know how you would like to receive it. I think you had better take it at ten shillings a week, which will provide you with the necessaries of life for three months to come. Should this arrangement meet your views, let me know.

"Sincerely hoping that you will soon be enabled to resume your professional duties, I remain,

"My dear Ellar, your sincere friend,

"DRINKWATER MEADOWS.

"To Mr. T. Ellar."

"It is true!" cried Ellar, as he folded up the letter, with tears of joy in his eyes, "the actors *are* the warmest hearted people under the sun."

The relief thus generously afforded proved most beneficial, and it will gratify the reader to learn that poor Ellar had no future occasion for seeking a livelihood by playing in the streets. He gave lessons in dancing, and was occasionally engaged to go through harlequin at the different licensed public-houses, &c. He was once taken to the police office in his harlequin's dress for dancing at an unlicensed theatre, but the worthy magistrate, in consideration of his name, dismissed him.

In the winter of 1842 Ellar was, at the recommendation of Mr. M. Corri, the musical composer, engaged to play Harlequin at the Adelphi Theatre, by Mr. Gladston and Mrs. Yates. This lit the decline of his days with prosperity: but his heart was broken, and in a few months afterwards he expired. May those who might have renewed his spirit, and enabled him to live on in comfort, never know what it is to lose the power to keep up the tide of popularity and wealth, or sink into that indigence of which improvidence is the sure forerunner.

"Whoever wipes another's tear, lifts another's head, binds another's heart, performs religion's most beautiful rite, most decent and handsome ceremony."

FAWCETT.

London, June 25th, 1847. THOMAS MARSHALL.

THEATRE ROYAL, BATH.

Farewell Benefit of Mr. S. Buckingham (late of this Theatre, and of the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells), previous to his final retirement (in consequence of declining health) from the Stage.

N.B. Mr. S. B. takes the present opportunity to return his sincere thanks, for the patronage he has hitherto received from the Dramatic Patrons of Bath, and begs respectfully to hope that a continuance of favour will be extended to this, his last appearance.

Mrs. Barnett (late of this Theatre), having kindly given her valuable aid, will appear for this night only.

On Thursday, May 6, 1847,

Will be produced (first time here) an entirely original and deeply interesting Romance of Private Life, by EGERTON WILKS, Esq., entitled

CONDUCT IS FATE;

OR, WOMAN'S LOVE!

Mr. Percie Scaresbrook . . . . . . *Mr. S. Buckingham.*
Kate Wynsley . . . . *Miss Macready.*

(By Desire) Mr. S. Buckingham will Dance

THE DRAWING ROOM POLKA!

As danced by him in London, in which he will be assisted by Miss Frankland.

To be followed by a new Eccentric Entertainment, called

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHER!

In which Mrs. Barnett will sustain Four Characters.

In the course of the Evening Mr. S. Buckingham will deliver a

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

Written expressly for this occasion.

After which the popular Interlude

THE ETON BOY!

In which Mr. S. Buckingham will Dance the MOCK CACHUCHA, and give his admired Imitation of Madame Taglioni! also an ORIGINAL GALLOP with Mr. H. Angel.

To conclude with a Drama of powerful interest, by the late J. T. Haynes, Esq., viz.,

THE IDIOT WITNESS!

Gilbert (the Idiot Witness) . . . *Mr. S. Buckingham.*

Subscriptions received for Mr. Buckingham.

Mrs. Lazenby	£0 10 0
Mr. Sherwood	0 12 0
B. Astley, Esq.	3 0 0
Mr. Herring	0 5 0
Miss Ross	0 13 0
H. Rich, Esq.	1 0 0
Utility	0 1 0
	£6 1 0

The Editor begs to inform Mr. Buckingham's professional brethren and the public in general, that the subscription book will remain open until the completion of the first volume of the NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY, and takes this opportunity, in the name of Mr. Buckingham, to return his most heartfelt and sincere thanks for the above very liberal donations.

T. MARSHALL, 86, Farringdon-street.

ROYAL NEGLECT OF ENGLISH ART.

"Witches can blight our corn by magic spell,
And with enchantment dry the springing well."

Were our theatres all closed, our actors perishing in the open street, and their children death-stricken from want, we should not have been greatly astonished, perceiving—as all must do—the undisguised neglect and contempt with which the dramatic art of this country has been treated by the sovereign, who sets the example of patronising every description of entertainment, except those of English growth. Night after night she may be seen at either of the Italian Operas—one not being sufficient to overshadow native talent—or at the French house; but no one can tell the time when she has been within the walls of an English theatre. In private and in state, she has bestowed upon those exotic establishments the benefit of her countenance and her support—individually, a matter, perhaps, of no very weighty consideration, but, as setting a fashion, and drawing the public to these places of amusement, most injurious to English theatres, and discouraging to the advancement of arts and literature amongst the people she has been called upon to govern. It may be urged that the Queen should be a free agent in selecting those amusements which best suit her taste; but the implied as well as the enjoined duties of her exalted position require from her a constant and solicitous care for the preservation of the national characters, as well as for the protection of the national honour. It is on the stage that the language that Shakspeare wrote and Chatham spoke should be preserved in its purity and elegance—it is in the theatre that the manners of the age should be refined by the best examples—actors we should have that could

"With delight join profit, and endeavour
To build our minds up fair, and, on the stage
Decipher to the life what honours wait
On good and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads upon the heels of vice."

But how can these great and noble ends of the drama be attained while the influence and example of the Queen tend, as they do, in a contrary direction. If her Majesty conscientiously condemned the stage—though we might not coincide with her in opinion, we should feel bound to respect her scruples; but when we perceive how constantly she visits the French theatre, we cannot believe that the morality of the stage has anything to do with her objection to the English drama. What, then, can be the reason? Is it the gradual decay of our best actors, and the decadence amongst us of dramatic taste? These are the results, and not the causes, of the neglect of which we complain. What father would *now* wish to see his son adopt the stage as a profession? Better he should take up the "honest employment" of a tailor; in the latter vocation he might stand a chance of becoming one day a respectable member of society; in the former he could only look forward to a life of ill-rewarded toil

and ceaseless anxiety. What man of genius or talent will in future devote his pen to the drama, when he can acquire far higher rewards, both as to fame and profit, in any other department of literature? The drama, then, must sink, unless the current which has been running in favour of foreign art turns into its old national channel. We must not, however, look for any distinguished personage to set this wholesome example. The movement must commence with the intelligent middle classes—with the educated people of England—who can still admire the strength, the beauty, and variety of our best dramatists—and who will stand together in support of our native artists, in opposition to those swarms of foreign speculators who practise upon John Bull's gullibility.

MELANCHOLY FATE OF A STROLLING PLAYER AND HIS SON.—In the year 1837, when autumn was fading into winter, and, in the words of the Scottish song—

"When the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'ing,"

a poor strolling player, his wife, and two children—a fine boy and a girl—arrived at Lairg, in the county of Sutherland. The inhabitants are literally "few and far between," separated on all sides by rugged mountains, which impart a feeling of utter solitude and seclusion to the scene. A cluster of cottages, however, lie about the manse, on the south side of Loch Shine, and there are huts scattered among the hills, which, though they at first elude observation, are rife with inmates. The player resolved to try a performance, but it being Saturday evening, he deferred astonishing the simple people till Monday or Tuesday. He put up at the inn, and the respectable landlord, Mr. Mackay, states that the intelligence and information of the man made a strong impression on all who conversed with him. The poor wanderer, however, was destined not to gratify the people of Lairg by "fretting his hour" upon their stage. He set out towards Altna-harrow to rouse the country and collect an audience, taking with him his son to bear him company over the mountains. Neither of them returned—the "play" was, of course, postponed—and day after day passed without bringing any tidings of the actor or his boy. The wife and daughter departed, and the circumstance was forgotten, when last week, on a solitary part of the farm of Shines, the bodies of a man and boy were discovered in a state of great decomposition. The occurrence was noised abroad, and the mouldering remains were identified by the people of Lairg as those of the unfortunate stroller and his son. It has been conjectured that they lost their way among the hills, and were overtaken by a storm, which they had not strength to resist. They had apparently sunk down on the ground exhausted, and the boy's head was supported by his father, over which he had thrown a part of his coat, as a protection from the night or the storm. The man's name and history are unknown, and thus perished the lone outcast of the drama, with his unfortunate son, in a land of strangers.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the National Dramatic Biographer.

Sir—The enclosed is a list of the principal actors and actresses, &c., now performing in America:—Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Hunt, performs *Romeo* similar to Miss C. Cushman; Mrs. Vernon, in Mrs. Glover's line; Mrs. Sergeant, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Julia Drake, Messrs. Wheatley, Fisher, Booth, Dyott, Barry, G. Andrews, Barrett, Collins (the Irish comedian and singer); Neafie, Vache, Hadaway, H. Chapman, Mad. Barili (the *prima donna*); Beneventano (*basso*); Benedetti (*tenore*); Signora Pico, Signora Ciocca; the forty Viennoise children, with Madame Weiss; Blangy, L. de Meyer, and Burke; Sivori, Herz, Gambati, M. Z. de Ferranti, Madame Augusta, Madame Ablamowicz; the Seguin troup, and Apolloneons; Miss Emma Ince; the Ravel family; Mr. Marshall (manager of the Holiday, Baltimore, and Richmond theatres); Sloman, Murdoch, George Jones (in England a few years since), and wife; Mrs. Thorne, Mary Ann Lee, Miss Cohen, Samuel Lover, Barney Williams, and De Bar; Mrs. Mowatt (talks of a visit to England); J. Scott (no relation to J. R. Scott); Davenport; Mrs. Colman Pope, James Wallack, sen.; Tom and Henry Placide, Mr. and Mrs. Crisp, Winchall (drollerist); Signor Blitz, Mr. Chanfran, C. Bass, Mrs. Knight; Mesdames Barry, Horn, Gordon, Bulard, and Burrows; Mr. A. Andrews, Stark, Sullivan, Bellamy, Pearson, Anderson, McDowell, Sprague, Matthews, Porey, Gallot, Milot, Heath, and Bulard; Mr. and Mrs. Bland, Mr. Walcot, the Acrobat family, Dan Marble, Nickenson, Fleming, R. C. Maywood, Chippendale, Hackett, G. Skerrett, E. Forrest, Crawford, Hill, Miss Julia Dean, Mrs. Skerrett, Miss Julia Turnbull, and Phillips; Messrs. A. A. Adams, Lipman, Thrift, Miller, McFarland, Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, and Mrs. Shaw; F. Carlo, L. North, W. D. Caroll, Kemp, and Mrs. Gardner (pantomimists); Frazer (singer, you sent him out in a false name, it should be Fricker); Mr. Thorne, Mrs. Mossop; Messrs. Allen, Yates, Brown, Fredericks, and Mesdames Watts, Demier, Celeste, and McLean; Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, Miss Ludlow, Mrs. Maywood, Mrs. Hantonville, Miss Robinson, Mr. E. S. Connor, W. B. Chapman, Gossin, G. Loder (leader), Mooney, Meyer, A. Beckett, Austin, Ruth, Mrs. Blake, Miss Austin, Miss Clarke, Miss Andrews (of Troy), Mr. J. C. Andrews, M. Phillippe, the Arabs, Herr Alexander, G. Holland, the Hughes family, Silsbee, T. D. Rice (looks quite an old man), Mrs. Duvenel, Mrs. Mason (formerly Miss Wheatley), Master Bullock, Cole, and Miss Cole; Mr. Barnett (the composer's brother), G. Vandenhoff, and the Keans, are gone to England; young Wallack is coming; but your humble servant never.

W. E. Burton.

New York, June 10*th*, 1847.

MR. COULDOCK,

Member of Mr. M. H. Simpson's Company, performing occasionally principal leading tragic characters at the Theatres Royal, Birmingham and Liverpool.

(EXPRESSLY FOR MARSHALL'S NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY).

We shall commence with this gentleman's defects—his figure and person. In height he does not exceed 5ft. 7½in. His face and figure are totally unfit for juvenile or noble characters. In the legs this gentleman fares very badly; for, in addition to match-like understanders, he is bandy; or what may be known as in-kneed. To counteract these defects, Mr. Couldock should be a splendid *actor*. He is a steady and painstaking actor; but will never be a great one. He has also passed life's *rubicon*—waning into the sear and yellow leaf; his age being little less than fifty years, and therefore think it is impossible for him to assume a first-rate position in the drama's high art. His voice is similar to that of Mr. R. E. Graham, though not quite so clear nor as full a bass. His reading is careful and steady, amounting in some parts of his *Friar Lawrence* to a melancholy dreariness. One of his finest delineations is *Adrastus*, "*Ion*," next to which stands his *Giraldi Fazio*, a part we have seen him perform to Charlotte Cushman's *Bianca*, and she was decidedly "too big for him." This, much impaired his success.

In the following characters, Mr. Couldock has been seen to very great advantage:—*Jacques*, "*As You Like It;*" the *Stranger*; the elder *Foscari*, in Lord Byron's tragedy; *Ghost*, in "*Hamlet;*" his *Othello* is well studied but is wanting in energy and power—conception very good; his' *Richard III.* and *Master Walter* are very respectable; but his *Iago* is his masterpiece. It is a gem of the first water, a realization of the poet's fancy. In fact, it is the very *Iago* of Shakspeare's giant mind, appearing now frank, open, and generous; but in reality is a study of arch villainy, treachery, and plodding, carried out in a manner quite beyond the usual performances of this arduous part, and must ever stamp Mr. Couldock as a good actor. He is very fit to play G. Bennett's, T. Stuart's, or Ryder's business, to such artists as Vandenhoff, Macready, and Anderson, and would be an immense acquisition to a Sadler's Wells kind of company. He plays *Stukely*, "*Gamester*," and *Arcanes*, "*Maid's Tragedy*," in excellent style; not so *Gabor*, "*Werner*," or *Macduff*, but a good *Barradas*, "*Richelieu;*" excellent in *Apius Claudius*, "*Virginius*," *Banquo*, and *Cæsar*. In *Belmour*, "*Is He Jealous*," *Meagrim*, "*Blue Devils*," and *Robert le Grange*, Mr. Couldock is highly amusing, and is always well up in such parts, but of all the vagrant wretched performances for a good actor his *Macbeth* is the worst, and has no comparison on the London stage save in the transatlantic physical-force gentlemen of an eastern saloon. Mr. Couldock rises to rant, which is disagreeable in any actor; but his voice being

harsh in the upper notes, *i.e.* when forced a tone, is really nauseous. His reading of the sublime language entrusted to the character of *Macbeth* is bad, and his performance not to be tolerated.

As a private individual Mr. Couldock is, we are happy to say, much respected; ever on the most friendly and intimate terms with his professional brethren. The inhabitants of Birmingham estimate him as a sensible and worthy man; very charitable and very unpresuming. It is not the ambition of Mr. Couldock to shine in the first walk of tragedy, but more from his willingness to oblige, whereby characters are often forced upon him. In support of this we need but mention the circumstance of his playing second in Birmingham (1845) to the impostor Hyde, who advertised himself as a *star*, from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; and his having played second to the boy Owen. We need hardly mention that after two performances Mr. Hyde's name was withdrawn from the bills, and Mr. Couldock remains a good stock actor. We would we could say as much of many of our London *stars*. B. H. M.

Stage Expression.—Baron, who was termed the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession: he used to say that tragic actors should be nursed on the lap of Queens. Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession, for, according to him, the world might once in a century see a Cæsar, but it required a thousand years to produce a Baron. The French writers have preserved a variety of little anecdotes which testify the admirable talents he displayed. They have recorded one observation of his respecting actors, which is not less applicable to poets and to painters. "Rules (said this sublime actor, as he is called), may teach us to raise the arms above the head, but if passion carries them it will be well done, *passion knows more than art.*"

Jenny Lind in the Provinces.—What prices are to be charged—what prices will pay—on Jenny's nights in Liverpool and Manchester. Twofold the ordinary prices won't do, and would a manager venture to ask more? If he do, provincial audiences may turn sulky, as metropolitan ones did when Paganini wanted to come the double shuffle over them in 1831; and even if they should be bitten to the extent we are here by the prevailing rabies, how is jobbery in tickets, and all the consequent annoyances, to be prevented? But don't be too sure you will have any chance at all of solving these queries. You will observe from Thursday's report of the proceedings in the Judges' Chambers, that Bunn is determined to arrest the Nightingale as soon as Her Majesty's Theatre closes, to prevent her leaving this country before his action against her is tried, which, it appears, cannot come on till Christmas. And, wonderful a catch as she is, it may be questioned if any body would guarantee, on her behalf, the ten thousand pounds at which the Drury Lane "blaze of triumph" luminary lays his damages. That he will make the most of his case there can be little doubt, for his leader is Fitzroy Kelly, who made so much of Tawell's apple pips, as lately mentioned under this head.

MONDAY, 3rd.—Harley's benefit at Drury Lane, and last night of the season. Mr. Bunn delivered an occasional address, and Mr. Hughes with his equestrian company proceeded to [illegible].

Miss S. J. Woolgar's benefit at the Adelphi.

A notice was this day posted in the green-room of the Surrey, stating that the theatre would close on the following Wednesday, and remain so until Whit-Monday; but this would not suit the company, who, to their credit be it said, boldly resisted so cruel a proceeding. The result was, the performance continued as usual.

Mrs. Nisbett arrived with her sister at the Castle Hotel, Bath, and on the following evening, both appeared at the theatre in "*The Love Chase*," and afterwards performed at Bristol, the season of which closed on the 15th.

Miss H. Faucit appeared at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, as *Isabella*, "*Fatal Marriage*;" *Biron*, G. V. Brooke. Miss Faucit also appeared the same week as *Pauline* (original), "*Lady of Lyons*;" *Julia*, "*Hunchback*;" and *Mabel* (original), "*Patrician's Daughter*," &c. The receipts averaged 70*l* per night only.

The Theatre Royal, Liverpool, re-opened.

G. Owen appeared at Derby, as *Hamlet*; on the following evening at Nottingham, as *Hamlet*, Wednesday *Macbeth*, followed by *Richelieu* and *Norval*; and on the 10th appeared for the sixth engagement at Carlisle, concluding with his benefit on the 17th.

DEATH.—M. Chéri, father of the celebrated actress, Mdlle. Rose Cheri, now Madame ———.

5th. — DEATH. — Mr. A. Y. Broadfoot, comedian, formerly of Astley's, and stage-manager of the Rochester Theatre.

6th.—A burlesque, by C. Kenny and A. Smith, called "*The Wood Demon*," produced at the Lyceum.

Mr. S. Buckingham's benefit at Bath.

8th.—Mr. Sloan of the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, from want of patronage, paid but a small portion of the company's salaries.

10th.—Miss Atkins, of the Lyceum, re-appeared at the Albert Saloon.

J. Wallack, sen., commenced an engagement of six nights at the New Theatre, Boston, as *Don Cæsar de Basan*.

E. Forrest having concluded at the Park on the 8th, opened at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia; on the 14th he took his benefit, performing *Richelieu* and *Tell*, and concluded on the 15th.

Mr. Anderson commenced an engagement at the Park Theatre, as *Gisippus*, concluding on the 19th; "*Lady of Lyons*," and "*The Elder Brother*," being the pieces chosen for that occasion.

11th.—That excellent actor, L. B. Rayner, took his farewell of the stage at the Strand Theatre.

12th.—Mrs. F. A. Butler sustained *Mariani*, "*Wife*," at the Princess's.

13th.—Mr. Chute's benefit at Bath.

14th.—Morton's comedy of "*Town and Country*" was revived at Sadler's Wells.

MONDAY, 17th.—A new five act comedy, by Mr. R. Bell, called "*Temper*," was produced at the Haymarket. It was placed upon and prepared for the stage in that painstaking style, and with that superior excellence and completeness of effect which have made the manager so deservedly popular and successful through this and many past seasons. The Haymarket is the rallying point of the depressed or almost suppressed English drama and its illustrators, and it is cheering, amidst the general apathy displayed with respect to the very existence of the English stage, to witness its honest and noble endeavours to sustain the nationality of its character, and to prove the worthiness of its popularity.

18th.—An old farce with the new title of "*Wanted a Hermit*," produced at the Lyceum.

Hughes's mammoth equestrian establishment make their entry into Bath, and occupy a field with pavilion, fronting Norfolk-buildings.

21st.—Queen visited the St. James's Theatre.

MONDAY, 24th. — The eminent actor, Booth, commenced an engagement of four nights at the Bowery, New York, as *Hamlet*, on the 25th he appeared as *Sir Giles Overreach*, on the 26th as *King Lear*, on the 27th as *Richard III*, and for his benefit, on the 31st, as *Pierre* and *Jerry Sneak*.

J. Wallack re-appeared at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia; and on the 26th he appeared at the Park, New York, for the benefit of G. H. Barrett, as *Charles Surface*, and *Michael* in the "*Adopted Child*," concluding at Walnut-street Theatre with Mrs. Mason on the 28th. Mr. Barrett opens the new theatre, corner of Broadway, early in September next.

27th.—The *Montreal Transcript* of this date contains the following:—"The regular Theatre Royal, under the management of Mr. Skerrett, with a choice and talented company, is to open in July next. The theatre is entirely new, handsomely decorated, and will contain with ease 2,000 spectators."

JUNE 1st.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean embarked from New York in the packet-ship Switzerland, and arrived in London on

Saturday the 19th Mrs. Kean is labouring under a rather severe indisposition. They are engaged for the Haymarket, and the Theatre Royal, Manchester, at which theatres should Mrs. Kean's indisposition continue Miss H Faucit and Mrs. C. Gill will be her substitutes; but neither of those engagements will commence for some weeks to come.

18th.—Mr. Carter, the "Lion King," died, aged 34.

THE SUCCESSFUL RIVAL OF JENNY LIND.—*Native Talent.*—The *Venice Gazette* says, our young and highly gifted *prima donna*, Mdlle. Catrina Playez (an Englishwoman) has just made her appearance on our stage in the *Lucia*, with a success scarcely if ever surpassed. On her entrance she was greeted with loud and animating cheers, but when she had sung the opening cavatina, which she did in a style quite new, the applause offered to her splendid talents was perfectly enthusiastic. This young and lovely siren possesses every qualification required for the stage—beauty of face and figure—a soprano of rare quality and great compass—an incomparable modulation and a perfectly classic style, having for three years studied under the first Italian masters. To these gifts she adds the warbling of the nightingale, and when in the manner she ornamented the cadence in the "stretta" of the cavatina she created such a sensation of astonishment and delight, that unable to wait for the conclusion, her last notes were drowned in a universal shout of applause. When her engagement is finished at Venice she proceeds to Vienna. A new opera has just been composed for her by Ricci.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The committee, we understand, have determined not to let the theatre to any one who will not engage to completely renovate it before opening it. To do this will require a large sum, owing to the filthy and dilapidated state into which it has been permitted to fall. The consideration of coming down with the needful in the first instance has considerably damped the ardour of the lessees, and made them rather shy of being caught in a trap; and thus, as Shakspeare says—

" Thus 'caution' does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

Shakspeare's statue over the portico and Alfred Bunn:—

Stat.—Prithee, master, tell me how,
I may look as fair as thou?
Bunn.—Oh, the truth I'll quickly name,
I got *white-washed*—do the same.

LYCEUM.—We understand, from creditable authority, that it has been finally settled that C. J. Mathews is to have the Lyceum Theatre from September next, and that the sheriff's officer . . . y, from the Strand Theatre, has arranged with Arnold for July and August; thus leaving no interval for repairs and decorations. Mr. Levy will, doubtless, as usual fill the house with paper. By-the-bye, speaking of paper, is not this notorious usurer and bill discounter down in Mr. Mathews's schedule for some considerable Covent Garden sums? If so, we like it not. This may account in some way for the great secresy that hangs about the new arrangements. Oh, ho! say our readers.—Mr. Green of the Olympic and Marylebone has joined Levy.—Amongst the artists conditionally engaged by Mr. Mathews are, Mr Buckstone (who, with Mr. E. Fitzwilliam, have shares in the speculation). Mr. Granby, from the Princess's, L. Murray, Emery, C. Selby, 'author and actor,' Basil Baker, from Liverpool and Dublin, will make his metropolitan *debût* at Christmas, Mr. F. Mathews, Mr. Beverley, the scene painter from the Princess's, Mrs. Stirling, from the Princess's, Mrs. C Jones, Mis Fitzwilliam, and Mrs. Nisbett occasionally; G. Vandenhoff, and several others are spoken of, two from Manchester, and Miss J. St. George, from Dublin, at Christmas. A comedy by Knowles, a burlesque by Planché and Dance, a drama from Jerrold, &c., are spoken of, with music from Mr. Fitzwilliam, jun., and Miss Kate Fitzwilliam to *debût* in London—Mr and Mrs. Keeley go to the Haymarket at a salary of 50*l* a week; Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews had 70*l*., and may they enjoy the success that the Keeleys would have been favoured with had they continued at the Lyceum. However, as regards the latter we think 8,000*l*. in three years not so much amiss; a sum which 60*l*. per week and a share of the house has managed to accumulate. For the present they visit Birmingham, Dublin, &c.

DUBLIN.—QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL.—James J Prosser, lessee, the only theatre open in Ireland.—"*The Flowers of the Forest*" continue to be acted with undiminished success; Miss J St George, from Sadler's Wells is the *Lemuel*. Mr. W. Davidge, from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, appeared as the *King*, in the "*Fair one with the Golden Locks*," with great success.' His fortnight's engagement is in consequence prolonged to five weeks. *Jenny Lind*, by Miss Brown, has stamped that young lady as a first-rate artist. Mr. W. H. Eburne made his first appearance in *Tom Tug*, and sung his songs delightfully, for two of which he received the honour of an *encore*. Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Hunt, Miss Nicol, Mrs. Hunt, and Mrs W. H. Eburne, are deservedly very popular *artistes*. The business is excellent.

PROVINCIAL THEATRES AND MANAGERS (*Continued*).

Locality.	1815.	1835.	1843.	1847.
Cork, Minor	...	...	Collins	...
Coventry .	J. B. Watson	...	H. Bennett	H. Bennett
Crowle .	...	...	Melvin	...
Croydon .	H. Beverley	E. Barnett	E. Barnett	...
Darlington .	King	...	...	...
Daventry .	...	...	H. Jackman	...
Deal .	Copeland	J. S. Faucit	...	F. Barton
Deerham, E.	...	C. Fisher	C. Fisher	...
Denbigh .	Gladstanes	...	...	...
Deptford .	...	...	...	W.H.Herbert
Derby .	Robertson & Manly	T. Manly	...	J. S. Faucit
—— Amphitheatre	...	...	W. Batty	...
Devonport .	...	Mrs. Bennett	J. Doel	J. Doel
Doncaster .	J. Wilkinson	W. J. Hammond	T. L. Ternan	M. H. Simpson
Dorchester .	H. Lee .	E. D. Davis	E. D. Davis	...
Dover .	Copeland	J. Sloman	...	...
Downham .	...	C. Fisher	C. Fisher	...
Downpatrick	...	...	Dairs and Anson	J. W. Anson
Dublin, Abbey-street	...	Calvert	W. R. Copeland	...
—— New T.R.	...	...	...	...
—— Queen's	...		J. C. Josephs	J. C. Josephs
Dumfries .	...	Copeland	J. Daly	W. E. Mills
Dundee .	H. Siddons	...	Darby	Langly
Dungannon .	...	...	...	J. W. Anson
Dunstable .	...	...	J. Jackman	...

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. N. E.—Yes, all will appear; but that of Miss F. C. first, and Mr. G. B. next.

Stage Manager.—We rather think Mr. Bunn has been out-generaled with regard to the Chinese actors, and by a provincial manager.

J. F. (Windynook).—Address the editor, not the publisher.

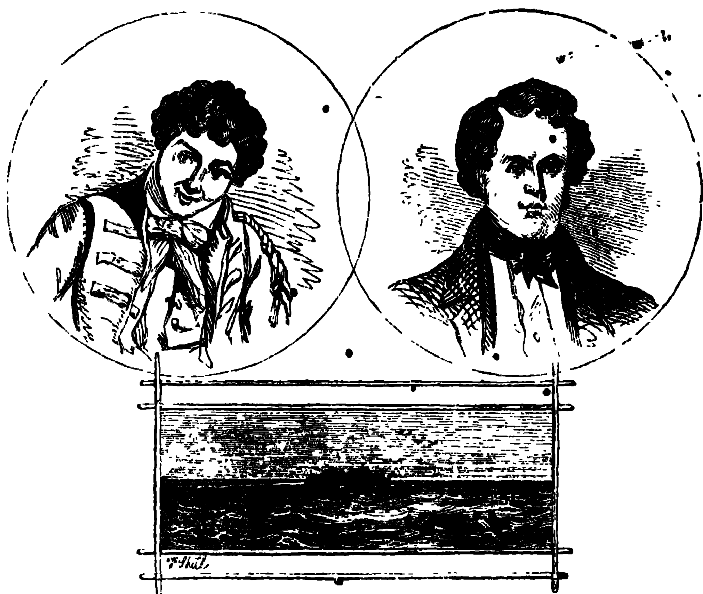
A. H. A. (Bristol).—The memoirs will appear. Will our correspondent favour us with his address in confidence?

An Old Actor.—Mrs. Yates has been cast in the new comedy. The penny trash in question has never been published at our office. Nos. 8 and 9 will be published in this month, July.

T. B. (American).—In future, as concerns English actors only.

T. T.—Mr. Spicer has forfeited 50*l.* deposit to Mr. Douglas of the Marylebone, and also lost the lawsuit with the proprietor of the *Daily Advertiser.*

T. Power and E. W. Elton in our next.



TYRONE POWER AS "*Murtoch Delany.*" E. W. ELTON.

> Alas! alas! we cannot call on Time
> To open his sealed gravery and render up
> The buried hearts and hopes, whose memories cling
> About us like a spell, and haunt our dreams;
> But there is One who can give back those hearts,
> In purer shrines than perishable clay;
> And, for the withered flowers of hope, bestow
> The amaranths that have their bloom in heaven.

POOR TYRONE! "We knew him well, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jests—of most excellent fancy! Where be his jibes now?—his jests? his songs?—his flashes of merriment that were wont to set the audience in a roar?" Where be these? or at least where their once gay and amiable possessor?

> "—— In that dread profound,
> Where never plummet line shall sound;"

for, alas! we can now no longer doubt that

"SOME DARK UNFATHOMED CAVE OF OCEAN HIDES HIM."

VIII. & IX.

In our mind's eye we see him—cabined!—cribbed!—confined!

"Beneath the deep, deep sea."

The loss of the *President* steamer will long be deplored by the public, were it even for no other reason than depriving them of one of the best and most original of their care-dispelling actors.

But turn we now from the sad thought of what he is, to the pleasing reminiscence of what he was, namely, the very soul of whim, of fun, and Irish frolic. Even our dullest authors (and their name is Legion!) became animated as it were by the force of his wit, for he possessed the happy knack of infusing his own wild genius into the productions of many of our most indefatigable translators per dictionary *Française et Anglaise*, or concoctors per paste and scissors (miscalled) authors of the present day!

Many absurd accounts have been placed before the public eye of our lost friend, the whimsical and mirth-exciting Tyrone—accounts that go so far as even to deny Erin's maternity! We, therefore, as having had our eye on him from his boyhood upwards, will give a correct synopsis of his worldly career—

From his IRISH cradle to, alas! his ATLANTIC grave.

By way of preface it may be as well to mention an historical fact which took place on the 4th of May, 1790.

"Mr. Power, son to Richard Power, Esq., one of the candidates for the county of Waterford, in consequence of an election dispute with Captain Grumbleton of the 13th Regiment of Dragoons, went out with that gentleman, and was shot dead on the field."—*Dodsley's Annual Register*.

Great riots happened about this time in several parts of Ireland, in consequence of the election of members to the new parliament Colonel Massey being returned for Limerick, the mob instantly attacked him and his friends, and it was with difficulty they escaped with their lives. They afterwards razed to the ground the houses of many gentlemen who voted for him; among others, the beautiful seat of Sir D. Burgh, although, on her knees, Lady Burgh prayed them to spare her magnificent dwelling.

Tyrone Power was the son of an Irish gentleman, of the county of Waterford;* near to which place he was born in 1795, only three years before the memorable commotion of 1798—a year in the annals of Ireland marked with the taking of Enniscorthy and Wexford by the rebel band of 15,000—the death of Sir J. Duff—the nomination of B. B. Harvey, an Englishman, for their leader—the attack on the town of Newtown-barry by the Vinegar-hill lads, and the execution for high treason (June 4th) of Sir Edward Crosbie, Bart.

Mr. Power dying in Tyrone's infancy, left the widow in very needy circumstances, which, by-the-bye, is no uncommon occurrence in Erin *ma vourneen!* Ireland, at the time of Tyrone's paternal be-

* The Powers in Waterford are as plenty as blackberries.

reavement, was in a more disturbed state than at the above period, or even than it is at present; though in justice to her children we may observe they then had no extorter of *rint*, no regularly-paid agitator. The great rebellion was then brewing, which so shortly after was to spread carnage through that lovely land; and as the young widow had no taste for "pike-law," she was induced by some of her own family connections, to repair by way of Bristol to Glamorganshire, in South Wales. She rented a snug little cottage near the good old threatical town of Cardiff, where she brought up the future ornament of the British and American stage, the unrivalled actor of a very humorous class of characters; and of whom we may say with Tom Moore—

> No pearl ever lay under Oman's green waters,
> More pure in its shell than the spirit in thee.

Mr. Bird,* a gentleman highly respected as the principal bibliopolist and man of letters, was, per wife, distantly related to the Powers, and some few years after the settling in Cardiff, the boy Tyrone, evincing a taste for all sorts of literary acquirements in the juvenile line, from "Whittington and his Cat," up to "Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday," found seventeenth cousin Bird's *magazin des livres* an attractive fund of amusement combined with instruction. Hence arose in his after-life a silly report that he was a real Cadwallader, and had been bred a typo; which, had it been true, would have been his pride and boast, as it was that of the philosopher and great citizen†—who could call down Heaven's electric fire, and guide it at his will!

'Twas during Tyrone's boyhood, as

> "A young exile from Erin,"

and a denizen of that land of peace, famed for Mary's beauty, Llewellyn and Glendower, its mountains and minerals, that he first felt and owned

> "An unquenchable spark from Shakspeare's muse of fire,"

as he has often been heard to relate.

There was a Mr. Adamson, an opulent and much respected tradesman in Bedford-street, Covent Garden, as a collector of venerable and scarce prints—prints more venerable and scarce than even himself—this now sedate old gentleman, Mr. Adamson, in his prime of manhood, and Power in his boyhood, were known to each other, for Mr. Adamson was the manager of the Thespian troop which made an annual visit to Cardiff—

> "To drown the stage with tears,
> Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
> Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
> The very faculties of eyes and ears."

Cousin Bird, as printer to the Cardiff playhouse, was a highly-privileged person. Indeed he thought himself a man of great con-

* He was a bookseller and printer, as well as keeper of the post-office, in the above-mentioned comfortable and erudite county town.

† Benjamin Franklin.

sequence; for when theatrical receipts at box, pit, and gallery, were below par, he gave the merry rogues a week's *credit* (*credat* "Judæus").

Therefore young Tyrone Power was frequently seen hanging to the great printer's elbow, when he made his visitations both before and behind the dirty and discoloured baize, miscalled the green curtain; and the loud and reiterated applause bestowed on Mr. Manager Adamson's tragedy blew into a blaze that aforesaid

"Spark from Shakspeare's muse of fire,"

which had touched the too susceptible bosom of the young Irish exile.

Mr. Manager Adamson had one evening in the summer of 1811 "*done*" *Romeo* to the delight of all Cardiff! The applause yet tingled in young Tyrone's ear. As he whistled his way home to the snug maternal hearth, and as he laid his head upon his sleepless pillow, he argued with himself thus:—"If, Mr. Manager Adamson, on the shady side of three-and-thirty, can obtain so much public applause as young *Romeo*, what might not I elicit who am but sixteen?" The die was cast—the Rubicon was passed—and fired with the same ambitious feeling that swelled the breast of the first Cæsar who usurped the world—

"Aut Roscius—aut nullus,"

was from that hour resolved on as the motto of Tyrone Power.

In the due course of time Mr. Manager Adamson and his *corps dramatique* left Cardiff to its native dulness, and journeyed on to pay an annual visit to another locale; and in a few weeks afterwards the young exile from Erin became also an exile from his fond and anxious mother's snug little cottage ornée.

As we may naturally suppose, this unlooked-for event caused much pain to the warm heart of the kind widow, who doated on her "broth of a boy with the real Waterford blood in his veins," as she was wont to call him.

By the potent aid of Cousin Bird, that Welsh *tria juncta in uno* bibliopolist, printer, and postmaster, young Tyrone was soon traced to the Thespian *corps*, and to the surprise of his relatives, when first seen, he was endeavouring to act *Orlando* to a very pretty blue-eyed *Rosalind*, in the good old town of Monmouth. Now whether the before-mentioned

"Spark from Shakspeare's muse of fire,"

or one inviting glance from the blue-eyed nymph of the buskin, had most attractive influence in causing Tyrone's absence from the delightful ligament, a mother's apron-string, we cannot at this distant period decide. The muse's spark was soon smothered by his having found on trial that it was much easier to criticise the acting of another than to act himself. That he did not succeed as the tragic hero we can easily imagine, with accusing the good people of Monmouth of want of taste, as he had neither voice nor features suited to the service of Melpomene, to whom he wished to devote his future life, and

at that time he dreamt not that he was destined to become a chief favourite of the ever-smiling sister muse, and the darling prop to the side-shaking Momus.

Young Power obeyed the maternal injunction; he was always an obedient son, consequently, has since been a kind husband and an affectionate father. He returned to the Cardiff snug retreat, and for awhile cultivated his own mind and his mother's flower garden. This anxious widowed mother thought it was now time to solicit the interest of "the Waterford Powers." She did so, and a semi-military appointment was obtained for young Tyrone; he was sent to South Africa in some office attached to the Commissariat.* During his sojourn there his duty called him to the interior, where he met with many extraordinary adventures by flood and field,—not, indeed, in "imminent deadly breach," but in the forest jungles; not from lead or steel, but from "tooth and talon" of the monarchs of those woods and wilds that he invaded. Power used to boast of making many a successful shot at

"A lion fierce, while in fond dalliance
With his ladye-love."

Chacun a son gout—we prefer partridge shooting. Climate (and the toil of lion shooting, perhaps, for records, prove that he frequently obtained leave of absence for weeks, and during which nobody knew of his whereabout), undermined poor Power's health. He gave up his not very lucrative appointment, and returned home to recruit his stamina in the temperate and quiet valleys of healthful England. Here his stage mania revived; the spark had only been smothered, it was not extinct; he again embarked in the histrionic profession, not as a wild boy, but as a young man whose judgment had been matured by years of reflection. But alas! he still persisted in acting tragedy, at which the audience laughed, as they have since done at their favourite buffoons, Liston and Reeve, who had laboured under the same strange mania! compared to whom the late Charles Mathews and poor Power were the life and soul of whim.

As they would laugh *at* him, he thought it more politic to make them laugh *with* him. *Necessitas non habet legem!* He was familiar with the old proverb, therefore he attempted what's technically called "Genteel Comedy,"—that is to say, he exchanged *Romeo* for *Mercutio*; *Hamlet* for *Benedict*; *Jaffier* for *Charles Surface*, &c., and thus for some time he traversed the provinces of England, gaining rural fame, but not attendant wealth. We find him in the spring of 1815 making his *debut* in Newport, in the Isle of Wight, as *Alonzo* in "*Pizarro*," and while thus early ranged beneath the banner of that famed Gosport and Arundel manager, and veteran Thespian commander, old Henry Thornton and his partner Ford, our Tyrone was dashing it away as *Belcour*, in Cumberland's excellent comedy of the *West Indian*. This was followed by a whole summer season at Margate, during which he was alternately the hero of tragedy and comedy. Then he was seen frisking as *Young Rapid*, and *Jeremy Diddler*, in the Kentish circuit, com-

* Lord Melbourne, shortly after Tyrone Power's loss, gave the lamented actor's eldest son a similar appointment, and the youth was quickly *en route* to "famed Calpe's Rock," vulgo, Gibraltar.

prising Canterbury, Rochester, Maidstone, Abingdon, and with good old Mrs. Baker at glorious old Tonbridge Wells. From thence he turned north; and at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, notwithstanding his successful devoirs to Thalia, he again commenced a silly flirtation with her lachrymose sister, Melpomene, in which he was so far encouraged by the mineralogists of famed Northumbria, that he ventured to revisit the land of his birth, though not of his nurture, and he shortly after presented himself before the critical tribunal of Crow-street Theatre, Dublin, in the part of Shakspeare's *Romeo* and as *Jeremy Diddler*. In his native land his attempts to be serious were comparatively failures, and the principal light comedy parts were in possession of established favourites; therefore he was placed, or rather had placed himself, in a wrong position. This was more than thirty years ago, before accident had discovered to him the rich mine of peculiar native ore, which, when properly worked in after years, produced both fame and wealth.

Mr. Power left Dublin after a brief sojourn, surprised at their want of taste in not appreciating his serious efforts. He next joined Mr. De Camp's company at Newcastle, and figured away in the melo-dramatic parts of *Richard*, in "*The Innkeeper's Daughter*;" *Edmond*, in "*The Falls of Clyde*;" *Henry*, in "*The Deserter of Naples*," &c. &c. In the year 1818, Mr. Power retired from the stage; to which, however, from particular circumstances, he was induced to return, and soon after a praiseworthy and commendable ambition led him to our modern Rome, where, strange to say, he went nearly the whole round of the minor theatres comparatively unnoticed. He acted *Young Wilding*, in the comedy of "*The Liar*," at the Coburg, for the benefit of Stephen Amhurst, the famous *Scaramouch*: then, at the Olympic, in the winter of 1821, at which theatre on Monday, November the 12th, Charles Dibdin's* version of *Tom and Jerry* was produced, cast in the following manner:—

Tom	C. W. Baker.*	*Primefit*	H. Baker.
Jerry	W. Oxberry.*	*Paddy Byrne*	G. Smith.
Nickem	S. Vale.	*Snags*	Mr. Tayleure.
Shuffle	W. J. Hammond.	*Goldfinch*	R. Strickland.*
Dick Trifle	T. Power.*	*Tip*	J. B. Buckstone.
Floss	W. Elliott.	*Sue*	Miss Walpole.
Hawthorn, sen.	Mr. Villiers.	*Betty*	Mrs. Maxwell.

Mrs. Nab, Mrs. Pearce.

In the course of Mr. Power's stay at the Olympic, he became the principal actor, and most of his performances elicited very general applause. His *Captain Cleveland*, in "*The Pirate*," which he performed in February, 1822, possessed great merit, but the theatre failed, and with it poor Tyrone Power's engagement. He then crossed the Thames, and appeared at Astley's Amphitheatre, under the once celebrated William Davis, of horse-notoriety, figuring as *Corinthian Tom* in another drama, introducing a real mail-coach, with a *certain* knowing kiddy driving four-in-hand-fine tits, with most surprising dexterity, which feat was only to be outdone by a real fox-hunt over the stage and across the circle, through a paddock, clearing a bullfinch,

* Dead.

and taking of Reynard in the ring. This association created such a disgust in the really well-cultivated mind of Power, that, at the end of the second week, he said to the commander of man and horse—the renowned Mr. Davis—

"Never more be manager of mine!"

On the 2nd of July following (1822), Mr. Power made his first appearance at the Lyceum as *Robert Maythorn*, in "*The Turnpike Gate*," and was well received. In the following month our hero had the gratifying opportunity of leaguing himself with the Lyceum company in a most benevolent purpose: 'twas for the benefit of the widow and children of poor John Emery, the celebrated rustic and *Caliban* of the age. A second benefit in this hot old fashioned August was given at Covent Garden, and to the great delight of our hero he was draughted for one night to the boards of a patent theatre; and the late Mr. George Robins* (that Demosthenes of the English rostrum), most praiseworthily exerted himself in the bereaved family's behalf. London actors were scarce—most of her principals out of town. Power in this good cause played *Fag*, in Sheridan's admirable comedy of "*The Rivals*," and had for his co-operators, C. Kemble, F. Jones, C. Young, Munden, and Liston. The first was the *Captain Absolute* of the evening, and who complimented Mr. Power's exertions and talents very highly; but the compliment, though pleasant and deserved, did not lead to the then much wished-for engagement.

Mr. Power was shortly after appointed acting and stage manager to the Olympic Theatre, where in 1823 he introduced to the London boards his truly unfortunate brother actor, E. W. Elton. From almost the first hour of their playing together, a friendship the most inviolable was formed between them, and, remarkable as lamentable, the same fate sat upon their worldly love to be made secure and only by an approving GOD.

Still proudly ambitious to obtain a footing on the boards of one of the *then* National Theatres, on an application, backed by a strong recommendation to the then autocrat of Royal Drury Lane, R. W. Elliston, of something more than eccentric memory, Tyrone was allowed by that potentate what is professionally termed "an appearance."

Our surprising and indefatigable friend came out as that whimsical Protean character, *Tristram Fickle*, in the farce of "*The Weathercock*;" but so little effect did Mr. Power produce on audience or manager, that he was literally unnoticed by either. Of course the wished-for and anticipated engagement was not offered him, and Tyrone Power's form never again entered the stage-door of poor—now poor indeed—old Drury 'till after he had worked *the native mine*, and was eagerly sought for as eagerly engaged, as what is technically called *a star*, with a *ten pound* nightly salary! So strangely turned our actor's wheel of fortune.

Poor Tyrone had many hard struggles with Dame Fortune. We have often heard him make the following whimsical remark:—"In the first years of my life, sure I courted the old blind lady with the

* Assisted by C. Dibdin, Mr. Morris, and Mrs. Coutts.

miraculous wheel;—och! how I courted her, by day and by night —with my tongue and pen!—and the old jade never would listen to me. But her eldest daughter—Miss *Fortune*,—an ugly cross-grained brute,—took such a fancy to me that I couldn't shake off her kind attentions. Run where I would,—north, east, south, or west, there was Miss Fortune, and be d—d to her,—always ready to meet her darling Tyrone!" Power fought philosophically against Fortune for his rights—and at last won them from the fickle goddess.

We must also observe that such was the indomitable courage always evinced by Mr. Power, that even continuous disappointment only served to stimulate him to more determined exertion. Boileau's well known couplet may justly be applied to the courage and perseverance of the lamented Tyrone Power:

> "Rien ne peut arrêter sa vigilante audace;
> L'été n'a point de feux—l'hiver n'a point de glace."

We were present when a friend expressed his surprise that he could be cheerful under disheartening circumstances that might drive another to a melancholy—perhaps suicide. "Suicide!" exclaimed Power,—"poh, a suicide's a coward, a cur; but a really brave man seldom makes fussy complaints; he meets misfortune firmly, and treats dangers and difficulties as a set of troublesome scoundrels that he ought to conquer, not to fear. The eldest daughter of Dame Fortune may persecute me, but, by St. Pat! she shall never conquer me." Hear this, ye tyros in dramatic art, and remember the heroic speech of your dead friend.

Perhaps Mr. Power had, at the time we speak of, greater inducements to exertion than the generality of men so situated, for he had a young and amiable wife, whom he tenderly and passionately loved, and two infant boys, dear to him as the cords of his affectionate heart.

We find the unconquered and unconquerable Tyrone Power, making his first appearance at the little Adelphi Theatre, Strand, on Monday, January 19th, 1824, in a piece founded on "St. Ronan's Wells," the theatre then under the management of Mr. Thomas Rodwell, the brother of Liston's son-in-law. Mr. George Robert Rodwell, the composer of "Nix my Dol," the most popular, if not the most elegant musical bijou that ever dropped from the pen of a whimsical genius!

Tyrone here had an opportunity of indulging his taste for the heroics, for he was cast the part of *Valmondi* in a regular fustian drama bearing that name, written expressly for that theatre, pandering to the declining taste for nature and common sense, and administering to the public *gout* for bombastic horrors. We must candidly confess that, as *Valmondi*, Mr. Power pleased the million, though he made the judicious grieve—himself amongst the latter. Mr. Power's real talent had remained behind a cloud during many years, and it was now to be brought forth, bright and glorious, as it were by mere accident.

Mr. Thomas Rodwell, the aforesaid manager of the Adelphi Theatre, having, during the previous summer, ventured on a pleasurable trip to the Irish Lakes, *via* Dublin, had picked up the copy of a very old Irish farce, that fifty years anterior had been much admired for its broad

humour. Mr. Thomas Rodwell had often officially discovered the humbug of dramatic piracy, and thought that, being a manager, with a voice potential within the walls of the Adelphi Theatre, he had as much right to pilfer from Ireland as greater authors did from France and elsewhere.

He had read of the system which gypsies pursue towards stolen children, he therefore resolved to *gypsy* his sixpenny copy of the old Irish farce, as Macready, senior, had done with James Whiteley's "*Intriguing Footman*," and what our would-be authors are now doing every day. Mr. Rodwell had only to alter names, places, &c., and give it a new title,—and hey, presto, it became a new drama, and himself a highly praised author. The great comic part was now called Paddy O'Halloran, a most strange-talking, whiskey-loving, Irish footman. But who was to act "poor Pat," now he had his new name and new suit on him? The gentleman intended for that honour was unfortunately *non est*—on the south of the Thames, and enjoying the southern breeze of sweet St. George's Fields, in what Delpini, the once celebrated clown told the then Prince of Wales, was "his papa's bench," since more commonly known as "Tenterden-park" and "Denman Lodge." In this extremity, the author (!!!) asked Mr. Power, as a personal favour, if he would condescend to go out of his line, and "do a bit of Irish by way of experiment." Power objected. He said, "the gentleman of the piece was his part, agreeable to his engagement, signed and sealed,—that he had no idea of playing low Irishmen." But the author-manager still entreated. Though the author received a decided negative, the *manager* prevailed. Mr. Power at last consented to degrade his gentility, and play a low and vulgar Irishman.

It is amusing to contemplate the various singularities of men.* The *Cockney*, to whom the V and the W are a source of as many perplexities as were the *two Dromios* to the good people of Ephesus, has his patent for cutting Lindley Murray's English most divertingly. The *Welshman* enjoys his leek, his pedigree, and his toasted cheese. The *Irishman*, his brogue and his bulls. There is no fun about a *Scotchman*; unless (in the absence of a post) when he is excited to dance to his national *fiddle*: his peculiarities, though not pleasing are nevertheless profitable—for, like the mouse in the fable, he generally becomes too proud and too pursey to creep in at the cranny from whence his leanness originally crept out. These characteristics have not escaped the observation of dramatic writers; and abundant mirth has been derived from their exhibition. The eccentricities of Erin's children† have not been behind hand in contributing their full share to the gaiety of nations; and, while we have laughed heartily at his careless humour, his queer-sounding compound of epithets, his antipodean association of *blood* and *tunder*, *thunder* and *turf*, and such-like comical amalgamations of animal, elementary, and vegetable matter, some kind-hearted *trait*, some dash of genuine feeling, has suddenly come

* A physician once observed that he could tell of what country a man was, by his *complaint*. If it laid in the *head*, he was a *Scotchman*—if in the *heart*, he was an *Irishman*—if in the *stomach*, he was an *Englishman*.

† A gentleman stepping into the Belfast mail, was asked by an Irish waiter for something to drink, for the trouble of calling him "To drink!" exclaimed the gentleman—"why, I gave *Rooney* a shilling." "Och! but, please your honour, I called *him*!"

across us, and made us long to take him by the hand and claim acquaintance, even though we should receive the peculiar token with which St. Patrick is wont to greet his particular friends—

"From his sprig of shillalah, and shamrock so green!"

In Power's performance every speech contained a joke for the pit or a clap-trap for the gallery; and so admirably did he act when he became warmed to his task, that even the denizens of famed St. Giles's, where the sons of Erin congregate in shoals, were absolutely delighted with "the broth of a boy, who could scent a noggin of whiskey through the two inch deal of a closet door."

This was Tyrone's first stepping stone to fame and wealth; for Fortune, who before had never deigned to give him even a look, or a "How do you do, jewel?" now smiled upon him in a way that only ladies can smile; and she even enlisted grim Death into his service, who, at the blind goddess's command, and even without a moment's warning, laid his icy hand on poor Charles Connor (1826), who, as an *actor*, was the finest delineator of Irish characters that ever appeared, and who then occupied all the Irish parts on the Covent Garden and the Haymarket boards. Tyrone Power instantly became his worthy successor, and having now the opportunity, rose in public estimation, till at length he became (*so all the managers say*), one of the most attractive actors of the day. His performance of *Looney*, in the "*Wags of Windsor*," so much delighted the *Caleb Quotem* (the late Charles Mathews) of that farce that Mr. Power resolved to forego all other business, and devote his time and study to Irish characters alone; and in this he showed his wisdom, but unfortunately left no successor.

We however find Mr. Power in the winter of 1826, at Covent Garden, in Kenny's translated comedy of the *Green Room*, now first produced,—

Mr. Torrid	C. Kemble.	*Starling*	T. Power.
Mr. Wilmot	G. Bartley.	*Sebright*	Mr. Jones.
Musters	Mr. Chapman.	*Emily*	Miss M. Glover.

A first-rate actor of Irish characters is indispensable on a London stage. We are old enough for a good many things, but not quite so antique as to remember John Moody's performances; but we remember him some six or seven and thirty years ago, a hale, respectable-looking old gentleman taking his walks in company with the veteran Boaden, the well-known performer of *Rob'n Hood;* and we also remember that the independant Moody breathed his last on a boxing-night. His greatest fault was, he lacked the true *spirit;* Rock (with many declensions) was of the Moody school—rigidly true to the brogue, but occasionally heavy and listless, and above all wanted *refinement*. The humane but unfortunate Webb could sing an Irish air with admirable spirit; but he could not *act;* and Robert Palmer, to fill up the vacuum, made some laudable attempts, but was deficient in the great principle, *nature*. Then comes John Johnstone and the elder Macready, the former's humour was genuine and characteristic, and before he made the attempt, Irishmen were badly supported on the London stage. Macready was his countryman, with experience on the Irish boards; and though not townsmen, were intimately acquainted in Dublin. In London Macready often appeared for John-

stone, and with success. The inimitable Charles Connor *acted* with the most refined humour; but then (like the three unmusical rogues in fabulous King Arthur's days) he *couldn't sing*. Johnstone possessed both qualifications in high perfection: his *voice* was full, clear, and melodious—his *acting* rich, sparkling, and original. He was equally fine in genteel comedy and in the broadest farce—in the finished gentleman and the veriest Teague. His *Major O'Flaherty* was gallant and gay; his *Foigard* (*Kilkenny by my soul!*) was arch and pointed. In *Looney*, he looked as if he had been born in a field, with a hay-fork in his hand. And how he stood up for the honour of *ould* Ireland and her "*manufactrys*," and reiterated "*bad travelling!*" and "*Oh! murther, murther!*" those who have seen his *Murtoch Delany* can amply testify. His pathos was deep—his humour quick and sly; he had Pat's hereditary fun and frisk—his national *naivete* and dancing hilarity. He could assume a look of brisk intelligence and of ineffable stupidity; there was a peculiar archness in his smile, and he had an *Irish front*. To follow *such* an actor is no easy task; to fall short of him cannot be considered a failure.

Moody and Palmer were both Englishmen, and very clever actors they were; but Manager Rock was an Irishman. Webb died in the King's Bench; Macready turned manager; Johnstone made a gradual retirement, and Rock was called (1803) from the provinces to succeed. Churchill in the ROSCIAD speaks well of the noble-spirited Moody, but poor Churchill never saw Rock or Johnstone.* The mantle of the latter evidently fell on that Hibernian satellite, Charles Connor: Fitzwilliam, our worthy countryman, struggled to catch it from Connor's sudden obstruction, but, alas! his mantle served to shroud in eternal night his more worthy successor, the lamented Tyrone Power.

Mr. Power had many of the qualifications that distinguished the late John Johnstone: his brogue was rich, his air smart and vivacious—the jokes came trippingly from his tongue, lighted up with a leer whimsically illustrative of potatoes and whiskey, and, when he sung, he favoured his audience with the *genuine* dialect of the *Patlanders*.

His attempts at this period were confined to farce and low comedy. His *Irish Tutor* was very good—so was his *Looney*, and in 1828, while at the Haymarket he had an opportunity of displaying his abilities in Johnstone and Connor's famous part of *Murtoch Delany*, in "*The Irishman in London*," as altered from Whiteley by the elder Macready. Here follow the three casts of each actor's day:—

	COVENT GARDEN.		HAYMARKET.
	1792.	1823.	1828.
Capt. Seymour	Harley (*big*).	Mr. Mason.	Mr. Frederick.
Mr. Collooney	W. Macready.	C. W. Baker.	Mr. Brindal.
Mr. Frost	J. S. Munden.	W. Blanchard.	Mr. Williams.
Murtoch	J. Johnstone.	C. Connor.	T. Power.
Edward	J. Fawcett.	C. Farley.	W. West.
Cymon	T. Blanchard.	D. Meadows.	E. Ross.*
Louisa	Mrs. Davis.	Miss Love.	Mrs. Waylett.
Caroline	Miss Chapman.	Miss Henry.	Miss Holland.
Cubba (*negro girl*)	Mrs. Faucit.	Mrs. Pearce.	Miss C. Carr.

* Real name Whitehead: dead.

SONG—MURTOCH.

If you travel the wide world all over,
And sail across quite round the globe,
You must set out on horseback from Dover,
And sail unto sweet Ballinrobe,
'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
That was built before Adam was breech'd,
Who lived in the reign of King Shamus
Ere he was at Boyne overreach'd.
Chorus. With my whack fal de ral, &c.
Oh, the land of Shillalah for me!

Mr. Power's great success in *Murtoch Delany* encouraged the management to revive Colman's "*John Bull*," and other pieces adapted for the display of his peculiar abilities. His *Denis Bulgruddery* was immensely successful, and having no competitor in his line, he found a clear stage both in the metropolis and throughout the provinces. During Mr. Power's leisure hours, he had been tempted to turn his literary abilities to some good account, and in 1829, he published a novel called "The Lost Heir," and was an occasional contributor to the periodical literature of the day. In the season of 1830 he was engaged at Covent Garden, where in March, 1831, he produced his musical farce of "*Married Lovers*," sustaining the humorous character of *Colonel O'Dillon* himself. In the winter of 1832 he transferred his valuable services to Drury Lane, at a salary of 10*l.* per night, but only for a part of the season, returning to Covent Garden immediately after, where, May 29th, 1833, he closed with his benefit. He then made a provincial tour, and shortly after joined the Haymarket company, at which theatre, December the 9th, 1835, Mrs. Gore's original drama, in three acts, called "*King O'Neil*," was produced, with the greatest success. The scene is laid at Versailles, in the days of Louis the Fifteenth. *Captain Patrick O'Neil* (Mr. Power), who is accustomed, each day after Burgundy, to assume the imaginary title of O'Neil, King of Connaught, was the life and soul of the piece.

On the 24th of April, 1836, his new romantic musical drama was produced, called "*O'Flannigan and the Fairies; or a Midsummer Night's Dream*," not Shakspeare's, but *Phelim O'Flannigan's*, a man of great consequence in those times; an Irish *crater*, one Tyrone Power by name. Mr. Power founded his plot on that superstitious belief in fairies, or *Good People*, prevalent in the southern parts of the Sister Isle. The piece was full of the broadest humour, and it is almost needless to add that *Phelim*, night after night, sent his audience home half "kilt" with laughter. He continued at this theatre until he determined on his first trip to America; in connection with which the following paragraph appeared in the *New York Gazette*, April, 1837:—

"Mr. Power, the comedian, has met with a serious accident at Baltimore, his horse having fallen, and thrown him off with so much violence as to break his collar bone. By the way, Mr. Power has had difficulties of another sort, at Richmond, and was obliged to bring his theatrical campaign in that city to an abrupt close. He states in a card published in the papers, that the stock performers were so deficient in their parts that it was quite impossible to play with them. Mr. Preston (the manager) and several individuals of his company have issued cards also, in which they charge Mr. Power with refusing to appear at rehearsals, &c."

It was during Mr. Power's absence in America that we remember

one of the best critics* of his day express himself in the following terms:—

"*Mr. Power is one of the easiest and most amusing actors on the stage; he stands unrivalled in his blundering and good natured line, and in every probability will never be surpassed.*"

So far our friend has been correct; but how long his prophecy will remain unbroken, time can only show. However we would ask what patron of the drama but has been delighted by Power's personation in "*O'Flannigan and the Fairies*," at Covent Garden and the Haymarket Theatres, as altered by himself, and divested of its original dulness? or, again, in the excellent drama from the pen of that omnibus genius (who is licensed by nature to carry four inside, namely—a poet, a painter, a dramatist, and a composer), Mr. Samuel Lover's "*Rory O'More?*" When we witnessed our poor lost friend, Tyrone Power, as the kind-hearted Irish rustic, so true to nature were both actor and author, that while the laugh was at the corner of our mouth, we felt the irresistible tear insinuate itself into the corner of our eye, a tribute which we had not given to the previous "Tragedy on Stilts." Mr. Power always pleased, as every actor must, who, with the physical abilities, has a mind that takes nature as her guide, not art. "*Rory O'More*" was produced on the opening night of the season, Tuesday, October 3rd, 1837, and our excellent friend alluded to above penned the following just remarks on the occasion:—

"ADELPHI.—Mr. Lover's dramatised version of his own novel of '*Rory O'More*,' has commenced the season at this house, in most propitious style. It is impossible to do justice to the quiet unexaggerated humour—the complete *Hibernianism*—of Power in this character. Is it not surprising that a public which has the opportunity of witnessing, and the capacity for appreciating, such acting as Power's, should take delight in the mere and meagre buffoonery of John Reeve? The latter can well be spared at this house—where '*Rory O'More*' will certainly run through the season. Indeed, in anticipation, we suppose, of such a result, Mr. Yates has cut off his chorus and *Corps de Ballet*, and pays Power 20*l*. a night, six nights a week. This is, indeed, being a host in himself! We last week alluded to Mr. Power's early appearances at this theatre; and he did himself the same thing on the opening night, in answer to the vociferous summons that called him forward at the fall of the curtain."

Twenty pounds a night, reader,—120*l*. per week; when Mr. Power was at the Olympic his salary was 2*l*. 10s. per week. Arrangements were afterwards made at 96*l*. per week, but when at the Haymarket Mr. Power received regularly 120*l*. a week.

He now made a second trip to America, which though short in its duration was very prosperous, and was announced to appear at the Haymarket on Wednesday, December the 15th, 1838, but from some unforeseen circumstance he was delayed, and did not appear until Monday the 17th. On the 26th (boxing night), his fairy extravaganza "*O'Flannigan and the Fairies*" was now produced at the Haymarket under Mr. B. Webster's excellent management.

* A gentleman who has never penned a line for a newspaper in his life.

Sir Phelim	T. Power.	*Mary*	Mrs. Fitzwilliam.
Jack the Linnet	B. Webster.	*Widow*	Mrs. Danson.

Kate, Miss F. Cooper (Mrs. T. H. Lacy).

And now follows a circumstance creditable in the highest degree to the lady who is destined to rule over the greatest nation in the world. On Tuesday, January the 15th, 1839, Mr. Webster took his benefit at the Haymarket, and the Queen and suite honoured the Theatre with her presence. It was the night that closed Mr. Webster's first giant season, after playing 243 nights with unparalleled success.

He next visited (March) his worthy and respected friend, Mr. Calcraft, the clever *entrepreneur* of the Dublin Theatre, where the lamented actor was always called "Calcraft's winning card," by generally giving him the odd trick in playing that up-hill game, which for years he had been doomed to play with the capricious Irish public. At the Abbey Street Theatre Mr. Power was very attractive. Here he had a narrow escape of losing his valuable wardrobe, with that of the rest of the company; for on Tuesday midnight, May the 2nd, that old and dilapidated theatre was totally destroyed by fire; fortunately for the company the season had been profitable, and Mr. Power had just terminated his engagement. The Cheltenham Theatre was burning at the same time.

On the 15th of April, Mr. Power returned to the Haymarket, appearing as *Sir Rhoderick Macarthy*, in a new two-act comedy called "*Touch and Take*," and on the 27th of November following he appeared for the first time as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, in "*The Rivals*;" *Captain Absolute* (first time), Mr. W. Lacy (Williams); *Julia* (first time), Mrs. Warner. On the 26th of December, Mr. Webster again produced the all attractive extravaganza "*O'Flannigan and the Fairies*," which brought the season to a close on the 15th of January, 1840; the management having produced and revived sixty different tragedies, comedies, farces, &c. &c. The theatre re-opened on the 16th of March, with Mr. Macready as *Hamlet*, and Mr. Power as *Tim Moore*, in "*The Irish Lion*."

Shakspeare, the *sweet Swan of Avon*, hath said of the actors (and we must allow him to be good authority),

> "————————— After your death
> You were better to have a bad epitaph
> Than their ill report while you live!"

Mr. Power contrived to be universally liked by all his brethren of the sock and buskin;—by the leaders, for his upholding the respectability of the profession,—and by the humble folks, for his general urbanity of manners. He had always the ready joke for the homos, and a sly and well-timed compliment for "the lassies O," forming the contrast to others who shall be nameless. He had a heart to feel, and a hand ever ready to relieve the deserving; he had always an inherent hatred to any act or word that could, in the most remote degree, wound the feelings of even the humblest with whom he came in contact; to prove which, we will only observe that we have seen a letter written some years since by the then highly popular favourite. It was addressed to a professional Irish friend, and was certainly not intended for the public eye; but the sentiments expressed in that letter

do so much honour to the head and heart of Tyrone, for their manliness, their whim, and, as Marc Antony says—

"Though last, not least in our dear love,"

their truth, we print them here, carefully guarding ourself and him from any charge of personality, by placing before our extract from the brain the well-known Latin proverb—

"Qui sapit ille facit."

But if any professional person choose to put on the cap, he has our free permission to wear it *durante vita*, bearing in mind that *we* live on the hills, and are as free as the wind; promising from our position to annually ornament the cap with a certain weed that shall be nameless from our pen. If our memory fail us not, the significant part of the letter ran thus:—

"I cannot conceal from myself (though for the respectability of my profession I do from the world), that I think my very distant acquaintance, Stilts, is about as contemptible a *cur* as ever strutted in a coat and waistcoat. His insults to men I can pardon, as perhaps deserved for their pusillanimity, for—

'Slaves make tyrants, BEFORE tyrants make slaves,'

as Dominine O'Shaughnessy made me write in my early copy-book; and however poor or mean (barring in spirit) a sub-actor may be—yet, as Bob Burns once said and sung—

'A man's a man for a' that.'

But for 'the lassies, O!'—*his chili-vinegar highness's* treatment of the poor unfathered, unbrothered, and unhusbanded, of the humble females of the sock and buskin, often in my early stage career caused a muscular sensation in the digits appended to my right arm (*manus hæc inimica tyrannis!*) as well as in the toe of my boot: but, strange to say, the fear of being ridiculed as *Quixote*, alone, restrained my Irish feelings. I presume a similar cause restrained you and others from punishing the *he-hyæna*. Candour obliges me to say, that *Stilts* never offended *me*, though he had plenty of opportunities in bygone years, but I guess he looked at me and *didn't like me*—'*chacon a son gout*.' Zoologists tells us, that *hyænas* are prudently select in their victims; they never attack pugnacious animals: they shun the lion, the tiger, and (query) an Irishman with muscle."

Mr. Power added greatly to his previous celebrity as an original actor, by his inimitable performance of *Pierce O'Hara*, in W. B. Bernard's new farce "*The Irish Attorney*," produced at the Haymarket, May the 7th, 1840; *Jacob Wylie*, R. Strickland; other characters by W. H. Oxberry, Howe, &c. He then retired from his professional labours for a short time, re-appearing on the 6th of July, and taking his farewell benefit previous to his third trip to America, on Saturday, August the 1st, when "*The Jealous Wife*" was performed with the following powerful cast:—

Mr. Oakley	W. C. Macready.	*Russet*	R. Strickland.
Sir Hans	B. Webster.	*Charles*	T. Webster.
Capt O'Cutter	T. Power.	*Mrs. Oakley*	Mrs. J Glover.
Lord Trinket	W. Lacy.	*Lady Truelove*	Mrs. Clifford.

Harriet, Miss Travers;

followed by "*The Irish Ambassador*," *O'Plenipo*, T. Power, and concluded with "*The Irish Lion*," *Tim*, T. Power. This was Mr. Tyrone

Power's *last* public appearance in England, and he immediately set out on his third and fatal voyage to the New World.

We think there is no occasion for apology, if we insert here a slight description of the ill-fated PRESIDENT STEAM-SHIP.

By October, 1839, the hull of that huge Atlantic steamer was nigh completed, when through the kindness of Messrs. Curling and Young, her builders, I* with two scientifc friends was admitted to view her. We reached Limehouse soon after 9 o'clock in the morning. After turning the corner of a narrow street directly opposite the Antigallican Tavern, the stern of that gigantic vessel showed suddenly to our view, the effect was astounding, and scarcely could we contain the feelings of surprise and wonder the sight of that ocean monster raised in our breasts. Her immense sides black and lofty as a legend castle, up which we were conducted by a temporary staircase to a platform along the starboard side of the ship, and then upon the main deck, where at least 250 couple might foot it with ease. Her huge windlass worked in the manner of a fire engine, with its stout pauls whose clank was like unto the fall of a smithy's sledge, and masts apparently as stable as their native forests. Altogether there was no want of room, her proportions were mansion-like, and that proud home upon the waters, as she now lay secure in her cradle, seemed to say—

"My way is o'er the mountain wave, my home is on the deep!"

She presented indeed a massive specimen of marine architecture, apparently strong enough to withstand the fury of any storm, and really astounding to landsmen who are accustomed to see their homes run up with any sorry spars for short leases. Yet the *President's* great bulk was not disfigured by clumsiness, her blocks were triumphs of machinery, and her sheet anchor of 49 cwt. seemed as well finished as a minikin pin. The round house—sea term for saloon—was situated on the main-deck, its height was 8 feet 6 inches, and 78 feet long, so that passengers enjoyed the ease of walking in an *entre sol* apartment instead of shipboard between decks. She was built principally of oak, with fir planking, her keel was three immense sticks of teak, she had three masts, and three decks, her upper deck being flush from the bows to the stern, without a poop. Her house-like elevation, when seen at a trifling distance, was very impressive, notwithstanding her black painted sides did not aid its effect of magnitude, she indeed seemed to require the gigantic and picturesque chain cable of 2-inch iron, large enough to bind the stoutest son of ogre-ology. The *President* was by no means a fine model, properly so called. The following table gives the dimensions of the largest ships:—

	Length, in feet.	Breadth.	Burthen, in tons.
Ptolemy's great ship	423	40	..
King Hiero's	373	35	..
Columbus	300	50	..
British Queen	275	64	2,000
President	273	41	1,600
Great Britain (iron) . . .	320	51	..
Queen, man of war . . .	240	60	..
Great Western (the model)	236	58 9 in	1,340
Pennsylvania	..	..	3,000
Mammoth (iron)	..	..	3,600

* The Editor.

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or, on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air."
DARWIN.

The *President* was to have been launched on Saturday the 5th of December, 1839, but she was not floated out until the 7th of that month. Early in January, 1840, she was towed to Liverpool to have her engines put in; and in the autumn returned to Blackwall for her ballast, which consisted principally of flints. Shortly after, Captain Hovey was chosen to command her, and in the October voyage, Mr. J. Braham and family was amongst the passengers. He arrived at New York on the 25th of that month, and was to succeed Mr. and Mrs. Wood at the Park Theatre. The voyages of the *President* were highly satisfactory to all concerned; on the 5th of January, 1841, she was again to be seen in the pool of London, and her return to America was honoured with a numerous freight of passengers, one great proof of public approval. She arrived safe without receiving any damage, and was not leaky.

In the middle of December, 1840, a letter was received in London, stating that Mr. Power intended staying in South Carolina during the winter. His health was very bad, and that he should not return to England before April, 1841. It was during that illness that Mr. Power penned the following lines; and as they are the last that emanated from his ingenious mind, I doubt not they will be read with melancholy interest. The lines first appeared in a New York periodical early in 1841, and afterwards *as a contribution* to the *Keepsake* (London) for 1842.

RECALL ME NOT.

BY TYRONE POWER.

"Mille pensées, mille souvenirs me traversent le cœur, mais ma mémoire ne me represente rien que de doux et d'aimable; j'espère que la votre fait de même."—*Sevigné.*

Recall me not, as in the idle crowd
I oft have met thee,
Where maidens blandly smiled and flutterers bow'd,
And hands were press'd, and light vows lightly vow'd,
'Midst laugh and dance, and merry music loud,
Or soon, love, you'll forget me.

Recall not e'er my heartless tone or air,
When fain to fret thee,
I've scoff'd at love's light wounds and love's despair,
And swore I ne'er felt lover's pain or care;
Then breathed sweet words, with flattery falsely fair,
Or rightly you'll forget me.

For you will see full many as gay a sight
As when I met thee;
As short will seem full many a merrier night,
When other eyes than mine will beam full bright,
And other tongues than mine breathe vows as light,
Till surely you'll forget me.

Recall me, rather, 'neath the star-lit sky,
If you'd regret me,
As loitering homeward, still we seem'd to fly
To'ards the abode that ever seem'd too nigh;
Recall my fervent clasp, my fond good-bye,
So, you will not forget me.

Recall me, rather, in thy saddest mood,
When cares beset thee;
Remember, then, how I have anxious sued
To share your care, and fondly, vainly woo'd,
To hear you breathe in hurried tones subdued,
"O never, love, forget me!"

'Tis thus, love, only I would fill your mind,
When there you set me;
To all my faults I'd have you very blind,
And only see me fond, and true, and kind—
Pure as that heart wherein I'd lie enshrined,
If fate, unkind, would let me.

By the first of March, 1841, Mr. Power had completed the majority of his American engagements, and his health being not yet perfectly restored, he determined on a speedy return to England, and entered himself a passenger in the new steam-ship, *President*, announced to sail from New York on Thursday, March the 11th, 1841. The day was fair, and the *President* with 123 souls on board, including officers and crew, engineers, stokers, stewards, cooks (second cook, James Stevens), and passengers, steamed down the river in company with the packet-ship, *Orpheus*, Captain Cole, bound for Liverpool.

The elfin wind now lulls the sea-girl's cry,
Sports through the shrouds and on the pendant dies;
Mystical charms the voice of nature brings,
And on the yards O yo'o the seamen sing:
Green meads and vales the sea extends to view,
Wide swelling fields the straining glance pursue
Far, far o'er waves in fleecy whiteness curl'd,
The broad Atlantic opes its shoreless world.
That mighty ocean, fathomless in power,
Pathless in peace, and matchless in dower,
In green and gold 'neath pageant shadow'd skies
Recumbent mid the trembling fragrance lies!
From T. Marshall's unpublished Poem of the Tempest.

Her mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er;
But, from the hour of parting pain,
That barque was never heard of more!

During the night the two ships had taken different courses, though on the morning (calm) of the 12th, Captain Cole again observed the *President*, and, we believe, spoke or signalled each other, but it was

the last glimpse from mortal eye. On the evening of that day the weather gave forebodings of the great storm which the *President* encountered.

In her was many a mother's joy,
  And love of many a weeping fair;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
  The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;
And, oh! the thousand hopes untold
  Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;
Say, were they quenched in waters cold?
  For she was never heard of more!

When on her wide and trackless path
  Of desolation, doomed to flee,
Say, sank she 'midst the blending wrath
  Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
  Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all—her destiny
  Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more!

Oh! were her tale of sorrow known,
  'Twere something to the broken-heart,
The pangs of doubt would then be gone,
  And Fancy's endless dreams depart:
It may not be!—there is no ray
  By which her doom we may explore;
We only know she sailed away,
  Was seen, but never heard of more!

The tempest continued with fearful violence during all that night, and the whole of Saturday, the 13th, on the night of which or on the morning of Sunday, the 14th, while beating between Nantucket Shoals and George's Bank, she is supposed to have foundered with all on board. Many and many a stout heart will remember that dreadful gale, which raged for *two days and three nights*, strewing the broad Atlantic for miles with spars, masts, hulls, and wrecks of all kinds. Captain Cole said he never experienced such another. So strong did the wind blow, that it took the sails, furled tightly on the yards of the *Orpheus*, completely off, and tore them into rags. And Captain Comstock, of the steamer *Massachusetts*, who was in Long Island Sound on the first night, reports that he never passed through such a night. That he and all his passengers were saved was a miracle. Several of the passengers say that they are indebted to the skill and coolness of the captain for their lives. We give these facts to show the severity of the gale the *President*, with her heavy bulky machinery, had to encounter when only two days out. Although the *British Queen* and the *Halifax* mail-steamers encountered this hurricane and weathered it, yet the published accounts from one or two of the passengers on board the former, proved that their fears for some time exceeded their hopes; and as to the latter, the superior power and compactness of Cunard's steamers, give them great advantages over vessels like the *British Queen* and the *President*, whose power was unequal to their tonnage.

THE PRESIDENT.

Speak! for thou hast a voice, perpetual sea!
Lift up thy surges with some signal word,
Show where the pilgrims of the waters be,
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stirr'd.

Down to thy waves they went in joyous pride,
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way;
The eyes of wondering men beheld them glide
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they?

Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame,
Mad that the strength of man with thee should strive,
And proud thy rival element to tame,
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive?

Or, shorn and powerless, hast thou bade them lie
Their stately ship, a carcase of the foam?
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,
And fondly dream that they have yet a home?

Doth hope still soothe their souls or gladness thrill?
Is peace amid those wanderers of the foam?
Say, is the old affection yearning still,
With all the blessed memories of home?

Or, is it over? Life and breath, and thought,
The living feature and the breathing form?
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm?

Thou answerest not, thou stern and haughty sea.
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air.
Roll on, ye tears! Oh what can comfort be
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair?

Nay, mourner, there is sunlight on the deep,
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud;
A voice, more mighty than the floods, will sweep
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud!

What, tho' they woke the whirlwinds of the west,
Or rous'd the tempest from his eastern lair,
Or clave the cloud with thunder in its breast,—
Lord of the awful waters, thou wert there!

All-merciful! The fate—the day—were thine;
Thou didst receive them from the seething sea;
Thy love too deep, Thy mercy too divine,
To quench them in an hour unworthy Thee.

If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale!
If their feet fail'd them, in Thy paths they trod;
Man cannot urge the barque, or guide the sail,
Or force the quivering helm, away from God!

On Easter Monday, April the 12th, the Haymarket Theatre re-opened for the season, and the bills and advertisements announced a re-engagement of Mr. Power, who was to appear in the farce of "*Born to Good Luck*," and on the 18th of May, the Portuguese Minister of

Marine, Lord Howard de Walden, at the suggestion of Captain Sartorius, dispatched a vessel of war in company with Her Majesty's brig *Espoir*, with provisions, &c., in search of the long missing steamer, *President*: a noble but a bootless errand.

The loss of the *President*, we are happy to say, did not create any want of confidence in steam navigation,* for it will be remembered that many of our finest ships of war, of the largest size, and commanded by the most skilful, and, in every respect, the most able of our naval officers, have been lost by foundering at sea. But as an extraordinary case of good fortune prior to crossing the Atlantic by steam power, we mention the following:—

Up to November, 1822, Captain George Johnston, of Greenock, had crossed the Atlantic 172 times; and that not merely without once being wrecked or captured, but also without having met with a casualty of any kind, so as to have occasioned a loss to the underwriters on the ships under his command.

List of the Passengers, who embarked on board the President at New York, March 11th, 1841.

Lieutenant Lord F. Lennox, T. Power and servant; E. B. Howell and wife (*married a few hours before the ship left the port*); R. H. Dundas, B.N.; — Courtney, Esq., B.A.; S. Mails, P. E. Pfeffrel, A. R. Warburg, C. A. D. Miesegaes, C. L. Cadet, T. Palmer, Dr. M. Torner, T. Blancher, J. Frazer, H. Van Loke, Jun.; A. S. Byrne, — Thorndyke, Esq.; W. Wykeham Martin; A. Livingston, Rev. G. G. Cookman, D. Denehar, B. Morris and child; E. Barrey, J. C. Roberts, J. Leo Wolf, lady and child; and Master Mohring. Captain M. M. Keane, commander, Liverpool.

Mr. Power's absence has caused the loss of many thousands, both to the indefatigable Benjamin Webster of the Haymarket Theatre, as well as to his worthy but unfortunate friend Calcraft of Dublin. For nearly the last twenty years of Mr. Power's life he was in the habit of making a tour of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the cash flowed into his purse in copious streams. He became rich, and laid out his well-earned and prudently-garnered wealth in a way to ensure its increase, in safe English investments, as well as foreign ones. He purchased, for a comparative trifle, a wild estate, in a very remote part of Texas; his lands there are equal in *extent* (!!!) to the Duke of Bedford's English estate. At present, to be sure, they are almost useless: but the *go-a-head* system of all the new states will make them of value hereafter to his numerous and intelligent sons, who are fine manly youths, formed by nature to

"Hold their own, and laugh at peril."

His last trip to the United States was very profitable in a pecuniary point of view, though so fatal in its conclusion. It has been ascertained that he had no unrecoverable property on board, except his wardrobe and mere travelling expenses.

Mr. Power made an early and prudent marriage; 'twas one of the

* The United States Government steamers, which are intended to sail between Liverpool and New York, will, it is said, be 76 feet in beam, while the greatest width for which preparations are made at our docks is 70 feet.

heart and mind: domestic comfort, sweet concord, and eight children, were the happy results. As husband and as father he won in private life as much and deserved approbation as in his public professional assumptions. As we have before stated, his eldest son, William, received an appointment from Lord Melbourne, and his youngest daughter, Norah Frances Sheridan Power, was, on the 30th of June, 1847, married at Walcot Church, Bath, to W. G. V. Villiers, eldest son of the late G. W. Villiers Villiers. Mrs. Power is the third daughter of W. J. Gilbert, Esq., of Newport, consequently the late Tyrone Power was, by marriage, brother-in-law to the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Launcelot Shadwell.

We close this memoir of a man who had won the respect of all who knew him, and the applause of those who only saw him. We regret, as all lovers of the comic drama must, that he has not returned, and that we have cause to believe that

"Some dark unfathomed cave of ocean hides him."

Peace to his manes!

"Thalia mourns,
And even Momus has put on sables."

It is to be regretted that we have no worthy successor of poor Power on the stage at present, and the numerous failures deprive us of hope. Most of our readers remember Tyrone. If they were told by the junior generation, that any one actor of the present day was as good as Power, they could only admire the innocence of the observation. Power was equal to Johnstone, excepting as a singer, the great feature which made Johnstone so celebrated; but neither of them was equal to the satellite Connor, as an actor. Power was, also, Johnstone's equal as being the larger man, which gave to him a certain physical dignity made requisite in most of the Irish characters that were written for him, and have kept possession of the stage. In this particular the vocalist Collins succeeded here, and now in America, to the prejudice of three better actors, T. Lee, Hudson, and John Sloan. Lee has many of the qualities which rendered Mr. Power so successful in the same walk, and which so few of those who assume to be his successors have shown themselves to possess. Hudson is very respectable in Irish characters, and apart from which he is one of the best *Harry Richmonds* on the stage. Sloan's *Larry Hoolagan* is a most praiseworthy performance, and we feel assured that from the cares of management, &c., our Manchester friends must regret that such has weaned John Sloan from such *low* attempts. Charles Connor could make his Irishmen gentlemen; Power almost approached him; Collins struggled to catch the mantle, and his singing and person is above mediocrity; but he has a stiffened pride so foreign to the Emeralder, that destroys the whole assumption, and consequently throws the preference as to genuine abilities and *native brogue* upon Mr. Thomas Lee. To him we apply *Walsh's* advice to *Pope*,—"Study *correctness*." We have seen many a natural genius run to waste, for want of attending to this necessary precaution. However excellent *nature* is of herself, she may still derive improvement from *art*.* We may however

* Witness Farren, Frank Matthews, &c. • So sensible was Mr. Macready of Mr. Lee's abilities, that when he became Lessee of Covent Garden Theatre he engaged him in preference to any other Irish comedian in England.

observe that to fall short of such an actor as Mr. Power is not a failure. Brougham, Leonard, Hamilton, Daly, Russell, J. Nevelle (combines singing), Tyrrell, and H. J. Wallack, are only good as the blundering footman and peasant of the green isle.

THOMAS MARSHALL.

London, July 6th, 1847.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE EDWARD WILLIAM ELT, PROFESSIONALLY KNOWN AS ELTON.

"A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilise the rude, unpolished world,
To lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man.
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men"

J. ADDISON.

"Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind."

THE loss of any member of society is a deplorable event, but it is natural for public sympathy to be most excited when one with whose face they have been long familiar, whose industry and talents have been continually exerted for their amusement and benefit, and whose name has always been associated with the happiest hour of their existence, passes suddenly from before them, without warning or intimation, and leaves, as it were, a blank, which none other can supply —a darkness which none other can illuminate. Hence, although beauty and worth, and talent, shared the fate of poor ELTON—although a minister of the Gospel formed one of the hapless number—and although in our hearts we naturally feel, and deeply, for all and every one of the sufferers, the name of the poor player, "who fretted his hour upon the stage," was, and is still, uppermost on every lip.

It is a remarkable circumstance that both Elton and Power made their first metropolitan *impression* at the Olympic during the same season, and at the period of their loss the fortunes of that theatre also declined. Little did these two favourites imagine that the same evil star hung over the destiny of each! Both also were fated to run a similar career of prosperity and favour ere they met the sudden doom by which they became lost to us for ever.

The events of Mr. Elton's life are not of a very remarkable nature, but what we have here written will show that he was one of the most industrious and worthy members of his arduous profession.

Mr. Elt, the father of our hero, and who is still living, was a schoolmaster, living originally in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road. Edward was born in the month of August, 1794, and was educated for the law in the office of Mr. Springhall, Verulam Build-

ings. While in the service of that solicitor he imbibed a love for the theatrical profession, and frequently appeared at Pym's private nursery, in Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Lane. This little theatre is famous in dramatic history, for having fostered the rising genius of many of our best actors and actresses, amongst whom at that period was also to be seen in embryo, the doubtful talents of the late John Reeve.

From Pym's young Elton turned "stroller," and commenced the drudgery of his new profession in several of the second and third class theatres in the English provinces, and continued so to do, until the acting and stage-manager of the Olympic Theatre re-called him to London, for the purpose of making his metropolitan *debut* under his managerial sway. This was in 1823, and in Mr. Power, poor stroller Elton found an early and a valued friend. Elton in his line—*utility*—was partially successful, and after a short stay at the Olympic, he received a liberal offer from the manager of the Liverpool Amphitheatre, and joined him at Christmas.

In the season of 1824, Mr. Elton engaged with Manager Bunn at Birmingham, returning to Liverpool the following Christmas, where the manager of the amphitheatre (an immense building) engaged him to perform *Napoleon* in the spectacle of "*The Battle of Waterloo*," which was highly successful, and had an uninterrupted run of three months. He also appeared in the legitimate drama, sustaining such parts as *Cominus*, in "*Coriolanus*;" yet notwithstanding Mr. Elton's popularity in Liverpool, Mr. J. G. Vandenhoff's high fame and classic dignity stood in his way, and our hero in consequence left the theatre. Mr. Elton was now in his thirty-first year, and our readers from the above circumstance, may judge how high he estimated his abilities at this period.

Considering himself therefore competent to *star*, he visited Chester, Worcester, Shrewsbury, and then to the famed theatrical town, Manchester, to be fairly tried by the provincial standard. His *Richard III.* and *Othello*, were considered respectable assumptions, but in most other Shakspearean first-rate parts, the Manchester people declared him to be unfit, lacking dignity, and heroic bearing. His *Richard III.* was well conceived, well read, and cleverly rendered. He, however, attracted the favourable notice of Mr. Charles Young, and acted in conjunction with that gentleman at Norwich* and Cambridge, and succeeded in establishing a second-rate provincial character. In 1831 he accepted an offer from Mr. Conquest to lead the business at the Garrick Theatre, in the east of London. Mr. Elton accordingly appeared in his favourite character of *Richard III.* He was received with enthusiasm; and Mr. Conquest, who was really one of the most liberal managers of his day, raised his salary immediately. He continued with Messrs. Conquest and Wyman for a considerable period. In October. 1832, he led the business at the Strand, and afterwards joined the Surrey company, at which theatre he soon became an immense favourite. In 1833 Mr. Elton was engaged by the late Mr. Morris, to appear at the Haymarket; here he met with a very different audience to what he had previously been playing to, and he did not make any considerable impression, for the engagement terminated with the season. He was enabled, nevertheless, to shine as a star elsewhere, and

* Mr. Elton led the business at Norwich in 1830.

to divide the town with the late S. Butler and Daniel, at the Pavilion and other minor theatres. In the spring of 1836 Mr. Elton performed very successfully at the Adelphi, where during Lent he assisted in Mrs. Fitzwilliam's new Monopologue. In 1837 he appeared at Covent Garden, then under the disgraceful management of *Iron Heart*, D. W. Osbaldiston, and on the 19th of January, took his rank in that company as a first-rate actor, by his masterly delineation of *Walter Tyrrell*. At that theatre Mr. Elton remained until an opportunity offered, which formed an *epoch* in his public and private condition; a circumstance that on the outset brought the extreme of pleasure, but which ended in the excess of pain.

On the production of "*The Bridal*" (as altered by J. S. Knowles from Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Maid's Tragedy*"), at the Haymarket, June 26th, 1837, Mr. Elton was cast the young *Amintor*, and engaged to play the second business to Mr. Macready. The very great success of this tragedy is too recent not to be fresh in the recollection of every play-goer, and the refined taste, combined with classic bearing and thorough conception of his author's intentions, was so finely displayed and artistically rendered by Mr. Elton in the arduous and unamiable part of *Amintor*, that his performance and success became the theme of admiration amongst his professional brethren. Long—very long—we fear it will be before the stage will produce so able a representative. On the production of this tragedy at Sadler's Wells in 1846, Mr. H. Marston showed an admirable conception of the part, but there was a want of warmth (not rage), to depict his wrongs and make his sorrows bear upon his audience. On Mr. Macready's return to the Princess's, in June 1847, the tragedy was again revived, and the part of *Amintor* entrusted to a Mr. Creswick,* who must not indeed plume himself on a rivalry even with poor Elton's friend, Marston; and we shall also take this opportunity of informing Mr. Creswick that the young *Amintor* was a scholar, a trusting gentleman, a fickle, though a much abused lord, and must not be misunderstood for a lout, a libertine, and court bully. Take advice Mr. Creswick at friendship's offering, wear a cap, and cocked if you will, but in mercy sake throw away the feathers.

On the termination of the Haymarket engagement, Mr. Elton was secured by Mr. Macready to strengthen his powerful company then forming for the grand opening of Covent Garden Theatre, which took place September 30th, 1837. At this theatre our hero was permanently engaged, and the first performance of consequence on those boards was his celebrated and exquisite piece of acting in the part of *M. Beausant*, in "*The Lady of Lyons*," a third-rate character, but Elton made it what it should be—a feature. His friend and colleague in that play, J. Duruset, is also dead.

About this time a movement was made in the right quarter, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety and means of forming a GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND ASSOCIATION. The projectors of this truly excellent Institution were R. Halford, E. W. Elton, J. S. Knowles, and T. J. Serle, assisted by B. Webster, and W. Cullenford—all good names and true. A meeting was called

* An actor that seems to have come to London without his *soul*; a man bepuffed an ruined by the Provincial Press.

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in the Saloon of the Haymarket Theatre, on the 7th of November, 1838, J. S. Knowles in the chair, and nobly did the unanimous band of brothers respond heart and soul to the advice of their respected chairman, who pointed out the necessity of union—union is strength, and the power of doing good has been the result of their united labours; let us therefore hope the principals of their respected calling will continue to exert themselves in this noble cause. Their capital already invested is about 3,500*l.*

Owing to the numerous first and second-rate artists engaged at Covent Garden, Mr. Elton was seldom seen in any character of consequence. He was the *Duke of Exeter* in that magnificent revival of "*Henry the Fifth,*" June 10th, 1839; but even then he had Macready, Vandenhoff, Ward, Anderson, Diddear, and C. W. Baker, dividing the applause with him. The theatre closed in July, consequently the engagement, though accompanied with pecuniary remuneration to the letter, brought no fame to console his o'erfraught heart. However, a singular circumstance occurred, that, in the following winter, again brought our hero fairly before the public. On Mr. Hammond's entering upon the management of Drury Lane, he had engaged Mr. Elton amongst the rest of the company, and at this theatre, December 2nd, 1839, a Mr. Maddocks, from Dublin, made his metropolitan *debut*, as *Romeo*, to the *Juliet* of the great Manchester favourite, Miss Emeline Montague, from the Bath Theatre. The house was well attended, the tragedy well received, and Miss Montague was successful, but the *Romeo*—oh! such a sight Old Drury had never seen, the actor, save the mark—was worse than Creswick, for he had neither passion, conception of his author, nor style commendable. Consequently his *debut* was a terrible failure, and Mr. Elton undertook the part of *Romeo* for the remainder of the season, and was very successful. He also sustained the principal character in a new play, called "*A Night in the Bastile,*" and *Rolla* to the *Pizarro* of G. Bennett, and the *Alonzo* of H. Marston. In January, 1840, he was cast for *Rizzio* (an assumption we remember with pain), in J. Haynes's excellent historical tragedy of "*Mary Stuart.*" Nothing however could save the management from ruin, and the house closed an unsuccessful season on the 29th of February. Mr. Elton now *starred* at the minor theatres, appearing at Sadler's Wells in March and April, and on the 11th of May, at the Surrey, in a new drama. Here he was a great favourite, and particularly so in the part of *John of Procida* (September), in J. Kenny's new tragedy of "*The Sicilian Vespers.*" He remained with Mr. Davidge until October, and was then for some considerable period out of an engagement.

Well do we remember the conduct and words of poor Elton, when the piteous fate of Tyrone Power became (March, 1841) confirmed; his face became pale as ashes, and for more than an hour he walked hurriedly backwards and forwards, exclaiming "Poor fellow! poor fellow! who would have thought it? who would have thought it?" On afterwards conversing upon the subject he expressed himself in these remarkable words—"I think I can imagine the exact manner in which Power must have felt when the waves first rushed over his head. I know not (addressing the writer), whether you have ever

experienced it, but in all sudden partings our grief is caused for the loss of joys in futurity. We neither think of the past nor present, but only bewail the loss of what might have been ours, without taking into account how much we have already enjoyed, or consoling ourselves with the reflection. For instance, if a man loses his capital in business, his first regrets are not for the loss of those luxuries which his capital *has* enabled him to purchase, but for those advantages he intended and hoped to have attained. When a man loses a girl, on whom he has placed his affection, his heart is broken by no recollection of the past, but his mind's eye suddenly conjures before it the scenes of happiness he might have passed had his hopes not been blasted, and as everything is brightest in idea, the loss of fancied joys affects him far more deeply than that of real ones, and he sinks beneath it. Thus, I have no doubt, that Power, in the agony of parting from life, felt no consolation that it had been a brilliant and happy one. I can imagine him crying out, 'Why can't I live to enjoy more!' I can fancy the lights of the Haymarket Theatre flashing before his eyes, and the roarings of the waves taking the sound of a burst of applause. It is an odd idea! but I can't help believing that it was the case, and that his last frantic thought was, 'Oh! why was I not permitted to enjoy all this?'"

In May, 1841, Mr. Elton went again into the East of London, and appeared at the Pavilion Theatre, where, as before, he was received with enthusiasm, and continued in the East, until permanently engaged by Mr. Macready for Drury Lane, which theatre opened at Christmas following. But here, as at Covent Garden, Mr. Elton was, to use a theatrical phrase, "shelved," or seldom if ever seen in characters of consequence. On Mr. Macready's benefit, May 20th, 1842, he appeared in a third-rate part, by the side of that gentleman, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Anderson, in Lord Byron's "*Marino Faliero.*"

Notwithstanding his receiving a regular salary as it were for doing little or nothing, this was the most unhappy portion of his existence, and miserable indeed it was. He dragged through the engagement it is true, but his spirit had been broken, and he was now an altered man. The theatre closed its second and last season under Mr. Macready's management, the 14th of June, 1843, and at this period Mr. Elton if called upon to play *Amintor*, could no more have met Macready with that genuine warmth and energy of action he had displayed at the Haymarket only six years before, than he could confront an hungry lion.

A short time prior to the closing of Drury Lane, Mr. Elton's services not being required there, he entered into an arrangement with that excellent manager, Mr. W. Murray, of the Edinburgh Theatre, to appear there with a pupil of his, a young lady named Angel.* Mr. Elton drew immense houses at the Theatre Royal during the month

of June, and would to God he had remained there, or at least for a time; but fate had willed it otherwise, and anxious no doubt to return to his much loved home, he embarked as a passenger on board the ill-fated steamer, *Pegasus*, bound for London, which vessel on the 19th of July, 1843, struck on the Gold Rock, and all on board, save six, perished.

In opinions like those expressed by Elton with regard to Power, we generally express what would be our own case under similar circumstances. Whether or not Elton felt as he had described, no one can determine. It may be that his thoughts were calm and his mind prepared, for we are told that the Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie was observed, as the vessel sunk, offering up prayers to Heaven, and surrounded by the passengers, numbering, cabin passengers, 18; steerage, 23; crew, including firemen, 14—total, 55. Saved, 6; drowned, 49. We regret to state that all attempts to raise the vessel by means of lighters unexpectedly failed.

The recruiting party of the 96th Regiment consisted of Lance-Serjeant Scotter, Corporal B. Dunn, Private J. Harford, and Private R. Liddell, with the lance-serjeant's wife and boy, seven years old, and a recruit named J. M'Dougall for the 78th Regiment; also a little girl, daughter of a soldier belonging to the 25th Regiment, now in India, and who was coming with the party to Chatham to be forwarded out with an embarkation of troops to her father.

No more, ah! no more, o'er the deep, deep blue tide,
With free flowing sheet, the *Pegasus* shall ride;
Nor startle the mermaids asleep in their caves,
By the dash of her paddle-stroke over the waves.
The last of her triumphs on ocean is o'er,
The last of her cruises 'mid wild billows roar,
The last of her speedings so fearfully fast,
The day of the bonny old barque is now past,
The sea-nymphs are mournfully chanting her knell,
While Echo responds from the towering swell—

Hither, sisters, hasten here,
Come prepare the seaman's bier,
See the wreck of human pride,
At the mercy of the tide.

On she went, like winged horse,
Snorting, dash'd upon her course—
Now she lies, like stiffen'd steed,
'Mid the green and tangled weed.

Hark! the wail, the mother's wail,
Hither borne by fitful gale;
Hark! the sound of mortal woe,
As the breezes come and go.

Britain weeps her children brave;
Tears, alas! can never save
From their fate the sons of men;
Hither, sisters, hasten then.

To your caves the maiden bear;
Let the *player's* tomb be where
Never more the rising storm
Can disturb his slumbering form.

Lay the mother by her child,
Far from rocking billows wild;
Lay the husband by the side
Of his lifeless livid bride.

Mighty Being, at whose word
Winds are loosed, tornadoes heard,
List thy lesser angel's pray'r,
To thyself each spirit bear.

Let their fate by Ocean's rage,
Blot each sin from Judgment's page;
Each to Heaven's glory bring,
Almighty Father!—thus they sing.

The information concerning the loss of the ship was conveyed back to Edinburgh, in an almost incredibly short space of time, and Mr. W. Murray, as soon as he heard of the loss of his friend Elton, set to work with a promptitude that must ever reflect infinite credit on him, and actually started a subscription, and raised 100*l.*, and forwarded the amount to Mr. M'Ian, in London, who received it before the children knew of the loss of their father. On July 31st, an advertisement appeared in the *Times* newspaper, announcing a subscription in London, and a benefit for the orphan children; the utmost commiseration was felt for them in all quarters, and was followed by immediate and liberal donations.

On Tuesday the 8th of August, some divers resumed their labours at the wreck of the *Pegasus*, getting up what they could of the cargo and luggage. The body of the Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie was found floating near the wreck, and it was then supposed that the bodies of many of the sufferers were entangled among the sea-weed, of which there is a great quantity in the immediate neighbourhood of the Gold Rock, but nothing however was found of our poor lost friend.

Mr. Elton was passionately fond of his profession to the last moment, as an instance of which he, two or three times a year, got up a play and a farce in his own house, acted by his children and their friends, and almost invariably took a part himself, acting with all the zest of an enthusiastic amateur. In addition to his original characters, the following may be mentioned—*Eugene Aram*, *Rienzi*, *Master Waller*, "*Love Chase*;" *Hargrave*, "*Cavalier*," &c. &c.

The kindly feeling displayed by the philanthropic Murray towards Mr. Elton's blind and helpless father, and the seven orphan children—six girls and one boy—was readily responded to by our London managers in the most praiseworthy manner. Mrs. Davidge, of the Surrey, took the lead, observing that a benefit is no benefit at all, unless given free (without deducting the usual expenses), and she accordingly named a night when the *whole* of the receipts* should be given in aid

* 130*l.* 4*s.*

of the fund. Mr. W. Batty, of Astley's, gave the receipts of the 12th of August. Mr. Webster, of the Haymarket, Mr. Maddox, of the Princess's, and Mr. Conquest, of the Garrick, were next, followed by a gift from Miss A. B. Coutts of 20 guineas; the Davidge Club, 10 guineas; Mr. Lumley, of the Italian Opera House, 5*l.*; Mr. Macready, 5 guineas, and a private gift. The subscription, &c. was conducted by Mr. Elton's very intimate friends, Mr. T. J. Serle, Mr. M'Ian and wife, assisted by his old schoolfellow Mr. Kenney Meadowes, and other gentlemen, amongst whom was the late respected actor, Mr. Nantz. The benefit at the Strand Theatre was held on Friday, August the 11th; at the Pavilion, August the 18th, and at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on the same night—the scene of Elton's dawning glory. About the same date the late Mr. S. Butler, while delivering a lecture on the actors' high art, at Manchester, generously directed the attention of his auditory to poor Elton's children, and to the credit and honour of Manchester, be it spoken, the sum of 8*l.* was raised in the room. At the Brighton Theatre between 30*l*- and 40*l.* was taken, and with grief we record that at church-ridden Cheltenham only 3*l.* was raised.

The following address was delivered by Mrs. R. Honner, Surrey Theatre, Thursday, August 3rd:—

Forth from the weltering wave and Ocean shore
A voice exclaims, "Bereaved ones, weep no more!"
For Elton's spirit breathes upon the air,
"I leave my children to my country's care."
Dimm'd is his speaking eye—clay cold his brow,
Ye have wept *with* him, who weep *for* him now.
Ah! as the whelming waters close above him—
His heart with all he loves—with all who love him;
To that heart's *firstlings* would his last thoughts roam,
That wait his coming who shall never come.
Where the wild breakers roar and billows rise,
Full fathoms five their fated father lies:
They may not know his grave, or dew the sod,
The sea has Elton's *clay*—his soul's with God.
The cheering welcome and the fond caress,
The voice whose whisper hath the power to bless,
Are theirs no more—on each young pallid brow,
I read the thought, "Ah! who shall shield us now?"
You—you who have shielded them, who gather here
To pay his worth the tribute of a tear;
And blessed be ye, the lovelier, gentler sex,
Whose beauty tears *enhance* and pity decks,
Ye feel with Woman's Soul their helpless fate,
The motherless—the lone—the desolate.
Weep ye! Ah, lady, are the tears that flow
In Christian sympathy for others' woe?
The orphans' blessing shall repay those tears,
For you have soothed their griefs, and check'd their fears.
His will be done; man had no power to save,
Yet think for all your bounteous goodness gave
The father thanks you from his Ocean grave.

The late Thomas Hood employed his matchless pen for the orphans, and furnished for the Haymarket the following exquisite stanzas,

which none but the author of "The Dream of Eugene Aram" and "The Song of the Shirt" *could* have produced.

SPOKEN BY MRS. WARNER.

" Hush! not a sound! no whisper! no demur!
No restless motion! no intrusive stir!
But with staid presence, and a quiet breath,
One solemn moment dedicate to death!

" For now no fancied miseries bespeak
The panting bosom and the wetted cheek ;
No fabled tempest, or dramatic wreck,
Nor royal sire, washed from the mimic deck,
And dirged by sea nymphs in his briny grave—
Alas! deep, deep, beneath the sullen wave—
His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own
Now cold and senseless as the shingle-stone!
His lips—so eloquent!—choked up with sand!
The bright eye glazed, and the impressive hand
Idly entangled in the ocean weed—
Full fathoms five a FATHER lies, indeed!

" Yes, where the foaming billows roam the while,
Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause
That greets deserving in the drama's cause,—
Blind to the horrors that appal the bold,—
To all he hoped or fear'd, or priz'd of old,—
To love—and love's deep agony—a cold!
He who could move the passions—mov'd by none,
Drifts, an unconscious corse! poor Elton's race is run.

" Sigh for the dead! Yet not alone for him,
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim!
Weep for the dead! Yet do not merely weep,
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep!
But, like Grace Darling, in her little boat,
Stretch forth a saving hand to those that float,—
The Orphan Seven! so prematurely hurl'd
Amidst the surges of this stormy world,
And struggling—save your pity, take their part—
With breakers huge enough to break the heart!"

During the whole of our experience we never witnessed a more unanimous feeling of sympathy in any cause than the one displayed towards the family of this much respected man, and the Edinburgh people who acted so nobly and generously, must have been gratified in the extreme at seeing their example so liberally followed. It is indeed a pleasure to witness at all times the promptitude with which genius and worth steps forward in the good cause of humanity.

Although Mr. Elton did not possess the magical attributes of Edmund Kean, the classic grandeur of J. Vandenhoff, nor the artistical taste of Mr. Macready ; though he did not thrill our hearts with the tones and looks of genius, still he was an *actor* who seized on the prominent points of a character, distinguished the gold from the dross, and fully established himself as an artist of consummate ability.

Witness his *Amintor*, *Eugene Aram*, *M. Beausant*, *Rienzi*, and his *Edgar* in "*Lear*;" in which character for the space of fifteen years he had but *one* rival, and a worthy one he was, but he too is taken from among us. I allude to that excellent comedian, J. S. Balls.

"Saint and sinner, beauty and age, all must perish!"

"So fades and flourishes, decays and dies,
All that this world is proud of; from their thrones
The stars of human grandeur are cast down,
Perish the roses and the flowers of Kings,
And all the palms of all the mighty."

"Peace to the Dead! 'Tis not for man to know
Why God afflicts his creatures here below;
Humility is taught us by the Son—
Then, mourners—orphans—kneel; and let HIS WILL BE DONE!"

"HUSH! *the Angels have fled with the Edgars to Cordelia in Heaven.*"

Mr. Elton was an occasional contributor to the periodical literature of the day, among which may be found an article entitled "The Poppy," inserted in that famous pamphlet, the *English Journal*, page 167. He held the most intimate and lasting friendship with Mrs. C. Hall, which lady I believe he assisted in her writings, and if so, she well repays the obligation by her unceasing kindness to the orphan children. He also gave lectures on the Drama at the National Hall, Holborn (connected with this Institution is a brother of Mr. Elton's, named Charles, a stationer at Islington Green), Mile End Road, and other places in London and the provinces. The deceased actor was secretary to the Shakspearean Club.

With a part of the money gathered (2,700*l.*), a life annuity was purchased for Mr. Elton's father, which produces 8s. per week. This honourable and considerate endowment was the work of Miss Esther Elt, the eldest daughter, who stated the old gentleman's case to the committee before any of her family had received one shilling. With his first wife poor Elton lived in a very unhappy manner, and ultimately parted from her, though not at all to the discredit of the actor; she bore him two daughters, and died at Shoreditch, where she lies. The mother of his other children (a lady named Pratt) died some time since in a state of madness. The second daughter, Rosa, accompanied an intimate friend of her father's, named Paine, to Nova Scotia, in America, for which place they embarked about July, 1844; she was proficient in music, and had several pupils of great respectability in the New World; she however returned to England in the summer of 1846. The next daughter, Rosalind, is learning the wood engraving, and is I believe with Mrs. M'Ian, in Somerset House. The son is the youngest child, but neither of them are married.

"Full fathoms five thy FATHER lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell—
Hark! I hear them, ding, dong, bell!"

"This ditty doth remember my drown'd Father."—*Shakspeare.*

THOMAS MARSHALL.

London, July 12th, 1847.

ACTORS AND ACTING, PAST AND PRESENT.

It is well known how fond the Romans were of acting plays; but it is to be lamented, that the Roman Theatre never furnished any ladies to match the heroines of our English stage. Great encomiums have been bestowed upon Laberius, Roscius, and the famous Publius Syrus, which would not be inapplicable to some of our present actors. I am sorry to find that they were not in the habit of speaking epilogues in those days, though they spoke prologues, of which I shall give my readers one as a sample, after telling them upon what occasion it was composed.

Laberius, whom I before mentioned, was a Roman knight of good family, and a man withal of high spirit and pretensions, but unfortunately he had a talent for the drama: he read his own plays better than any man then living could act them. P. Clodius, the fine gentleman and rake of the age, had the indecorum to press Laberius to come forward on the public stage, and take the principal character in one of his own plays. Laberius was indignant, and Clodius proceeded to menaces. "Do your worst," says the Roman Knight, "you can but send me to Dyrrachium and back again;" proudly intimating, that he would suffer the like banishment with Cicero, rather than consent to his demand; for acting was not then the amusement of fools and rogues, nor of people of fashion, and private theatres were not then thought of. Now these dreadful places exist for the purposes of plunder and prostitution.

Julius Cæsar was no less captivated with Laberius's talents than Clodius had been; and being a man not apt to be discouraged by common difficulties, took up the same solicitation, and assailed our Roman Knight, who was now sixty years of age, and felt his powers in their decline. Conscious of this decline, no less than his own dignity, he resisted the degrading request, he interceded, he implored of Cæsar to excuse him:—it was to no purpose;—Cæsar had made it his point, and his point he would carry: the word of Cæsar was law; and Laberius, driven out of all his defences, was obliged to submit and comply. Cæsar makes a grand spectacle for all Rome; bills are given out for a play of Laberius's, and the principal part is announced to be performed by the author himself. The theatre is thronged with spectators;—all Rome is present, and Decimus Laberius presents himself on the stage, and addresses the audience in the following prologue:—

O, strong Necessity, of whose swift course
So many feel, so few escape, the force—
Whither, ah! whither, in thy prone career,
Hast thou decreed this dying frame to bear?
Me, in my better days, nor foe, nor friend,
Nor threat, nor bribe, nor vanity, could bend;
Now, lur'd by flattery in my weaker age,
I sink my knighthood and ascend the stage.
Yet muse not, therefore—how shall man gainsay
Him whom the Deities themselves obey?
Sixty long years I've liv'd, without disgrace,
A Roman knight; let dignity give place:
I'm Cæsar's actor now, and compass more
In one short hour than all my life before.

O, Fortune! fickle source of good and ill,
If here to place me 'twas thy sovereign will,
Why, when I'd youth and faculties to please
So great a master, and such guests as these,
Why not compel me then, malicious pow'r!
To the hard task of this degrading hour?
Where now—in what profound abyss of shame
Dost thou conspire with fate to sink my name?
Whence are my hopes—what voice can age supply
To charm the ear,—what grace to please the eye?
Where is the action, energy, and art,
The look that guides its passion to the heart?
Age creeps like ivy o'er my withered trunk,
Its bloom all blasted, and its vigour shrunk;
A tomb, where nothing but a name remains
To tell the world whose ashes it contains.

The play to which this pathetic prologue was attached was a comedy, in which Laberius took the part of a slave, and in the course of the plot (as usual) was beaten by his master. In this condition, having marked his habit with counterfeited stripes, he runs upon the stage, and cries out amain—*Pono Quirites! libertatem perdimus.* "In good faith, countrymen, there is an end of freedom!" The indignant spectators sent up a shout of applause. Laberius, not yet content with this atonement to the manes of his knighthood, subjoins the following pointed allusion: *Necesse est multos timeat, quem multi timeat.* "The man whom many fear must needs fear many."—All eyes were now turned upon Cæsar, and the degraded Laberius enjoyed a full revenge.

We may naturally suppose this conduct lost him the favour of Cæsar, who immediately took up Publius Syrus, a Syrian slave, who had been manumitted for his ingenious talents, and was acting in the provincial theatres with much applause. Cæsar fetched him out of his obscurity, as we bring up an actor from Bath or York, and pitted him against Laberius. It was the triumph of youth and vigour over age and decay; and Cæsar, with malicious civility, said to Laberius, *Favente tibi me victus es, Labere, a Syro.* "You are surpassed by Syrus, in spite of my support."

As Laberius was going out of the theatre, he was met by Syrus, who was inconsiderate enough to let an expression escape him which was very disrespectful to his veteran competitor. Laberius felt the unbecoming insult, and, turning to Syrus, gave him this extempore answer:

"To stand the first is not the lot of all;
'Tis now your turn to mount, and mine to fall.
'Tis slippery ground: beware you keep your feet;
For public favour is a public cheat."

I need not remind the learned reader in what credit the sayings of this Publius Syrus have been justly held by all the literati, from Seneca to Scaliger, who turned them into Greek; and it is for the honour of the fraternity of the stage, that both he and Sophron, whose moral sentences were found under Plato's pillow when he died, were actors by profession.

It is certain that Thespis and Eschylus, the first founders of the ancient drama, were performers of their own pieces; the one having

added a second or third actor, or gesticulator, to enliven the old heroic ballads of his time, and the other given them the music, sock, and buskin. How passionately fond the ancients were of dramatic entertainments may be inferred from the sumptuous theatres they erected, and the immense salaries they paid to those actors who excelled in their profession. At Athens the actors were all persons of good birth and education; poets, orators, and even kings did not disdain to appear on the stage, as Cornelius Nepos informs us, this being thought in those times of simplicity, neither injurious to reputation, nor descending from dignity; and although players were not in such estimation at Rome, as their stage had not attained the perfection of the Grecian, and because of the warlike genius of the people, yet they were artists in their business, and men of probity in their private lives; they were respected and esteemed by the chief persons of the commonwealth. It is certain that they neglected no method and spared no expense which could contribute to the perfection of their theatrical entertainments, and the high sense they had of merit in this way may be learned from the great encomiums they have handed down to us of two of their most eminent performers, Roscius and Æopus—encomiums which could only be paid to real merit by people of the most refined ears and delicate sensibility, who only were the best judges of it.

Roscius gave such early proof of his genius for the stage that the greatest lords of Rome undertook the care of his education, and gave his talents a cultivation agreeable to their natural bent. In person he was most agreeable and graceful. Cicero says "that he was formed both to move and to please, and that he was so excellent an artist that he seemed the only person who deserved to tread the stage; yet so excellent a man in all other respects, that he seemed the only man, of all others, who should not have taken up the profession." The same author informs us "that his excellences became at length proverbial, and the greatest praise that could be given to men of genius in any particular profession was, that each was a Roscius in his art."—(Cicero de Orat. Lib. I.)

The ancient actors studied the art of touching the affections with great industry. Æopus, we are informed by Plutarch, had wrought himself once up to such a transport of rage, in representing Atreus, deliberating how he should avenge himself of Thyestes, that he struck one of his servants hastily crossing the stage with his truncheon, and laid him dead at his feet.

Polus, another actor of eminence, brought the urn of his beloved child on the stage, instead of the supposed one of Orestes. This filled him with such grief, as was soon sympathetically felt by his audience. And thus we see no expedient was neglected which could give the performance the appearance of reality.

Alexander, tyrant of Pherea, was so affected on seeing the *Hecuba* of Euripides acted, that he went out before the end of the first act, saying, "he was ashamed to weep at the misfortunes of Hecuba and Polyxena, when he daily imbrued his hands in the blood of his citizens." "He was afraid," says Dacier, "that his heart would be truly mollified, the spirit of tyranny leave his breast, and he go a private person out of the theatre which he entered as a master." The

actor who so sensibly touched him with difficulty escaped with life, but was preserved by some remains of that pity he had so powerfully raised.

The Drama and the Stage! What a verdant and expansive field upon which to let loose the idle fancy of every literary scribbler. What a capital opportunity to get rid of fervid though now mouldy encomiums upon the never-dying Bard of Avon, penned while under the influence of his inspiring beauties, but long ago thrown aside, to make way for smart, deservedly caustic strictures upon the penurious illiberality of modern managers; racy, satirical protests against foreign importations, or whining lamentations over the fast-fading glory of native talent. John Bull is however a most peremptory fellow. He insists, in order not to be mistaken, that praising Shakspeare would be like attempting to add velocity to the lightning, or warmth to an African sun.

There is not a subject upon which public writers like so much to dwell as the decline of *the Drama*. They like it because they imagine the solution of the question easy, and because, loving the drama, they flatter themselves that the discovery of the same disease will assist the application of a remedy. The question, too, has the merit of being popular: everybody takes an interest in it, and everybody, save sectarians, would gladly assist in reviving the glories of the stage. Yet, we will be bold enough to say, that no subject has been less understood—none has elicited a greater amount of false reasoning and erroneous deduction.

Many writers have endeavoured to show that the Shakspearean drama is on the decline, and that the rage for theatricals has had what they call its day. Here the scribblers—for they are not expounders—at once show their ignorance of the subject. They do not understand what is meant by the decline of the drama. Their worthless and numberless effusions have raised a tendency abroad to confound the decline of the drama with the decline of theatricals. No two things can be more antagonistic. *The legitimate drama will never decline*, but that it has not been appreciated as heretofore is true, and the cause we shall presently show. Theatricals have by no means declined; theatres have multiplied during the whole of the last century, and the illegitimate is now in 1847 in a more flourishing state all over the world than ever.

From the rude beginning of Thespis, the inventor and tragedian exhibiting (B.C. 535) his *Alceste* on his waggon or moveable stage at Athens, to the finished masterpieces of the elder Sophocles, there was a space but of seventy years; and a still less period intervened between the production of *Gorbodu* and *Hamlet*. But not only in civilized countries did theatrical exhibitions attain an early maturity and become the most favourite species of public entertainment, they were found to exist in those aboriginal countries where nature still retained her pristine vigour and simplicity, a strong—very strong—proof that the drama is an inherent principle of human nature, and will continue so long as curiosity is a motive, or love and pity are principles of human action.

The importance of the drama, not merely for purposes of amusement but of instruction, is well attested by the fact that priests were

among the first to avail themselves of it as the most impressive medium of religious truths,—but the drama did not long remain subservient to priestcraft. She escaped the fetters of ancient superstition, and became more of a moral than a religious or political vehicle—a personifier, not of abstractions, but of realities—a resuscitator of history, and a mirror of the times. In tragedy she shows the misfortune consequent upon crimes, whether of states or individuals, in comedy the dilemmas of folly, and in both she carries a free head, independant of sect or party, and observant only of truth and nature. Accordingly she has in her vocation sometimes glanced at certain institutions of society or classes of character inimical to the public good, or the welfare of individuals; and in so doing has done good service to the interests of mankind, though thereby she has unavoidably incurred the hatred and denunciation of hypocrites, impostors, or quacks. Indeed, in no school is a knowledge of the world so well taught—she is the "Pleasing Instructor"—for she shows us, as in a magic mirror, those things which would cost us bitter experience to learn for ourselves. She can represent to us scenes for ever passed away, and characters "in their habits as they lived" as an exorcist works the spirits of the dead. There are none of the fine arts that equal her, in whom indeed, or to form whom, all are united in their highest excellence. Poetry, painting, music, lend each their charms to acting. The greatest genius whom the world can boast irradiates the stage with his divine head, and of all persons on the face of the earth the English have most reason to be proud of the drama.

Who are the objectors to the drama? chiefly sectarians soured by fanaticism; wretches not fit to enjoy the light of day. It is to the honour and glory of the Church of England, to the Church of Scotland, and to the Church of Ireland, too, that we have among their members some of the staunchest supporters of the drama, and some of their ministers have even distinguished themselves by contributing stock-pieces to the stage. Instance Dr. Edward Young, the Rev. John Home, the Rev. Mr. Millman, and others, and is not the drama annually exhibited in the dormitory at Westminster College? Would they have done this, if, like the puritans, they had regarded the stage as a rival or antagonist, and not an auxiliary of the pulpit. The narrow-minded bigots of a conventicle begrudge the congregations that flow into a theatre, and think the money paid to witness a well-acted play of Shakspeare would have been better bestowed in the support of the Dr. Cantwells and Mawworms that turn religion into farcical inposture. The testimony of Dr. Blair in favour of the moral effect both of tragedy and comedy may well outweigh the ravings of a ranter even if we had not the examples of Milton, Addison, Dr. Johnson, Thomson, and the most illustrious of the British literati ever burning and shining before us.

When the salaries of actors generally were upon a liberal scale, and their relative positions nicely balanced, they all lived as they should do, like gentlemen, and saved money; and when their professional labours were limited to three or four performances a-week, they were enabled to go into society, mingle with the upper classes, be familiar with his grace, his lordship, and my lady, to whom their lively manners and fecundity of polished wit and anecdote were acceptable,

and would reproduce upon the stage, or otherwise reflect, the usages with which they had become familiar. Here follows a few salaries given to the best actors in the days of John the Kembleite, who, with C. Matthews, was the companion of George, Prince of Wales.

J. P. Kemble, as Actor and Manager	£56	14	0	a week.
G. F. Cooke	20	0	0	„
John Johnstone	14	0	0	„
Charles Quick	14	0	0	„
J. Fawcett	14	0	0	„
J. S. Munden	14	0	0	„
C. Bannister	18	0	0	„

The ladies of course were on the same liberal scale. All had good, none large, salaries. The *appearance* of the actor was always sufficiently in his favour (for others could do much with from 8*l.* to 10*l.* per week and a good benefit) to encourage young men of talent and education to aspire to histrionic honours. It was common, therefore, to see the youth, whose father had intended him for the church, the law, the epaulette, or the commercial desk, cross that father's soul, and offer himself a candidate for Thespic fame, the surest and best road to immortality on earth. Thus we shall end what may be called the first period, the drama's palmy days, and come to a more recent date, when the *great* "starring" system began, and with it the drama's first glimpse of decline. Miss Bland (known under the assumed name of *Mrs. Jordan*) in the middle part of her career had 31*l.* 10s. a week, and then in the provinces 180*l.* a week, and a clear benefit; afterwards in London

afterwards in London	£50	0	0	a night.
Edmund Kean	50	0	0	„
Charles Young	20	0	0	„
John Liston	20	0	0	„
Miss K. Stephens	60	0	0	a week.
Miss O'Neill	25	0	0	„
W. Farren	20	0	0	„
W. C. Macready	18	0	0	„
C. Matthews	17	0	0	„
J. Wallack	16	0	0	„
J. P. Ward	15	0	0	„
John Cooper, Stage Manager	15	0	0	„

Lewis, C. Taylor, Knight, Emery, Jones, Farley, Egerton, Pope, Webster, Suett, Blanchard, Elliston, Rae, Yates, Terry, Dowton, Braham, Mrs. Bunn, Mrs. West, &c. &c., were similarly well paid, and out of this number *nine* aspired to *management.*

At this period what numbers of young men of education, taste, fine persons, and other desirable qualities, made (unfortunately) their "first appearances in London," and then withdrew to the provinces, or quitted the stage for ever, because a want of confidence in their powers, and a little kindly schooling out of town, had not enabled them to pass the ordeal of a (then) critical pit unscathed! Add to this the favouritism of newspaper scribblers, whose murderous steel could be detected passing between the intruder's ribs in every sentence that

was penned, and the piteous triumph proclaimed aloud in the hellish howl of the WOLF CLUB. How much respectable acquirement and gentleman-like bearing, that would have been invaluable (alas!) *now*, was nipped in the bud, or shelved, because of its insufficiency when placed in competition with accepted and established talent; "stars" that from obvious reasons were stationary. Every season brought its half-dozen of *Romeos*, *Octavians*, and *Richards*—its *Rovers*, its *Henry Bertrams*, and *Lingos!* The names of S. Chapman, Sowerby, Newcombe, Stanley, Melrose, Payne, Brooks, Denning, Foster, D. Fisher, Southwell, Priest, Miss Walstein, Miss Grossit, and the talented and much abused Pelby, and a score of others suggest themselves to our recollection.

> "'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
> Be seen in *acting*, or in *judging* ill."
>
> POPE.

Then we had the temporary return of Mrs. Siddons to the stage, and with it her exorbitant demands of 50*l.* a night, and Edmund Kean's boundless extravagance, and conviction of his utility induced him to continue. After their obstruction, no attempt at reform was even hinted at; Macready and Charles Kean came on, as the Americans have it, after the same ratio; and the change in the scale of salaries became at once a theatric law on the engagement of Madame Malibran at 120*l.* a night.

Shortly after this Mr. John Cooper's salary at 15*l.* a week, was about to be cut down to exactly half that sum; but Mr. Cooper thought differently, and at once became a "star" at the Surrey in the new drama of "*The Law of the Land.*"

To meet the drains upon the treasury, arising from the extortion of "the stars," it became necessary to economise in the payment of the less attractive, though more permanently useful members of a theatrical corps. Salaries of ten and twelve pounds a week dropped to five and eight—sometimes to three pounds. Most of the old actors fell off or withdrew, their successors becoming representatives of indigence or difficulty. Every one of any talent who remained, exalted himself into a "star," and exacted terms corresponding with his own estimate of his magnitude or brilliancy. Managers yielded to the necessity they had themselves created, and system destroyed what accident commenced.

Since Mr. Cooper's start we have been amused with the following:—

The Miss Cushmans	£50	0	0	a night
Mrs. Nisbett	45	0	0	"
Mrs. F. A. Butler	40	0	0	"
Ellen Tree	25	0	0	"
Tyrone Power	120	0	0	a week.
W. C. Macready	100	0	0	"
Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean	80	0	0	"
Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews	70	0	0	"
Mr. and Mrs. Keeley (and a share of the Lyceum)	60	0	0	"
W. H. Harrison	45	0	0	"
W. Farren	40	0	0	"
Mr. and Mrs. W. Lacy (Williams)	24	0	0	"
Mrs. C. Jones	8	0	0	"

Here then is one great cause why the drama has deteriorated. Managers cannot pay a good stock company and meet the demands for "stars." also; consequently it has become the fashion to form a *working* company to keep a "star or two" in the ascendant, and in doing so the legitimate drama has declined, or, more properly speaking, the upper and middle classes have shown, with the exception of the "stars," that they do not admire the drama's modern interpreters. It is more agreeable, in a general way, to read the poet than to hear him half and half or altogether badly recited, or see his divine creations murdered. Is it possible the drama can ever decline? We think not; but if it should, it will be, not for want of a public to appreciate its merits and support its claims, but for want of a body of professors adequate to sustain its paramount pretensions. We want to see "*Othello*" cast after this fashion.

Othello	J. G. Vandenhoff,	*Brabantio*	G. Bennett,
Iago	J. Wallack,	*Desdemona*	Miss F. Cooper,
Cassio	J. Anderson,	*Emilia*	Mrs. Warner,

and the relative positions of the other characters nicely balanced. Each of the above artists are worth their 20*l.* per week, and taking the season through no manager could venture to pay more. On the opening of the next season we require at the same price "*The Hunchback*" in this style.

Master Walter	W. H. Betty.	*Modus*	L. Murray.
Clifford	T. Stuart.	*Fathom*	W. Davidge,
Lord Tinsel	W. Lacy.	*Helen*	Mrs. Nisbett.

Julia, Miss H. Faucit.

Followed by a succession of new pieces produced in turn as left at the theatre; no neglect shown to either young or established authors. Then if we are to have "*Richard III.*," give the public Shakspeare's tragedy and not Colley Cibber's abortion, commencing with the murder of *Henry VI.*; and the cast after this fashion:—

Glos'ter	C. Kean.	*Queen*	Mrs. Glover.
Richmond	Mr. Hudson.	*Lady Anne*	Mrs. C. Gill.

Then Talford's "*Ion*" put on the stage with purity, scenic truth, and classic taste, supported by artists such as these:—

Adrastus	J. G. Vandenhoff.	*Ion*	Mrs. Kean.
	G. V. Brooke.	*Clemanthe*	Miss F. Cooper.

Then, ye Gods, we should behold the Drama as it should be, and our temples thronged with eager and patient listeners.

What powerful and well selected casts, say the best judges! yes, reader, and let such a man as Charles Kean try the experiment at Covent Garden next winter, and our lives on it the actor and the spectator would be perfectly satisfied.

(*To be continued.*)

ON WITNESSING THE PERFORMANCE OF MR. ALDRIDGE, THE "AFRICAN ROSCIUS," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, CHICHESTER.—E. J. HOLMES, MANAGER.

O ye whose hearts reject with scorn the child
Of "fiery Afric," and have deemed his wild
And untaught mind as though 'twere all too base
To feel the nobler passions of our race,
Behold in Roscius, Nature sure is freed,
From the vile stain of their degrading creed;
They could not deem a soul like thine was formed,
Ne'er by one gen'rous impulse to be warmed!
Bertram, from thee doth interest new create,
By the stern grandeur of his mortal hate;
And in *Othello* faithfully we see
Depicted all his burning jealousy.
Can we forget the agony intense
Of thy *Alhambra!* as in dread suspense
He kneels for life imploring? Or the joy,
That in a moment, makes the Negro boy
A changed creature—full of playful glee,
As though no thought remained of misery?
Thy *Mungo*, then *Gambia*? generous, kind,
The very being of the poet's mind!
Whose noble sentiments with added force
Come from thy lips, who (such is still the course
Of one base nation's traffic) hadst thou not
Been early called to fill a higher lot,
Some ruffian hand might now have made e'en thee,
Heart-broken, mourn for "blessed Liberty!"
O may each Briton in thy *Gambia* hear
A pleading voice for Afric's fate severe,
And while in *Daran* thy wondrous talent own,
And listen to thy deep heart thrilling tone;
O may thy tongue indeed prophetic be,
And Columbia burst her chains of Slavery,
That long hath bound the Negro's energy,
Then shall his *mind* be as his body, *free!*

PERDITA.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR MR. BUCKINGHAM.

Brought forward	£6	1	0
A Friend, per post	1	12	0
	£7	13	0

The Editor begs to inform Mr. Buckingham's professional brethren and the public in general, that the subscription book will remain open until the completion of the first volume of the NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY, and takes this opportunity, in the name of Mr. Buckingham, to return his most heartfelt and sincere thanks for the above very liberal donations.

T. MARSHALL, 86, Farringdon-street.

JUNE 1st.—A new farce, called "*Who do they take me for?*" was produced at the Haymarket with success.

Mr. and Mrs. Kean embark at New York in the *Switzerland* for England.

2nd.—Sadler's Wells closed for the season. Mr. Phelps proceeded to Jersey, and Miss F. Cooper shortly after joined Mr. Maddox at the Princess's Theatre.

Mrs. Nisbett and Miss Macnamara appear at Newcastle-under-Lyne, this day and the following.

4th.—Miss H. Faucit's benefit at Leicester, "*As You Like It;*" *Jacques*, Mr. Paumier; *Rosalind*, Miss Faucit; *Touchstone*, R. F. Smith; *Phœbe*, Miss F. Murray, her *debût*.

Madame Vestris's benefit at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and last appearance.

9th.—Lyceum Theatre advertised to be let from the 21st of June to the 31st of August next, and the Liver Theatre, Liverpool, on and after the 11th of June.

Park Theatre, New York, opened with an opera company. It will re-open for the legitimate drama on the 15th of August. Mr. C. Pitt is engaged, and will proceed out early in September, accompanied by George Owen. Mr. Pitt is a dashing actor, and we have no doubt of his success with the Americans. His style is in every way calculated to please them. Owen commences a short engagement on the 30th of August, at Liverpool, as *Richelieu*.

10th.—A part of the opera company from the Princess's Theatre appeared at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in "*Anne Boleyn.*" They consisted of Messrs. Allen, Bodda, Miss S. Flower, Miss G. Smithson, Miss Bassano, aided by P. Corri (bass), and Miss Kenneth. "*La Sonnambula*" and "*The Night Dancers*" were also produced, and the patronage at first was moderately good, but in a few nights there was not sufficient in the house to pay the salaries. They in consequence concluded on the 23rd, and joined Mr. Coleman at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, on the 28th.

Mr. C. Pitt appeared at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, as *Hamlet*, and afterwards as *Claude Melnotte*, *Othello*, and *Richard III.*, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham, Mr. Rae, and Mr. and Mrs. Power, and Miss Kenneth from the Theatre Royal. Here there was a decided improvement, the company getting their salaries. Mr. Pitt afterwards proceeded to Newcastle-under-Lyne.

11th.—Miss E. Montague's benefit at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. The house was well and fashionably attended.

Miss K. Fitzwilliam took her farewell benefit at Birmingham. Mrs. Carlton took her benefit at Hull Theatre Royal.

12th.—A drama from the French by Planché, called "*The Jacobite*," produced at the Haymarket.

J. Anderson concluded his engagement at the St. Louis Theatre with his benefit.

13th.—Annual dinner of the members of the Dramatic Society at Greenwich.

MONDAY, 14th.—Mrs. Nisbett re-appeared at the Haymarket as *Constance*, in "*The Love Chase.*"

The celebrated comedian, W. Davidge, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, commenced a short engagement at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin as the *King* in "*The Fair One with the Golden Locks.*" His success was immense, and his engagement has been twice renewed, making *eight* weeks instead of two. He afterwards appeared as *Grandfather Whitehead* and *Griffenhoof*, in "*Shocking Events,*" in which he was eminently successful; and notwithstanding his being badly supported (the stock actors being young and inexperienced), the theatre has been excellently attended on every night of his performance.

15th.—A version of the French piece, "*Une Femme qui se jette par la Fennetre,*" called "*Ladies Beware,*" produced at the Princess's with great success. The principal part, namely, that of *Matilda*, had been given to Mrs. Stirling to study. She rehearsed the part several times, and was advertised to appear in it. However, a short time previous to its production she refused to appear in it at all. The manager, not wishing to break faith with the public, and at the same time having an eye to business, sent post haste for one of the most accomplished actresses in London, Miss Cooper, of Sadler's Wells. This lady immediately undertook the thankless office; she was successful; and a west-end audience at once discovered, and by their applause acknowledged, Miss Cooper to be something more than Mrs. Stirling's substitute; so much so, that Mrs. Stirling's services have not since been required at Mr. Maddox's theatre.

17th.—Mr. Massingham's (box office) benefit at the Princess's, on which occasion Miss Winstanly, of this theatre, appeared to great advantage as *Meg Merrilies*.

His Excellency the Lieutenant-governor of Jersey honoured the theatre there with his presence. The house was literally crowded.

18th.—Jenny Lind visited the Princess's Theatre, for the purpose of witnessing the representation of an English tragedy, "*Lear.*" *King Lear*, Mr. Macready; *Cordelia*, Miss Cooper. The theatre closed this night, but re-opened on the 21st, with Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews, as stars.

Mr. G. Bennett's benefit at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool.

19th.—Miss Woolford performed her tight-rope feat of dancing on a rope stretched across the river Ouse, near the Waits, St. Ives.

MONDAY, 21st.—A new domestic drama, by Peake, in three acts, called "*The Title Deeds*," produced at the Adelphi, in which Mrs. Yates, as *Mrs. Ever-gay*, re-appeared at this theatre.

Wallace's opera of "*Maritana*," produced at the Surrey.

The theatre at Newcastle-upon-Tyne opened by Mr. Davis for a fortnight. In addition to the stock company were J. Corrie, H. Loraine, and the Misses Lebat. Business good; a part of the company afterwards proceeded to Blyth.

The season at Wolverhampton closed with C. Dillon's benefit. The speculation has well re-paid the activity of Messrs. Dillon and Widdicomb.

22nd.—Miss Acosta (a pupil of Mrs. Glover's), of the York Circuit, appeared at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, as *Catherine* (first time) in "*Catherine and Petruchio*;" *Petruchio*, Mr. Pritchard. Sterling plays and popular novelties have been presented during the season with no niggardly hand. This excellent company opened at York early in July.

23rd.—DEATH *by accident*.—Mr. J. H. Andrews, the favourite comedian of the Carlisle Theatre, aged only 28 years.

27th.—DEATH, at Bedford Road, Clapham, of malignant cancer, Miss Pickering, formerly of Brighton, a much valued teacher of music.

MONDAY, 28th.—The Lyceum is re-opened for a short season by Mr. Levy of the Victoria and Strand Theatres, and a Mr. Charles Gadderer; stage-manager, Mr. Emery; business very bad.

Miss M. Atkins, formerly of the Lyceum, made her first appearance at the Strand Theatre as *Nahoud*, in "*The Three Hunchbacks*." In the engagement of Miss Atkins, the management have not only shown their willingness to give effect to their various novelties, but have performed an act of justice towards this lady, by placing her in a position that for a lengthened period her talents have entitled her to enjoy, she is a clever, painstaking actress.

DEATH.—Mrs. Forrest, the mother of E. Forrest, tragedian.

29th. We announced in our last the return of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean from America; on this day they arrived at their beautiful retreat, Key Dell, in Hampshire, after a long absence. These favourites of the public have made a double professional tour of the United States, hitherto unattempted by any of our theatrical visitors: Mr. Charles Pitt, we are told, intends making the attempt; if so, may the same success attend him.

30th.—The following advertisement appeared in the *Times* of this date.—"TO BE LET, the OLYMPIC THEATRE and the THEATRICAL PROPERTIES to be SOLD. THIS THEATRE will be let by the month, week, or night, for dramatic purposes, concerts, benefit societies, &c, on very reasonable terms. Apply to Mr. Davenport, at the private door, 13, Craven Buildings, between 1 and 3, this day and to-morrow—afterwards, Theatre Royal, Norwich, or to H. L. Johnson, 44, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Three van-loads of properties to be sold, to be seen on the stage."

We understand Captain Addison has taken the Olympic, and intends opening early in October. If this be true, we sincerely hope the Captain will guard against a repetition of those distressing occurrences by which his management at the Queen's in 1836 became so painfully notorious.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam appeared at the Carlisle Theatre, as *Josephine*, "*Belle of the Hotel*."

Miss C. Cushman and Capt. H. Tuckett are very successful in New York; Mrs. Bishop succeeds them.

Mr. B. Baker, who is engaged at the Lyceum (Prince of Wales's Theatre) is to share the business of first old men with F. Matthews. Several eminent actors were applied to by Mr. Roxby, the stage manager, to join the company, but refused to have anything to do with the speculation. Miss J. St. George (the so-called) does *not* go to the Lyceum, but to Sadler's Wells, in August.

In answer to a Subscriber in No. VI. we there stated it as an almost impossibility for the Surrey to remain open under the then existing circumstances, and time has shown that we were correct to the letter—painfully correct—for on Saturday, July the 10th, the treasury did not produce one single shilling for any person engaged on the establishment. The opera company, of course, quitted the Theatre; "*stars*" could not remain without their ruinous demands being paid, and the management had recourse to the legitimate (G. Bennett, H. Marston, and T. Lyon), to save this popular establishment from ruin.

"*The Rag Picker*" at the Surrey, made so celebrated by the exquisite acting of H. Webb, is a clever adaptation by E. Stirling, of the "*Chiffoniere*," which is so very popular in Paris, maintaining its *fureur* unimpaired. Many people are staying ... Paris expressly to see it when they can obtain places. A new snuff-box in the shape of a rag basket (*hotte*) is all the rage among our dandies, and trowsers, made of a checked stuff of divers colours, imitating patchwork, and called *a la chiffoniere*, are considered the very pink of fashion.

Mr. James W. Wallack, jun., a young, promising, and popular actor, and nephew of the celebrated comedian of that name, came from America as passenger in the *Waterloo*, for a few months.

AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Baltimore, Maryland, May 23rd, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I am certain you feel interest sufficient in our well-being to be glad to hear from us that we are doing very well, are in health, pleased with the country, and so forth; Mrs. Pope, shortly after our arrival, had an attack of bilious fever and ague, which pulled her down very much, but she is happily herself again, and I hope climatized, though the summer is the trying ordeal to the *old country* folks. New York, Philadelphia, and Old Virginny, we have visited, and the city we write from. The summer will extend our travel perhaps into Canada, with a prospect of the Park, New York, for the winter. Except trifling mishaps we had a good passage out, though we encountered the Equinox, which nearly sent the *Great Western* after the *President*.

Theatricals are average good, many native actors are rising, and on the whole prospects sufficiently favourable. Glad to see your name in your old locality: hope you are comfortable and in health. The boys are with us, and well as ever. We hope L—— is leading an active life, and not arrived at sixteen stone yet. Several new theatres are being built in New York and Boston; Bland and Brougham have a place open in the latter city, and are doing well.

James Anderson has done very well; we expect him here next week. Forrest is here now; a succession of "stars" the order of the day. I do not feel warranted in advising a visit to the New World, as you may be doing well at home, and change of climate, fatigue of journey, &c., are considerations: though we have no reason to be otherwise than perfectly satisfied. We like the country and people much. It is a fine and great nation; there are no two ways about it.* "Sherry Cobblers" and "Juleps" we understand now, and many other good things; and though last not least, green-pease have been upon our table this fortnight. We shall be happy to hear from you at any time.

Good bye. Mrs. Pope joins in love to both. I have not heard from Laidlaw since we have been out.

Yours very truly,
W. C. POPE.

MISS C——
London.

A FORTNIGHT LATER.

Actors, like swallows and other migratory birds, at certain seasons, assemble in great numbers previous to taking flight for a more genial clime; and just now New York is filled with the children of Thespis, taking a peep at us Gothamites, ere they wing their way to North, West, or South. From New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston, Richmond, Baltimore, and all the cities south of this, they have been arriving daily, and "the cry is still they come." Seldom have I seen congregated together a greater number of high tragedians, eccentric, light and low comedians, singers (real nightingales), dancers, pantomimists, and painters, than may now be met with any day at noon down at Ned Windust's—

"The place where *Actors* most do congregate."

Just look at them, look—what a group! Take a few figures from the crowd.

* Hear this ye Bozonian enthusiasts.

That stalwart man with the buffalo neck, broad shoulders, and herculean limbs, is Edwin Forrest. His companion, a slightly built young man, with small features, whose chin is doubtfully embellished with a slight imperial, is George Jamieson—a good actor, a wonderful mimic, and a skilful sculptor of cameos. He has come on from Philadelphia to play seconds to Forrest at the Park.

That little, restless, fidgetty man, with a small face and a cunning eye, dressed in a suit of Canadian grey—he who looks as if he had tumbled into a dish of pepper and salt while he was wet—is George Skerret from England, who is on his way to management in Montreal. You recollect him Niggar, and his pretty little wife, at the St. Charles a year or two ago?

Povey (this lot, as the auctioneers say, needs no description) is up to his ears in business with agency and actors, manuscripts and managers. He runs in and out incessantly, and see as he rushes up the steps he is met by a broad-shouldered, wide-chested, dark-complexioned young man in a bright blue frock coat, a brighter blue satin cravat, pantaloons cut low at the waist, no vest, and a liberal display of shirt bosom—'tis the facetious Tom Placide, who has come on to enjoy himself for a week or two after a winter's seclusion down Boston. He is accompanied by the "tall son of York" and Gemotice, and the trio have come up here for the express purpose of devouring shad.

"May good digestion wait on appetite."

Tom says he shall waste next winter in New Orleans. Lucky Tom! *Hurry up those bear steaks!*

That stout built man in a drab overcoat—he with the sunburnt face, who has set a whole knot of listeners laughing, is Dan Marble; known in the old country as Leman Rede's "*Cock of the Wilderness.*" He has just told a new story he picked up on his way here. Just hearken how they roar. Here comes John Povey again, and with him one on whom Time lays a gentle hand, for though the once raven locks be tinged with frosty grey, the fire of his eye is yet undimmed—his open coat displays a manly chest—he has a youthful, dashing, swaggering gait, and gaily swings the primrose kid glove stripped from the hand that dealt chastisement to the Maddoxian mug. As an actor few have had more admirers; as a man few have had more friends than Wallack, *the* Wallack—*Alesandro Massaroni* Wallack—a true type of a good school of actors, of whom, with sorrow be it said, but few remain to claim our admiration. Marshall, of the NATIONAL DRAMATIC, didn't say a word too much in praise of the *actor* and the *man* who makes his first appearance in New York these three years at the Park on Monday. Farewell, Niggar!

LATER FROM THE UNITED STATES.

June 9th. Mr. Nickenson, the very popular actor of the Olympic, New York, opened the Newark Theatre.—13th. The friends and admirers of Mr. Davenport in Cincinnati gave him a complimentary supper, and presented him with a beautiful gold watch and chain and seal, intended as an expression of their esteem for him as a man, and admiration for him as an actor.—14th. First night of Mr. Collins at the Walnut Street, Philadelphia; *Paddy O'Rafferty* and *Terence O'Grady*, he concluded on the 19th. Mr. J. Wallack appeared as *Shylock* at the Lyceum, Toronto.—23rd. Mr. E. A. Marshall received a complimentary benefit at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia; every member of the establishment made a voluntary offer of their services.

CONSIDERABLE expectations are formed of a lady, the *protegé* of Mr. Charles Kemble, who will appear at the Haymarket, in November, as the representative of Shakspearean heroines. We understand Mr. Seguin is appointed bass singer at the Temple Church.

The company now performing at the Surrey, are on a trifle better than half salaries; the responsible party is now Mr. Keirschner (a relation of the late Mrs. Davidge), though Mrs. Davidge and others have still a share in it. This will last about a month; and, though the business is bad, it is better than closing the theatre, which involves an expense of 60*l.* per week. In September, Mrs. Davidge opens again upon her own account, and we sincerely trust that she will in future keep a steady eye to business, and not allow herself to be led away by her own servants and seeming friends.

Previous to the re-opening of the Olympic by Captain Addison and Henry Spicer, it is intended that a few amateur performances shall take place at that theatre.

Mr. E. Stirling, late stage-manager at the Surrey, paid, some few days since, a deposit for the Marylebone Theatre, but hung back at completing the necessary repairs, &c., of the house, which it appears is to fall upon the new lessee. The husband of Mrs. Warner and his friends, hearing of Mr. Stirling's *pig-in-a-poke*, sought an immediate interview with Mr. Douglas, who was still open to let the theatre on a short repairing lease. The offer of Mr. W. was accepted, and Douglas put a *third* 50*l.* deposit into his purse, agreeing at the same time to take a share in Mr. Warner's speculation, until the former questioned the latter as to the amount of his nightly expenses. "About 35*l.*," says Mr. Warner. "What!" says Mr. Douglas, "35*l.* expenses at the Marylebone Theatre! Humph, I beg to decline any hand in the sharing business; I wish you every success, Mr. Warner, but must state that I think your expenses are *a leetle too high*."

Thus, the business was settled; Mr. Warner and friends are to have the theatre for the remainder of Mr. Douglas's term, and 25*l.* per week is secured for the services of Mrs. Warner. Some good offers have been made, and already five or six good artists have been engaged. Mr. Douglas has some thoughts of the Brighton Theatre. The following advertisement appeared in the *Times* supplement of July 22nd, and we insert it here as *a curiosity*:—

THEATRICAL INVESTMENT.—A favourable opportunity now offers to any gentleman having 300*l.* at command, to INVEST the same in a speculation which, by judicious management, may be made to realise a very handsome income; 5*l.* per week having been cleared by the present proprietor for some time past. None but principals treated with. Address R. Y. 6, White Hart Yard, Drury Lane.

We regret to inform our readers of the death of the clever comedian, Mr. Walton, of the Princess's Theatre. The inquest held on the 20th of July, returned a verdict of "Died by poison, improperly administered." The funeral took place on the following Thursday. A benefit for the widow and son is spoken of.

PROVINCIAL.

It is with great pleasure we announce the favourable prospects on the opening of the Theatrical season (race season) at Chichester. Mr. Holmes has engaged an entire new company with the exception of Mr. J. G. Davies, the scenic artist and actor, including neither stars nor sticks. Mr. Norton Forde was prevented from appearing on the opening night, through

an injury he received to his collar bone. Miss Darnley, Miss Lacy, and Miss Rosenberg, are clever dramatic vocalists, as are the Messrs. Roberts and Cooper; indeed all were favourably received and heartily applauded. The following bespeaks have been already announced:—Earl of March, Sq. Waterford, Earl of Stradbroke, and one by the officers of the Guards. Mr. France of Sadler's Wells is the stage director.

TO THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

GENTLEMEN—With your kind permission I most respectfully beg to suggest the great propriety of a free benefit at one and all of your several theatres, for the purpose of raising a subscription of sufficient magnitude to purchase the Shakspeare property at Stratford-upon-Avon, of putting the messuage into complete repair, worthy the occupancy of one of our most able dramatists. To be held for life, and the succession continued to perpetuity. On that classic ground, and under that roof the British poet would receive direct his pure dramatic inspiration. This, gentlemen, would be a proper NATIONAL TRIBUTE worthy of you and of the country which gave our Shakspeare birth, and I would also suggest that James Sheridan Knowles be the first object of your bounty.

I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS MARSHALL.

July 6th, 1847.

SENTIMENTS OF THE PRESS.

"THE NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.—This is a wonder and good sign of the times, and conducted on the true mode of driving trash out of the market."—*Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.*

"The secret of this work's potency is to be found in its rigid honesty, its exposure of managerial vice and whim, its lofty and admirable notions of professional female virtue, and the editor's daring flights in denouncing Royal neglect, demanding general protection to the native actor for the general good."—*Scotsman.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Yorick.—Mr. John Heywood of Manchester supplies this work; but Mr. Abel Heywood, the town councillor and bookseller, of Oldham Street, is our principal Manchester Agent.

A. Sub. (Maida Hill).—The discontinuing the wrapper is principally to facilitate the progress of the work through the post, the which entailed an extra expense on country subscribers, and was consequently detrimental to an increase of circulation.

Horatio.—Memoirs of all the artists mentioned will be given: that of Mrs. Nisbett first.

Dramaticus.—Apply to Mr. H. Hughes of the Princess's Theatre. Have nothing whatever to do with amateurs and private theatres.

Y. Y. Y.—Several of the provincial managers are turning their attention to other speculations—Malone Raymond has the Model of Jerusalem, and J. R. Copeland has the Bosjesmans.

Una.—The Mr. Dawson of Sheffield who offered Jenny Lind 400*l.* for one night, is a musicseller and pianoforte-on-hire man, living opposite the theatre in Norfolk Street, Arundel Street; and was originally a scissors grinder. We are not surprised at any newspaper setting him down as insane, for Jenny Lind has metamorphosed many fools into madmen. She *is* a married woman, and her *Norma* is now set down as a third-rate performance.

Mr. Bunn's letter has been referred to Mr. Marshall; he will no doubt receive a private answer.

A Sub. (Bath).—You cannot do better than inquire of Miss Williams, Library, Milsom Street, Bath, as you will there meet with civility and attention.

A London Actor is thanked for his kindness, and at the same time is informed that the Editor is watching the petty pastime of the conductor of the penny trash in question, and has for his back a smart thong in the brine. The Christian name of Mr. Stuart of the Haymarket is *not* John.

J. W. W.—We shall be most happy to receive the anecdotes in question; forward them, and your address, for a private answer to your second question.

Melantius.—The *Leeds Intelligencer* is nowise intelligent when it states that the Misses Lebatt are from Madame Vestris's Theatre, London; nor is there any such person at Exeter as Mrs. Beaumont Owen.

Poor Tom.—Mr. Dickens' profession before he attained his literary celebrity was that of a parliamentary reporter. He was engaged on the *Morning Chronicle*, and bore a high reputation in the gallery.

J. B.—We beg to inform our valuable correspondent that what he requires of us, we never accept from any person, otherwise we would most willingly oblige.

Memoir of Miss S. J. Woolgar and W. Davidge in our next, a single number.



MISS S. J. WOOLGAR, AS *Duke Albert*, in "*The Phantom Dancers.*"

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

LEMUEL.

"Sister, rise! and let me watch you twisting up your tresses bright:
Stand there, just where I can see you, in the early morning light.
I will look, and you shall listen, while I tell a wondrous dream
Which I dreamt, when these tired eyelids closed at daybreak's cold grey beam."

GOLDEN ROSE.

PERSONS living in London may become acquainted with the dramatic talent that the London theatres *produce;* but people visiting different parts of the country can alone learn what dramatic talent the metropolitan managers *immure.* Our heroine has been and is still the victim of either circumstances or management. We shall not here inquire which; it is enough for us to know that she possesses abilities that she seldom has an opportunity of displaying in the metropolis, and as those abilities have been generally acknowledged by the public, we deem it

our duty to grace these pages with a memoir, and, in so doing, furnish her patrons with Miss Woolgar's brief but successful professional career, not a lament for managerial caprice and whim.

Sarah Jane Woolgar is the daughter of Mr. Woolgar, a tailor, of the seaport town Gosport, in Hampshire, at which place our heroine was born, on Thursday morning, the 8th of July, 1824. Gladly would we dally with long details concerning the spring-time of one who is now among our choicest favourites; but it is not the wish of our heroine's family that we should unfold the veil of her domestic life.

About the year 1829, Mr. Woolgar associated himself with many members of the sock and buskin, and shortly after, from shear impudence, lacking all capacity, actually thrust himself forth as the representative of first class tragedy parts, and appeared with an effrontery almost unparalleled in various provincial second and third class theatres. In 1832, he exchanged the sleeve-board and shears for the steel of the noble Roman, *Virginius*, and quitted Gosport for the great metropolis—to his ambitious breast a modern Rome—appearing at the Garrick, on the 19th of March, in that character. The playgoers of the east did not receive him as he expected, and Mr. Woolgar retired into the provinces, where he commenced training his clever daughter for the arduous profession of an actress.

In November, 1835, Mr. Woolgar joined the Plymouth company, and appeared at that theatre with various success, and our heroine, following the example of her father, made her *debut* at Plymouth, in May, 1836, as *Leolyn*, in "*The Wood Demon.*" The daughter was far more successful than the father, who still persevered to become an actor, and on the occasion of his assuming *Glo'ster*, in "*Richard III.*," Miss Woolgar was again successful in the little part of *Prince Edward*, and in a sort of *divertissement*, between the tragedy and after-piece, she sang, and received two distinct rounds of applause as an approval of her vocal abilities. Miss Woolgar was now in her twelfth year, and her pretensions at this early age were the subject of much notice. Her juvenile fame consequently soon spread, offers were made from several managers, amongst them the eccentric Manly, who secured her for the following season (1837) for his theatre at Halifax. Here, in the arduous part of *Little Pickle*, Miss Woolgar created quite a furor; so much so, that the York management offered her an engagement, which was accepted, and in 1838 she was announced in large letter distinction. As *Smirke* she created a great sensation, and may be said to have almost established herself as a fitting successor to her namesake the renowned Sally Booth. From York she proceeded to Nottingham, where, only fourteen years old, she supported, with much satisfaction to her patrons and with credit to herself, the character of *Diana Vernon*, "*Distaffiana*," singing the whole of the music allotted to the part, and in the after-piece of "*The Rendezvous*," she sustained *Sophia* with equal ability. In the summer of 1839, she was engaged by Mr. Bennett for the Worcester circuit. On visiting that town in company with her father, she for the first time appeared as the Roman maid *Virginia* to the *Virginius* of her parent, which circumstance rendered the "forum scene" touching in the extreme, and was the first time any actor had had the opportunity of representing that

noble soldier to the *Virginia* of his own child. Throughout the different towns of the circuit, namely, Coventry, Shrewsbury, and Wolverhampton, Miss Woolgar very soon obtained for herself a high reputation. She now turned her attention to first and second rate vocal parts, working assiduously to master the difficulties of numerous characters calculated to lead her at once to fame and fortune. An offer was made to her by the Birmingham management, which, after some little quibbling on the part of the lessee, was accepted by father and daughter, our heroine appearing as *Adalgisa* to R. Wood's *Pollio*, Mrs. Wood sustaining *Norma*. This was a most auspicious EPOCH in the professional life of Miss Woolgar; and it may be worthy of note here, that we have just (August the 9th) witnessed a similar boding of success to that industrious and unpresuming daughter of Israel, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, at Sadler's Wells, that young lady having in a distressing emergency, and at a moment's notice, performed *Amina* in the two last acts of "*La Sonnambula*," in consequence of sudden indisposition having incapacitated Miss Rainforth from supporting the arduous part of *Norma* in the two last acts of that heavy opera.

The lively unembarrassed style of Miss Woolgar's acting, and the very effective manner in which she sung the music allotted to *Adalgisa*, went far to establish her provincial fame, and she reaped no ordinary triumphs; five successive nights, led on by that once "Queen of song," Mrs. Wood, she received the unanimous applause of admiring and crowded audiences. The Scotch managers were now eager to secure the services of our heroine, and emboldened by her uninterrupted success, Miss Woolgar resolved on a visit to modern Athens, where she was well received, and during a four months season, she sustained the principal vocal parts in a variety of operas, interludes, &c. On the occasion of Mr. R. Roxby entering upon the management of the Theatre Royal, Manchester (old one), Christmas, 1842, Mr. and Miss Woolgar were included in the list of engagements. Our heroine's first appearance in Manchester took place in the November of that year in the character of *Ophelia*, a part she repeated several times with considerable advantage to the management and growing fame to herself, her performance of that arduous part having been deemed by those excellent judges, the Manchester people, eminently successful. She performed also, the first night, *Audrey*, and at the short notice of four days, sustained *Eœla*, in John Barnett's delightful opera of "*The Mountain Sylph;*" in short, her versatile powers were highly and deservedly appreciated, and Miss Woolgar speedily rose in the estimation of Manchester playgoers.

The opening piece at Christmas was "*As You Like It*," and at this period Miss Woolgar had the advantage of appearing in Shakspere's best productions, supported by such *artistes* as the late S. Butler, C. Pitt, W. Davidge, D. W. King, R. Roxby, and many other legitimate actors of first class pretensions; consequently her experience and hopes to attain a first class position were great, and certainly her rise in the profession had been as great as it was deserved; nothing appeared to obstruct her passage to the pinnacle of her ambition, *i.e.* a metropolitan engagement worthy of herself and her abilities, the which, unfortunately, Miss Woolgar has not yet obtained. Her position and

prospects in Manchester warranted her friends in seeking for a town engagement that would enable her to follow in the steps of Mrs. Nisbett, Madame Vestris, &c., and certainly no greater proof could be given of the extent of popular feeling in Miss Woolgar's favour than the appearance of the Theatre Royal on the night of her benefit, it being one of the fullest ever known, the receipts 170*l.* 10s., and the entertainments were "*The Road to Ruin*," and "*Antony and Cleopatra*." This was in the early part of 1843, and to the credit of the townsfolks be it said, her performance in the legitimate was appreciated and applauded to the echo, while her attempts—clever as they were—in burlesque were almost totally disregarded by the pit and box frequenters. Her parents, together with her most intimate friends, now justly concluded that the extensive patronage which had resulted to Miss Woolgar's exertions throughout the provinces, was, as is generally the case, a sufficient guarantee for success on the London boards. Mr. Woolgar accordingly offered his own and his daughter's services to the managements of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, without, however, any notice being taken of the offer, and he then applied to the Haymarket lessee, but here our heroine at least did not meet with the encouragement which she had a right to expect. In March the manager of the Adelphi, Strand, Mr. Gladstone, made an offer to Mr. Woolgar, and the treaty was thought and even reported to have been concluded, but this was not the case, it being broken off in consequence of higher anticipations. Nothing being settled upon by Mr. Woolgar with regard to her metropolitan *debut*, Mr. Gladstone well knowing her powers for burlesque parts, kept his eye upon so valuable a card, and in the August following renewed his offer for Miss Woolgar's services, when an engagement for three seasons was effected.

About the middle of July, Mr. Woolgar opened the Wakefield Theatre, with part of the Manchester company, for eight weeks, but we believe the speculation was a failure, and we find him on the 5th of September, 1843, taking a benefit at Portsmouth, under the patronage of Colonel Kelsall and the officers of the 70th Regiment. Much praise is due to Mr. W. J. A. Abingdon, of the Southampton Theatre, who gave permission to his company to play for Mr. Woolgar, there being no company in Portsmouth at the time. The house was excellently attended, and for the reader's information we here state that his character of *Richard III.* was first performed by Mr. Woolgar as an amateur, for the benefit of an actor in Mr. E. Barnett's company, and from that moment he struggled to make the stage his profession.

The Adelphi season, under Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Yates, commenced on Monday, October the 2nd, with "*Marie; or, the Pearl of Savoy*."* On the 9th, our heroine made her metropolitan *debut* as *Cleopatra*, in "*Antony and Cleopatra*," *Antony*, Mr. E. Wright, and on the 16th of the same month, she appeared in an original part in "*The Roll of the Drum*," pieces which, although extravagantly absurd in plot and construction, gave ample scope for the display of Miss Woolgar's rare combination of serio and comic abilities. As a *debutante* she laboured in the first (notwithstanding her provincial

* E. Stirling, stage-manager.

experience in the part) under the disadvantage of playing a part which the late delightful and fascinating Miss Murray had made her own; her capabilities, however, conquered all difficulties, and left an audience in the recollection of a lost and much lamented favourite, nothing to wish for in her youthful successor.

Mr. Woolgar, after seeing his daughter so favourably received and comfortably provided for by the Adelphi management, retired into the provinces; at Christmas he became the acting-manager at the Landport Theatre, where he sustained *Virginius* and *Hamlet*, and several other first-rate characters with some applause: Miss Palmer performing the heroines. This proved a profitable speculation, and the season was somewhat extended beyond the usual time, closing about February, 1844. On the 5th of that month Stirling's version of "*The Christmas Carol*" was produced at the Adelphi, in which Miss Woolgar was very successful. On the 26th of the same month Mr. Selby, the author of "*Antony and Cleopatra*," produced his continuation of that farce, under the title of "*Antony and Cleopatra Married and Settled*," but it was not so well written as the original, and in consequence of it not affording so much scope for extravagant acting—the delight of an Adelphi audience—it was speedily withdrawn to make room for other novelties equally absurd. On the close of the Adelphi season in the spring of 1844, Miss Woolgar was engaged for the Lyceum, which opened under the Keeley management on the 8th of April, Easter Monday, on which night our heroine made her first appearance at that Theatre as the sweetheart of Robert Keeley, in a new farce, called "*The Post of Honour;*" she was very favourably received, and on the 22nd she appeared with Mrs. Keeley in a new farce, called "*The Three Wives of Madrid*," the other part being but feebly supported by Miss Fairbrother, the Surrey Columbine. This was considered by many to be an excellent test of our heroine's comic powers, for she was placed in that position for something more than mere comparison, but fortunately for our heroine, the detestable trick failed, and great as are the powers of Mrs. Keeley, we are bound in justice to our heroine's uncommon abilities to record that she performed her part with all the archness and vivacity required for the character, and was rewarded by the audience with an acknowledgment of their entire satisfaction, to the utter discomfiture of a contemptible conspiracy. Miss Woolgar was now (29th) cast for the heroine of Stocqueler's farce "*Polkamania*," which, from her inimitable acting, had a lengthened run. This run of good fortune, together with her performances in "*The White Feather*," "*The Three Fra Diavolos*," and her exquisite acting as *Mary Pecksniff*, in Stirling's adaptation of "*Martin Chuzzlewit*," gave her a position on the boards of the Lyceum. In the latter part she developed powers of a very high order, to the astonishment of all who had the pleasure of witnessing that rare and life-like piece acting. Miss Woolgar remained at the Lyceum until engaged by Mr. B. Webster for the Adelphi, which Theatre opened under the new management with a most powerful company, including Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Yates, Celeste (Mrs. Elliott), Miss Chaplin, Miss E. Harding, &c., &c. On the 28th of September, 1844, Miss Woolgar appeared in the burlesque of "*Norma*," as *Pollio*, and on the 30th of that month

Mr. Woolgar re-appeared after an absence of several years at the Davenport Theatre as *King Lear; Cordelia*, Miss Chapman. He has since appeared at several provincial theatres with various success, but has not, we believe, appeared in the metropolis since that period.

Miss Woolgar has had but few opportunities at the Adelphi of appearing in parts at all suited to her exact line of business. On the occasion of Mr. B. Webster's re-appearance at the Adelphi on the 14th of October, he sustained the *Don* in Bourcicault's version of "*Cæsar de Bazan*," and our heroine was cast the boy *Lazarillo*, a little part well suited to test not only her fine dramatic feeling, but prove her thorough knowledge of colouring, by play, or what may be known as fitting a character to an author's meaning by the aid of *stage trick* and mock dialogue.* As *Lazarillo* Miss Woolgar was everything that could be wished, and if she did not exceed the famous performance of the original (Miss Marshall), she at least occasioned the critics to draw most favourable comparisons. Indeed she is a very efficient actress, always pleasing, and assuredly capable of sustaining with effect a far superior range of characters to those she has been in the habit of appearing in before an Adelphi audience. When at Manchester Miss Woolgar was even a better actress than she is at this moment; there, she was seen in her right position, and in proof of this assertion, it will only be necessary to remind our readers of Miss Woolgar's assumption (December 7th, 1844), at half a day's notice (on the illness of Madame Vestris), of *Lady Alice Hawthorn*, in Bourcicault's comedy of "*Old Heads and Young Hearts*," at the Haymarket. We will not even at this day place our heroine on a footing with the all accomplished Vestris, but we are bound to state that the audience expressed no dissatisfaction at the change. We may also add that nothing could be more cold and ungracious than the reception Miss Woolgar received by the Haymarket company, at the very time she had come forward, at a few hours' notice, to serve the establishment. Mr. C. J. Mathews, at the solicitation of his wife, was the only member of the *corps* who showed her any kindness or attention; which, with the nervousness of a first attempt, and where comparisons were sure to be made, she certainly stood in need of. The circumstance was as manly and creditable to Mr. Mathews' proper feeling as it was far otherwise to the conduct of the rest, and to William Farren especially, who, from his age and position (stage-manager) in the theatre, ought to have acted far differently.

Our heroine's performances in such productions as "*Norma*," "*Telemachus*," "*The Chimes*," "*Corporal's Wedding*," "*Irish Settler*," "*St. George and the Dragon*" (Easter Monday, March 24th, 1845), "*Powder and Ball*," "*Peg Woffington*" (June), "*Devil of Marseilles*" (1846), &c., &c., have invariably been marked with great artistic care, and we much doubt if any could be found to supply her place with equal satisfaction to either the management or the generality of Adelphi visitors. This Mr. Webster seems perfectly aware of, and consequently the appreciators of high art must not expect to see Miss Woolgar perform in the legitimate drama until her term of engagement shall have expired.

In August, 1846, she, in company with her father, visited Ports-

* Witness the efforts of Mrs. C. Jones, Miss Marshall, and Miss R. Isaacs.

mouth, being engaged by Mr. J. H. Hogg, and thence to her best patrons at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where she was received with every mark of respect. In September Mr. and Miss Woolgar engaged with Mr. Munro at Wolverhampton, following Miss Rainforth and Messrs. Allen and Stretton, performing five nights, and returning to the Adelphi, Strand, early in October, appearing with Mr. Wright in "*Antony and Cleopatra.*" At this theatre she has remained ever since, and will no doubt continue until some favourable opportunity offers to place her in a respectable position in her profession. Although displaying uncommon natural abilities in the extravagant parts she is compelled to sustain at the Adelphi, "*Jockey Club*" frivolities and absurd gipsy boys are in no way calculated to raise her in the estimation of her best friends, or to give the public a just estimate of her histrionic abilities. Surely Mr. Webster will allow this young lady to escape from his trammels now that he has secured the services of Mrs. Keeley, and not adopt any further artifice to prolong her stay, nor have recourse to methods unjustifiable, as in the case of Miss F. Cooper.

Miss Woolgar is tall and well-proportioned; her face, as will be seen by our wood engraving, is particularly pleasing, though not handsome* —lighted up, as it ever is, by the expressiveness of sweet sunny smiles and merry humour. Her lady-like deportment, her general affability of disposition, and—except a little flirtation—the many accomplishments she possesses, render our heroine an amiable member of society, and an interesting companion. Her exertions in her profession have, we are sorry to state, induced very ill health, and she contemplates shortly seeking repose in the country, and we sincerely hope she may with perfect restoration. Miss Woolgar has long been a subscribing member to that excellent institution The General Theatrical Fund Association. We should be delighted to see her by the side of Mrs. T. H. Lacy, at Sadler's Wells, in place of that unintelligible lady, Miss Laura Addison.

Thomas Marshall.

London, August 12, 1847.

* Madame Vestris, Mrs. Bunn, and Mrs. Nisbett, though fascinating in the highest degree, were not handsome.

MEMOIR OF MR. W. DAVIDGE,

AUTHOR AND ACTOR.

THE drama has ever been the medium through which the genius of the poet and the *artiste* loves to display itself, and no mind that is unfettered by the shackles of bigotry or abominable ignorance but has been willing to award to the DRAMA its meed of approbation as a means of furthering the true interests of society. Nowhere can man learn to reject the foibles, or appreciate the virtues of his fellows more advantageously and agreeably than in the theatre. To use the hacknied, but appropriate line of Shakspere—

"It holds, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature."

The highest, the very highest, efforts of intellectual superiority and poetical genius have been exerted in the cause of the drama, and the productions and advocacy of some of the noblest sons of learning are surely sufficient to cancel the ungenerous stigmas which its splenetic opponents have so frequently heaped upon it.

"Players are the abstract and brief chronicles of the times."

In their representations we behold a development of the various passions inheriting our own bosoms, and are taught the course to be followed in their guidance. To use the words of an able critic:—"They are train-bearers in the pageant of life, and hold up a glass to humanity frailer than life itself." The actor who can and does achieve this aim, contributes much that is intellectual and instructive to his fellow man, by raising him above the common herd and level of ordinary pursuits, and teaching him to look within himself for those brighter touches of nature which, but for the influence of imitative art, would be hidden and concealed from his view.

We are led to be thus enthusiastic from the pleasurable duty before us of penning the biography of Mr. Davidge, a gentleman whose acquaintance with the Manchester playgoers is now of some years' duration.—*Manchester Dramatic and Musical Review.**

William Pleater Davidge is the son of Mr. Thomas Davidge, a native of Dorsetshire, a spermaceti and tallow merchant, and a freeman of the city of London. William was born on the 17th of April, 1814, on Ludgate Hill, and therefore had the good fortune to be nursed and instructed after the manner of the best of our London citizens. When at St. Paul's School, where he was educated, he attracted the attention of the late Mr. Hawes (the father and teacher of the celebrated contralto, Miss M. B. Hawes, now Mrs. Merest), the music instructor, who was so pleased with the quality of his voice, that he recommended the study of music. After a period of a year or two, vocal music was abandoned at the suggestion of medical men, who feared the consequences of arduous application to the study of the science. William was a chorister at St. Paul's Cathedral for two years, and we have often heard Mr. Davidge regret this change of prospect, for he is passionately fond of music, as his exertions in opera and burlesque evidently indicate.

* Discontinued in June last.

Our hero was now placed, on liking, to a person of the name of "Christ," in order to prepare himself for trade, but the business of his master was soon found too pernicious to remain with him, and our hero soon left the man who it is said has the honour of introducing "enamel cards" into this country. He lived in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; this was at the close of the year 1828.

At the age of sixteen, Master Davidge turned his attention to theatricals, and became a member of one of the amateur companies, of which there were many well organised in London at that time (1830). His first attempt was in the part of *James*, "*Miller's Maid*," at Wilmington Street, Wilmington Square, the present William Creswick, under the assumed name of Collins, and a few months older than our hero, sustained *Matty Marvellous*. Our hero had intended to pursue the first walk in tragedy, and Mr. Creswick that of comedy. In 1832 Mr. Gale, an undertaker, of Great Chapel Street, Westminster, had a plot of ground and premises in York Street, fronting Queen Square, on which he erected a small theatre. This was taken and opened, unlicensed, by Mr. Davenport, who shortly after retired from the management, and John Douglass, the late worthy manager of the Marylebone Theatre, but then a travelling showman, rented the premises, and proud are we to record that from amongst his company there assembled, some very excellent actors now grace the London and provincial stage. Besides a lady who shall be nameless, the following gentlemen were among them:—William Davidge, the subject of this memoir, Joseph Rayner, late of the Marylebone, and who on the 12th of this month was solicited by Mr. Maddox, of the Princess's, to perform at his theatre with Mrs. Butler, late Miss F. Kemble, which he accordingly did. Mr. Munyard, now of the Adelphi, was also of the company. These *artistes* alone reflect great credit on the judgment and experience of Mr. Douglass.

After playing *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and several other first-rate tragic parts, Mr. Davidge commenced the study of aged characters, and appeared in several principal parts at the age of eighteen. The periodicals which noticed the following private places of amusement spoke highly of the promise his performances held out:—

Pym's Theatre, Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Lane;
Minor, Catherine Street, Strand;
Theatre, Berwick Street, Soho;
Wilmington House, Wilmington Square;
The Shakspere, Curtain Road;
Theatre, Rawstone Street, Islington, &c., &c.

A notice, published in 1835, thus speaks of the minor where the late lamented Elton had been wont to shine:—"We attended the Pantheon Theatre, on Monday, March the 23rd, to witness the performance of Buckstone's admirable comedy of '*Married Life*;' the part of *Samuel Coddle* was capitally sustained by Mr. Davidge, and we predict a high position for him in the profession, if he purposes adopting it." Much has been said and argued relative to the propriety of amateur societies, upon which subject it is not our province to dilate in this place; still we may remark that the period to which we allude, viz., from 1826 to 1836, saw the gradual progression of many now distinguished members of the drama; but at

the present day everything is to be heard at such receptacles, except good English, and everything to be seen, except good acting.

For some years Mr. Davidge continued to apply himself occasionally to amateur performances, and devoted his leisure hours to the study of the standard drama. In 1836 he took a flight to Nottingham, and entered himself a member of the company then performing there under the management of Manly, famed in theatrical history for his good-humoured eccentricity. Our hero's first public attempt was in the June of that year, as *Adam Winterton*, in "*The Iron Chest*," which performance Mr. Davidge has confessed was a failure. He, however, soon recovered his confidence, and continued with Mr. Manly for a period of near six weeks. He then retraced his steps to London, when he was applied to by Captain Addison, who had been struck with the talent our hero had displayed in Catherine Street, and who, in the latter part of 1836, had become lessee of the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham Street. Mr. Davidge was accordingly engaged, and made his first public appearance in the metropolis on the 26th of September, as *Baron Oakland*, in "*The Haunted Tower*;" *Lord William*, G. Stansbury;* *Adela*, Mrs. Waylett; Mr. Manvers and Mr. Conquest were also in the cast. Our hero was received with favour, and to his credit and foresight, we are bound to mention, that prior to his appearance in the above part, viz., on Saturday, the 17th, he was underlined for *Sir William Meadows*; but, on account of his name being printed in the bills of the day in large letter distinction, Mr. Davidge refused to appear, but at length made his *debut* as before stated. His second attempt was in the part of *Simpson*, "*Simpson and Co.*," in which he was very successful. Mr. Davidge remained at the Queen's until the close of the speculation, which ended in insolvency; the season was a brief one, and became a commonwealth, out of which he with several others got nothing. Mr. G. Wild (Brodie) then undertook the management, with whom Mr. Davidge remained for a short period, but ultimately accepted an engagement with Levy at the Victoria, where the Olympic company was performing. He opened at the Victoria in September, 1837, as *Von Metz*, "*Lucille*," and *Baggs*, "*Farmer's Story*." Here he was a great favourite, and continued to play second comedy parts to F. Matthews, and afterwards to Loveday, with great applause. On the retirement of the Olympic company, Mr. Davidge was cast most of the heavy original parts in those filthy melodramas, for which the Victoria has for some years become notorious. This was terribly annoying to our hero, who really possesses a well educated mind, and has ever displayed histrionic powers of a very high pretension. He was also subjected to very serious annoyances while at that theatre, from the late George Davidge of the Surrey, who amused himself by calling our hero a vagabond, &c., and said he was an impostor, assuming his name. Such conduct was, to say the least of it, pedantic and unjustifiable, and the more so when the manager of the Surrey added that he himself was the son of the late Sir Davidge Gould; an assertion the very opposite to truth, for the late G. B. Davidge was the son of a private soldier, and was born in Bristol while the regiment laid there in 1792, from which it may readily be concluded that not

* Dead.

the slightest relationship could exist betwixt the two actors; and from our hero's connection and birth, he could have no reason to disguise his parentage, or hope for profit in using the name of the man of *three wives*. He continued performing in the same description of melodramatic rubbish for a period of fifteen or sixteen months, and finding there was no hope for improvement in that theatre, and well knowing that a provincial education was necessary to forward him in his profession, he again removed into the country.

In August, 1838, Mr. Davidge appeared at Worthing, from thence to W. J. Hammond, at Doncaster, playing all the principal old men, then with Mr. Hammond to Sheffield, to Oxford and Reading with manager Barnett, to Bristol with Mrs. Macready, where our hero began to progress rapidly. At Sheffield a curious incident occurred. Mr. and Mrs. Wood were announced by Mr. Hammond to appear as *Elvino* and *Amina* in "*La Sonnambula*," but in the afternoon of the day on which the opera was to be produced, intelligence reached the manager that the vocalist—one of the stock actors—who was to perform the part of *Count Rodolpho* could not possibly be there; the box list was full, and to disappoint the public would certainly be impolitic. What was to be done? *Count Rodolphos* were not like John Listons, so plentiful that they might be found on every hedge! There were four hours to elapse before the rising of the curtain, and our hero was not engaged in the piece, nor indeed for operatic characters at all: notwithstanding this, he saw the manager's dilemma, and kindly offered his services, which of course were readily accepted and with thanks from all hands. Mr. Davidge, after the four hours close application to the score, made the effort to get through the music, which, to the astonishment of the manager, and perfect satisfaction to the audience, he sang the whole of it nearly perfect; the only assistance he received was in the chamber scene in the second act, in which Mr. Wood, placing himself behind the curtains of the *Count's* bed, gave Mr. Davidge the starting note of all the solos.

In 1840, the subject of this memoir was engaged by Mr. George Smith, who had just succeeded his father, John Smith, in the management of the Norwich circuit, which then consisted of seven theatres, and embraced Norwich, Yarmouth, Cambridge, Bury St. Edmunds, Ipswich, Colchester, and Lynn, at all of which theatres Mr. Davidge performed, and established for himself a high provincial reputation in the particular department for which he was engaged, viz., first old men. He commenced at Yarmouth on the 20th of April, in the part of *Tom Noddy*, in "*Tom Noddy's Secret*," and was well received. Whilst there, he received one or two offers from London managers, but wisely declined them, preferring to defer his visit to the metropolis for some years. The above engagement extended over a period of eighteen months, and during its happy fulfilment Mr. Davidge signed articles of agreement of a far more serious character, and kissed the book to seal the bands of wedlock with Elizabeth, the excellent daughter of a much respected and opulent gentleman, named Clark. The ceremony was performed at Bury, on Wednesday, the 30th of November, 1842, since when, we are happy to state, they have lived in all the endearments of wedded life.

Previous to that happy event Mr. Davidge had acquired some literary as well as histrionic reputation; many of his most intimate friends had been much pleased with some songs and stanzas which have emanated from his pen, but in May, 1842, he produced at Norwich, a comedy in two acts, called "*The Family Party*," which was very successful in representation, and was cast in the following manner:—

Commodore John Hobbs		W. Davidge.
Coxswain John Hobbs		Mr. Biddell.
John Hobbs (his grandson)		Miss Wilton.
Sir Benjamin Hobbs (ex-Lord Mayor)		W. Cooper.
Master Cornelius Hobbs (his son)		R. Power.
Valentine Augustus F. Hobbs		C. Gill.
Lindlay Murray Hobbs		Mr. Wilton.
Mr. Robert Hobbs	of the firm of	G. Barton.
Mr. Richard Hobbs	Hobbs, Brothers	Mr. Bellair.
Frank Hobbs		Mr. Boyce.
Lady Hobbs		Mrs. Browne.
Clotilda Hobbs		Miss Wood.
Ellen Hobbs		Mrs. Edmonds.

The piece was performed several nights at Norwich, and at other theatres in the circuit. When Mr. W. Farren visited them for a short time, Mr. Davidge submitted the comedy to him for inspection, and Mr. Farren was pleased to express himself in high terms of the part Mr. Davidge had written for himself, and at once desired him to forward the production to the Haymarket management, with Mr. Farren's compliments and recommendation. Our hero, as might have been expected, did not neglect the friendly interference of his brother actor. The comedy was immediately sent to Mr. Benjamin Webster, and strange as it may appear, twelve months were allowed to elapse before any correspondence took place between the author and the much talked of friend of the drama. At the expiration of that time Mr. Davidge addressed a note to Mr. Webster; it was not even answered, and the author found extreme difficulty to get either his own property returned on a verbal reply to his application. The MS. was eventually left for a friend at the stage-door, and was found by the author never to have been opened. So much for the courtesy of Mr. Benjamin Webster.

Even in despotic and ungenial Russia, and in rancorous and revolutionised France, the dramatist has ever found protection. Shame, then, upon the country that allows a pampered few to treat her favoured children thus. In France all manuscripts are opened and carefully read, and the first representation of all pieces adopted by the management is regulated by the order in which the manuscripts are received at the theatre. In Russia, the sums paid for all pieces performed at the Imperial Theatre, are settled by an official tariff, authorised by the Emperor—rules which it would be as well for England to adopt.

When (Christmas, 1842) Mr. Robert Roxby became the manager of the old Theatre Royal, Manchester, Mr. Davidge was engaged to strengthen that already powerful company, including C. Pitt, S. Butler,* D. W. King, Munyard, J. Johnstone, Woolgar, C. Bass,† C. F.

*Dead. † Now in America.

Marshall, R. Roxby, Bellingham, J. Howard, Barham, W. Grisdale, Miss S. J. Woolgar, Miss Walcott, and other ladies and gentlemen. The opening play was "*As You Like It;*" but Mr. Davidge made his first appearance in the part of *Simpson*, in "*Simpson and Co.*" and very shortly became an immense favourite with the Manchester people.

About October, 1843, Mr. C. Bass, the comedian and lecturer, undertook the management of the Buxton Theatre, for a short period, and it being the autumn recess of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Mr. Davidge, in order to assist Mr. Bass in his undertaking, joined the company, and the speculation, we believe, was very successful. Indeed the friends and admirers of the drama resident in Buxton were so much pleased with their exertions, that they presented Mr. Bass with a very handsome silver snuff-box, as a mark of their general esteem. However, some kind soul amused himself with pen and ink philippics against the causes and circumstances attending the presentation, and directed them to the editor* of "*Oxberry's Budget,*" who was weak enough to insert the whole, verbatim, and, as might be supposed, caused much conjecture and derisive disputation amongst the company, which led to an epistle from Mr. Bass, accusing Mr. Davidge of its paternity. This, unfounded as it was, the poor editor inserted, and a black-letter controversy between the parties immediately commenced, which, week after week, appeared in the long since deceased "*Budget.*" The following is a verbatim copy of one letter, dated Manchester, November the 11th, 1843, and the reader will observe the diction which shows the writer's satiric powers to no mean advantage:—

"SIR,—Without wishing to enter further into the causes which have led to this accusation against me, I feel it my duty distinctly to deny having either made a draft, or clean copy, for your or any other publication, at Buxton, or since that period, or that I was instrumental to anything bearing the slightest resemblance to the same. It is also incumbent on me to observe that while divers conjectures were afloat as to the probable source of your information, Mr. Bass, with all his knowledge, did not advance to the rescue. I am much pleased to find you have adopted the proper course to discover your unknown correspondent, as that will readily indemnify me, and I trust I shall, at your hands, publicly reap the advantage. With that acute generalship for which he (Mr. Bass) has rendered himself by this correspondence so truly conspicuous, he says 'Let Mr. D. think this, and let him think that,' and affect surprise that I should smart under the terms he used in his first letter. For my part he might have adopted all the invectives in the English language in a general sense, without my interference, but the mention of my name in connection with such remarks, has always to me formed the impress of personality. In these days of competition and novelty, Mr. Bass pleases to think otherwise; let him enjoy his opinion, so that in future he does not honour me with his exclusive mention in order to illustrate those remarks. In conclusion, I beg to assure you and your readers, that I neither luxuriate nor chuckle at anything in connection with Mr. Bass, preferring to be grieved that his imbecility should have led him into a correspondence tending only to expose his numerous absurdities, and the total defeat of his project, and he

* Mr. Lancaster.

may continue now to smile till he distends himself into a broad grin, so that he does not, like Richard, endeavour to assassinate me while he is engaged in that pleasing enjoyment.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,
"WM. DAVIDGE."

We have only to add, that the editor before alluded to acknowledged the receipt of the real name and address of the anonymous writer, and announced that he was in no way connected with the stage, consequently the attack of Mr. Bass on Mr. Davidge was, to say the least of it, censurable in the highest degree, and we are sure that animosity, on the part of the latter, was not for a moment entertained.

Mr. Davidge continued a very great favourite at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, until the period of that much to be lamented calamity—its destruction by fire, which took place on the morning of Tuesday, May the 7th, 1844. One of the most painful circumstances of that catastrophe was, that the large and exceedingly respectable company of performers were at once thrown out of occupation, just when they were looking forward to their approaching benefits. These were to have commenced in the week following the accident, and the season was intended to have been closed on the 10th of June. We believe a part of the company worked out the season at Cooke's Circus, then unoccupied by the equestrian company.

In the beginning of August, Mr. Davidge visited Mr. Hooper at the Brighton Theatre, and continued with him until the middle of November, when he engaged for six months to play the first old men at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Mr. Murray's company then embraced the names of Couldock, E. Glover, Mr. Chute, Lester (Wallack), Miss Macready, &c., &c. The critics of the Scotch capital were loud in their approbation of our hero's abilities. On the 16th of November, 1844, Mr. Davidge made his first appearance in Edinburgh as *Sir Peter Teazle*, to the *Lady Teazle* of Miss M. Macready; *Joseph*, E. Glover; *Charles*, Mr. Lester. The following remarks of this performance appeared in *The Scotsman* of the 23rd of the same month:—

"The only novelty since our last has been the *debut* on our stage of Mr. Davidge from the Manchester Theatre. He has, we are told, attained considerable provincial reputation, and his acting here has shown that he well deserved it. He made his first appearance here on Saturday last, in Sheridan's comedy of '*The School for Scandal.*' Mr. Davidge's conception of the character of *Sir Peter Teazle* is different from what we have been accustomed to see done on the Edinburgh stage by our own Murray, and also by our own Mackay. We do not, however, mean to infer by this, that theirs was the right conception; we rather think, if we understand the play properly, that *Mr. Davidge's is the proper conception, and what was meant by the author. His acting is far beyond what we are accustomed to see out of London*, and he gave an admirable picture of the fond, doating, testy old man. On Monday he appeared as *Sir Anthony Absolute*, in '*The Rivals*,' which we liked even better than his *Sir Peter*. The scene where he threatens to unget his son was a finished piece of acting—acted in a manner which no one else, except Farren, could be

capable of. We have no doubt that, if Mr. Davidge gives the line of character in which he is now acting proper study, he will attain to considerable eminence in his profession."

In speaking of his *Lord Ogleby*, in "*The Clandestine Marriage*," the *Edinburgh Weekly Register* says:—"Mr. Davidge acted the broken-up and battered old beau in a most admirable manner. His interview with *Fanny Stirling* was a piece of the very finest acting; his chuckle was capital, and his gratification at his irresistible powers of pleasing the ladies was a good contrast to his irritability, brought on by a long course of high living and gallantry. He, at the same time that he preserved all the airs and graces of the broken-down beau, never forgot that he was a gentleman and a man of honour."

During the several intervals of theatrical recess at Manchester, Mr. Davidge has gained considerable reputation in the lecture-room by his entertainments from the works of Mr. Charles Dickens.

In August, 1845, he, in company with C. D. Pitt, Mrs. Horsman, and Miss E. Montague, left Manchester on a starring tour, and visited Mr. Newcombe at Plymouth, where he met the Miss Cushmans and performed *Malvolio* with them. His opening character was, however, *Goldthumb*, in the new comedy of "*Time Works Wonders*," followed by all the principal old men's parts, with the most unqualified success. His *Malvolio*, which is ever fresh in the recollection of our Manchester friends, is a genuine piece of acting. His air of inordinate conceit and self-satisfaction is irresistibly ludicrous; and, indeed, the whole performance, from the finding of the letter and assumption of the cross-garters to the final exit and assurance of revenge, evinces real genius. Mr. Davidge has repeatedly played this part at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and so successfully, as to render "*Twelfth Night*" a stock-piece on those boards. Indeed we doubt if there be any living actor capable of approaching him in the part. It certainly is the greatest hit with Mr. Davidge, and he himself has remarked that "few, if any, of the great bard's creations, possess so rich a field for artistic development as that extraordinary person." The Miss Cushmans performed but two nights at Plymouth, but Mr. Davidge's stay was much prolonged by his excellent acting in the extravaganza of "*The Fair One with the Golden Locks*," which was put upon the stage in a praiseworthy manner. Mr. Davidge's great success in this production will not for a moment appear strange to those who had the good fortune to witness his *King Lachrymoso* at Manchester, where his excruciatingly comic acting and natural musical abilities combined to create one of the finest pieces of burlesque ever witnessed.

His Bozonian lectures commenced in September, at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street, and his programme for Saturday, the 27th, runs thus:—Part I. Boz: "His characteristics as a writer"—The "Sketches:" The Parish Beadle—Election for Beadle—The Boarding House—Uncles—Hackney Coaches—Coach Passengers—The Suburbs of London—The Street Singer—Cabs. Part II. Pickwick Papers. These entertainments were very successful, and went far to raise Mr. Davidge in the estimation of every thinking and well meaning person; some did not hesitate to place him on a footing with that extraordinary genius, the late Charles Mathews, of facetious memory.

Having had occasion to communicate with Mr. Dickens, our hero received a very polite note in reply, of which the following is a verbatim copy:—

"1, Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park,
"Twenty-second December, 1845.

"Sir,—I beg to thank you for your obliging note and its enclosure, which shall be disposed of as you desire and as it deserves.

"Let me assure you that I fully appreciate the honour you do me, not only in making my books the subject of your lectures, but in entering into your theme with so much warmth and earnestness.

"I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
"William Davidge, Esq." "Charles Dickens.

The *new* Theatre Royal, Manchester, opened on the 29th of September, 1845, with the comedy of "*Time Works Wonders;*" *Sir G. Norman*, J. T. Johnstone; *Goldthumb*, W. Davidge; *Felix*, C. F. Marshall; *Clarence*, Mr. Hoskins; *Truffles*, Mr. Corrie; *Bantam*, J. Saunders; *Miss Incles*, Mrs. Horsman; *Florentine*, Miss E. Montague; *Bessy Inlip*, Miss J. Wallack (Mrs. Hoskins); *Chicken*, Miss Saunders. This comedy, and "*The Court Ball in* 1740," ran a fortnight. The season proceeded most advantageously for the company and for the manager, Mr. Knowles, with whom Mr. Davidge has continued up to the present time, gradually raising himself still higher in public estimation. From the absence of a favourite low comedian, Mr. Davidge has been called on to fill many characters for which he was not engaged, and we think we may say the public have not been the losers; take, for instance, his *Touchstone*, which all who have seen must remember as a true Shaksperean performance, though perhaps not so *perfect* a conception as his *Mock Duke*, in "*The Honeymoon*," than which the most fastidious critic could not hope a better.

On the 18th of July, 1846, Mr. Davidge again lectured or rather gave a reading from the works of Mr. Charles Dickens, which took place at the Mechanics' Institution, Manchester. In that year he wrote a parody on the popular air "When other lips," which he sang at his benefit, and about that period one or two of his songs were set to music by Mr. Thirwall and published at Manchester. The ability displayed certainly reflects credit on the writer. One of them we believe runs thus:—

Oh! would not this world a bright paradise be,
If from pain and from parting its children were free?
If absence the sad tale of sorrow could tell,
And the heart was ne'er call'd on to whisper farewell.

Ah! life thou'rt best but a tale or a dream:
Thy joys they expire while the brightest they seem:
Thy beauties they blossom to day, and they die,
Like the foam of the ocean or tint of the sky!

In June last, Mr. Davidge engaged with Mr. Prosser for a three weeks' performance at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, and accordingly appeared there on Monday, the 14th of that month, as the *King* in "*The Fair One with the Golden Locks.*" This was our hero's first appearance in the sister country; his success, however, was immense, and so great a favourite is he with the Irish playgoers, that the three weeks' engagement looks likely to extend to three months, it

being not yet (August) concluded. *Grandfather Whitehead* was his next character, and *The Dublin Pilot* of the 30th of June, 1847, contains the following notice of his performances:—

"Mr. Davidge, a comedian of some celebrity on the London boards, is now 'starring' at this theatre, and appears nightly in one or more characters. He is an actor in the highest sense of the term—never outraging taste in his delineations, and always strictly natural. We refer, of course, to his performances of legitimate comedy—and in this his 'old man' is unsurpassed and, we believe, unsurpassable. Mr. Davidge sometimes tries his powers in burlesque, and in that he succeeds to perfection. He can turn the 'best words of our best authors' into a source of jest and humour, and with a peculiar mastery of look and voice lash to pieces prevailing habits, fashions, and opinions. We witnessed, last night, his performance of *Prince Furibund*, in the new extravaganza '*The Invisible Prince*,' and his *Griffinhoff* in '*Shocking Events*.' These characters afforded an opportunity of judging of his powers in both styles of acting, and in both he was eminently successful."

The Dublin Evening Mail of the same date, says—"Mr. Davidge, the comedian, who is now fulfilling a short engagement at the Queen's Royal Theatre, is a most finished and accomplished actor."

Saunders's News Letter of the 16th of August, says:—"The very clever and striking drama '*Secret Service*' was represented on Saturday evening, when Mr. Davidge sustained the character of *Pere Perrin*. It is one that demands peculiar skill on the part of the actor from its union of child-like simplicity and honest earnestness of purpose, and great tact could alone mark the nice gradations that save the poor curate from being either regarded as the mere spy of the Minister of Police or a simpleton unable to observe the tendency of his own acts. It was W. Farren whose exquisite realization of the study first gave the impress of nature to the conception of the author; and Mr. Davidge, following the model set before him, was most successful. It was a quiet yet most effective performance, marked by simple pathos and those appeals to the feelings which are the more felt because their advocacy is subdued, not noisy. The drama was generally well cast, and the curtain fell amid loud plaudits!" With regard to the piece being *well cast*, the writer in the *News Letter* is certainly in error, for the stock actors of the Queen's Royal are young, careless, and inexperienced, but notwithstanding Mr. Davidge being so badly supported, the theatre has been excellently attended on every night of his performance, and his benefit was certainly a bumper. We may also remark that Mr. Davidge's style of acting must be of a very superior description from the mere fact of the Dublin critics lengthened and oft-repeated notices, it being unusual for Irish editors to mention the places of amusement at all. He has also appeared in the following characters in the Irish capital:—*King Lachrymoso*, *Grandfather Whitehead*, *Coddle*, *Admiral Kingston*, *Infante Ferribond*, *Uncle John*, *Gregory Griggle*, *Nicholas Flam*, *Addington*, "*Look before you Leap*," *Peachum*, *Goldthumb*, *Squire Broadlands*, *Crambo*, *Sir Paul Pagoda*, *Pierre Boncour*, *&c.*

Although Mr. Davidge has spent the principal part of his theatrical life in the provinces, and, from appearances, intends to continue for some

time in the country, there is no actor more deserving of a first-rate London position, and certainly such a man is now much wanted on the metropolitan stage, and few, very few, would be a greater favourite than the subject of this memoir. Here, let it be understood, we do not address ourselves to the appreciators of Adelphi clap-trap, as seen in the hands of John Reeve, E. Wright, and Paul Bedford, but to the patrons of high art, schooled in the academies of Kemble and Macready, and tutored by *artistes*, such as Bannister, Dowton, King, and Munden, Bartley, Farren, and others. Mr. Davidge's personal appearance is favourable to him, his face partakes of the "lean kind," and he much resembles the actors of the "old school;" his height is near 5ft. 9in.; and he is in the 34th year of his age. His line of business is generally considered old men, but many of his Manchester friends, and there are some excellent judges among them, are inclined to think that he is greater as a low comedian. We, however, beg, and most respectfully, to differ with them on that point. His style of old men is exactly of the Bannister and Farren school, with the same peculiar under-tone, stoop of the tall aristocratic back, and artistic shrug and finish with every movement that can possibly add truth and force to the well-drawn picture. Bannister, we can tell our young patrons, was never a low comedian, but a first class legitimist. Farren, you are perfectly aware, is not a *low* comedian, but one of the last of the old school of high comedy actors. If we except the late Joseph Grimaldi, no low comedian ever received the salary of the above actors. Mr. Davidge excels in Shaksperean characters of importance, and Mr. Davidge can also *act* the great bard's clowns. His conception of *Autolycus* is grand; his manner of singing the snatches of song and his by-play is truly excellent. His *Malvolio* is a thorough Shaksperean performance, superior to Farren's, his age favouring him in that character. Amongst those parts deserving of mention, are—*Veysey*, *Graves*, "*Money*," *Goldthumb*, *Dr. Cantwell*, *Trinquet*, "*Violet*," *Speed*, "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*," *Polonius*, and the *First Gravedigger*, *Scrooge*, and *Grandfather Whitehead*, and many parts of that nature. His *Grandfather Whitehead* is perhaps one of the finest pieces of acting the stage is capable of representing. His *Speed* is excellent; in fact Mr. Davidge appears to be a combination of Bartley, Farren, and H. Webb, consequently superior to F. Matthews, Berkely Baker, or Compton, three good actors in their peculiar line. Mr. Davidge is eminently successful in parts where there is malice, hypocrisy, hate for the world, miserly propensities, and repentance required to be depicted. We know of no actor that can approach him in most of his characters; let him but shake off his only fault—slight mannerism—and, ere long, he will be the greatest living comedian. He possesses an unsurpassed knowledge of his author, from Shakspere to Dickens, and sorry are we to add that such an *artiste* has, from mismanagement, been compelled to try his powers in burlesque. As might be supposed, he was successful; but if Mr. Davidge had got spoiled, and made a rank mannerist, there is but one man he would have to thank—that one is H. J. Wallack. When Robert Roxby had the old Theatre Royal, our hero was in his place as a "national actor;" but at the new theatre, under Knowles, they were daily, or rather nightly,

making him assume characters out of his line, and totally unworthy of him as a legitimate *artiste*.

Mr. Davidge is one of the few actors who dare to think independently, and endeavour to embody and realize the *true* character and spirit of the dramatist. His manner, though borrowed from none, frequently serves as a model to many, and the propriety with which he dresses his characters, gives double force to his humour, which possesses the happy art of arriving at the perfectly ridiculous without exceeding the bounds of nature. He received offers for the Lyceum speculation, under C. Mathews, but refused to join so hazardous an undertaking; and as that affair looks falling to the ground, all must agree that his fears were well founded. He was then solicited to join Mrs. Warner at the Marylebone Theatre; this also he declined, and certainly if he had joined that mad-brain speculation, we should have trembled for his safety, as we do already for those engaged. Levy and Gadderer, at the Lyceum, have already lost 750*l*., and the 2,000*l*. sunk in the Marylebone affair will not carry the *present company* safe through the first twelve months.

Mr. Davidge deserves, and we heartily wish him, every success in his profession. May fortune send us many like him!

THOMAS MARSHALL.

London, August 25*th*, 1847.

ON VIEWING A SUPPOSED PORTRAIT OF NELL GWYN.

Beautiful and radiant girl!
We have heard of teeth of pearl,—
Lips of coral,—cheeks of rose,—
Necks and brows like drifted snows,—
Eyes—as diamonds, sparkling bright,
Or the stars of summer's night,—
And expression, grace and soul
Softly tempering down the whole:—
But a form so near divine,
With a face so fair as thine,—
And so sunny-bright a brow—
Never met my gaze 'till now!
Thou wert Venus' sister-twin
If this shade be thine, Nell Gwyn!

Cast that carcanet away!—
Thou hast need of no display—
Gems, however rare, to deck
Such an alabaster neck!
Can the brilliant's lustre vie
With the glories of thine eye?
Or the ruby's red compare
With the two lips breathing there?—
Can they add a richer glow
To thy beauties? No, sweet, no!
Though thou bear'st the name of one
Whom 'twas *virtue* once to shun,
It were, sure, to Taste, a *sin*
Now—to pass thee by, Nell Gwyn!

But they've wronged thee,--and I swear
By thy brow so dazzling fair,—
By the light subdued that flashes
From thy drooping lids silk lashes,—
By the deep blue eyes beneath them,—
By the clustering curls that wreath them,—
By thy softly blushing cheek,—
By those lips that more than speak,—
By that stately swan-like neck
Glossy white without a speck,—
By thy slender fingers fair,—
Modest mien,—and graceful air,—
'Twas a burning shame and sin,
Sweet, to christen thee Nell Gwyn!

Wreath for aye thy snowy arms,
Thine are, sure, no wanton's charms!
Like the fawn's—as bright and shy—
Beams thy dark,—retiring eye;—
No bold invitation's given
From the depths of that blue heaven;—
Nor one glance of lightness hid
'Neath its pale, declining lid!
No!—I'll not believe *thy* name
Can be aught allied to shame!
Then let them call thee what they will,
I've sworn—and I'll maintain it still—
(Spite of tradition's idle din)
Thou art not the orange girl, Nell Gwyn!

A. A. W.

PASSING EVENTS.

The Marylebone Theatre opened on Monday, August 30th, as advertised; the house has undergone some repairs and alterations. A friend of Mr. Warner's has advanced 2,000*l.* to carry on the speculation, 600*l.* of which was paid to Mr. Douglass for his short lease and goodwill. That sum is very small; Mr. Douglass, may, however, consider himself very fortunate in getting rid of a bad bargain, and we very much doubt the efficacy of Mr. Warner in changing the aspect of affairs in that quarter. The attempt is a good one, and, for the sake of the company engaged, we hope the scheme will prove successful, still we cannot banish from our thoughts the three reasons for our suspicions. First, Mrs. Warner is to receive 25*l.* per week, and a share in the house, pay or not pay; her husband, without experience in theatrical matters, and totally unfitted to manage in any department, receives pay, and also shares in the speculation. This is done in a small third-rate theatre, with a sixpenny gallery, and with a bad name, in a bad locality. Secondly, the house holding but 70*l.*, a sum that, *if received* every night, will return but too small an interest upon the labour and outlay; that sum has never been taken, and the only gentleman that has ever approached that sum on his benefit night is Mr. Joseph Rayner, who had upwards of 60*l.* in the house: Mr. Douglass himself could never do this. Thirdly, the management have engaged a company entirely strange to the neighbourhood, and many unknown in the metropolis. Now, succeed or not, they must be paid for the time specified in the engagement; and this obligation, fettered on a so young and dangerous a speculation, is something serious. Mr. Graham leads the heavy business with Mrs. Warner, assisted by Mr. James Johnstone, John Neville (from the Surrey), G. J. Vining (a son of J. Vining), the Mr. Wharton of the provinces, and formerly one of the histrionics; Mr. Harvey (late manager of the Exeter and Weymouth theatres), for the old men; H. Webb (a splendid card from the Surrey, and with whom success is certain), low comedian; J. B. Clifford, F. Villiers, Miss Huddart (Mrs. Warner's niece), and a Miss Angel; opening with "*The Winter's Tale*" and "*The Windmill.*" Now, reader, this company will be opposed to the *nearest* theatre to them—a first class one—having in its company Mr. Macready, F. Conway (son of the tragedian), J. Howard (from the Haymarket), in place of J. Webster, who, as we prophesied, goes to a saloon—the Eagle; Miss C. Cushman, Miss E. Montague, Mrs. R. Gordon, and Mrs. C. Selby, in place of Mrs. Fosbrooke, and the rest of the Princess's company, which needs no comment from us; the public are the judges; however, we sincerely hope the Marylebone will succeed, even against these seeming impossibilities.

Charles Mathews has given Mr. Arnold notice that Levy's occupancy at the Lyceum *must cease* with the past week. *If* the former gets "the man in possession" out, he intends to reduce the height of the private boxes, and add another tier. This ought to have been done before; and we have to add, that if this theatre opens at all, it will not be under the guidance of Mr. or Mrs. Mathews, but under a commonwealth, and they will receive their salaries on a footing with the rest of the company; Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Fitzwilliam have already discovered their error.

H. J. Wallack, his daughter Frances, and his nephew, have sailed for America.

J. R. Scott, returns to New York in six weeks. His father died in that city in July last; it is not Mr. Scott's intention to revisit England.

Mr. Beale has arranged money matters at Covent Garden with Persiani to the almost ruin of the latter. He will be 20,000*l.* minus by that silly speculation. The theatre is now closed and will not be open all the winter; all difficulties are however arranged, and they intend to commence again next season very strong; Castellan, Grisi, and Alboni, are positively engaged.

The following is from *The Montreal Gazette* of July the 27th :—

"THEATRE, MONTREAL.—The splendid new drama, '*Don Cæsar de Bazan*,' was produced on Saturday evening, with every token of the most decided success, except that very essential one—a full house. The pit and lower tier were tolerable, but the remainder of the house bore a very deserted aspect. This, however, will be remedied, if there is any latent theatrical taste at all in the city, for '*Don Cæsar de Bazan*' is one of the very best pieces we ever saw put upon the stage, and reflects credit both on the manager and Mr. Wallack, who, we believe, has lent his valuable assistance in getting it up. A very graphic outline of the plot and situations is given in the *Courier*, but we recommend our readers to go and judge for themselves. Wallack's impersonation of the careless, jovial spendthrift, *Don Cæsar*, whose follies had obscured, though not obliterated his noble disposition, was inimitable, and drew down most enthusiastic applause. Mr. Dyott, as the intriguing minister, *Don Jose*, was good, as he always is, though, to our mind, slightly deficient in energy! Mr. De Walden's fussy, bombastic *Marquis de Rotondo*. was a choice bit of acting, and he was ably seconded by that excellent actress, Mrs. Maywood, as his well-matched *Countess*. Mr. Palmer's *Charles the Second*, the love-smitten king, was not very happy, his acting and demeanour were anything but kingly. Mr. Palmer has some good points about him, and has improved since last season, but he must bear in mind that care and study are absolutely essential to success as an actor. Mrs. Skerrett's *Lazarillo* was very charming piece of acting, and Miss Maywood, as *Maritana*, the *Gitana*, acquitted herself with her usual ability On the fall of the curtain, Mr. Wallack was loudly called for, and, amidst loud applause, announced the repetition of the piece for Monday evening. After the play, Miss St. Clair danced a *pas seul*, remarkable for nothing but that, at its conclusion, a bunch of greens was flung upon the stage by a precocious young 'gent' in one of the stage boxes. We should like to have seen the perpetrator of this act of stupid buffoonery tolerably well hissed. '*Don Cæsar de Bazan*' was repeated last night to a pretty fair house. In the first scene of the third act, where Mr. Wallack, as *Don Cæsar*, makes his entrance through the window, he stumbled, and fell upon the hilt of his sword, which stunned him so much, that he was compelled to crave the indulgence of the audience for a few minutes. The piece was shortly resumed and concluded amidst loud applause, but we were sorry to observe that Mr. Wallack evidently went through the remainder of his part with difficulty. We trust he will experience no ill effects from the accident. '*Don Cæsar de*

Bazan' is announced for repetition this evening, with the laughable farce of '*Raising the Wind*.'"

[We have made inquiries in the right quarter concerning Mr. James Wallack's accident, and the result seems to be that it is more serious than the above paragraph intimates. The first information reached us a fortnight back, but our work appearing but monthly, we had no opportunity of acquainting our readers with the same; however, as it is, we are the first in the field.—Ed. N. D. B.]

Sadler's Wells after undergoing some slight repairs and re-decorating, opened, as advertised, on the 23rd of August. "*Cymbeline*" is well put on the stage, and with the exception of H. Marston's *Iachimo*, is tolerably well acted. The only alterations in the company are the substitution of J. G. Johnson for F. Morton, who has married Mr. G. Foreman's "protegé" with 400*l*. per annum, and the niece of Mrs. Warner, Miss Huddart, has joined her aunt at the Marylebone. The house has been well attended, and the management certainly deserve it.

Dramaticus.—The Lord Chamberlain is authorised to license theatres in London, Westminster, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Lambeth, Southwark, Windsor, Brighton, and wherever her Majesty resides. But the chancellors or vice-chancellors alone can license theatres in or within fourteen miles of Oxford or Cambridge. All persons keeping theatres open without a proper license are subjected to a 20*l*. penalty for every day they have them open.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B.—In our next; many thanks for your kindness; write as usual.

Jack.—Our correspondent has mistaken this man; will he favour us with his real name?

A Sub. (Bristol).—Many thanks for your interference in so good a cause; the attempt alone does you credit.

Stranger.—Inquire of Mr. G. Parr, Theatrical Repository, 9, Broad Court, Bow Street, for the play in question.

J. A. Storr.—Persevere, and you will overcome the defect.

A Lion.—It is impossible for us to oblige all parties at once; have patience, and you shall have *memoirs of all.*

A Sub. (Glasgow).—Have nothing to do with the parties in question: they are all swindlers; make a personal application to the manager of the nearest theatre.

Arundel Street.—The foot-note alluded to has no reference to our correspondent; we are somewhat surprised how a cap that was not made for you should have fitted so well.

B. H. Meyers.—Our valuable correspondent has evidently been taking his Hyson too strong. The numbers were left by Mr. Marshall himself.

G. W. Bell.—Miss C. Cushman has returned, and is now on a visit to Miss Eliza Cook at Malvern, where there is a glorious party of GOD's gifted ones; join them for a few days, all good hearts are ever welcome.

A Student.—Richard Leveridge, not Lock, is the composer of the music in *Macbeth*, according to Dr. Rimbault; and it was performed, for the first time, on the 25th of January, 1704. Lock's music, composed in the reign of Charles II., is very different. Study them both, as we have done.

Inquirer.—Mr. Marshall was present at the meeting with Mr. Vandenhoff, who is also on the committee; the Shakspere property may be considered as safe. It *was* a public meeting.

Our next will contain a Memoir of Mr. CHARLES J. MATHEWS, with a fine Portrait, by the same artist.



MR. C. J. MATHEWS,

AUTHOR, ACTOR, AND MANAGER.

"——————— Sir, list to me,
I am my father's heir, and only son."

SHAKSPERE.

"Child of the dead! Pledge of unperjured love!
Relic of raptures holy, pure and true.
Born to bereavement, like the homeless dove
That to the deluged world all vainly flew,
And fluttered back again on fearful wing
To tell of ruin, and to ask for rest;
So did'st *thou* find, like every friendless thing,
The ark of refuge still is woman's breast."

M. L. G.

"Stored with the treasures of the literary world,
And with a spice of mirth, too."

"Motley's the only wear."

SHAKSPERE.

We have been induced to connect Mr. Mathews's memoir with this,

our first volume, principally from our anxiety to correct a few slight errors which had crept into the memoir of his talented wife, who was kind enough to point them out to us shortly after the appearance of Part III., which contained that lady's memoir.—Ed. N. D. B.

An intimate friend, in one of his works, says,—"Of all the *de facto* sovereigns that ever governed England, there are but two that can compare with that illustrious offspring of the revolution, the English Corsican, Old Nol. It seems the order of physical nature that great heroes are never to have sons or relatives of pre-eminent genius, and the fact is forced upon us, with deep impression, when we come to persons sitting on thrones or holding supreme power. Cromwell's son was little better than an amiable fool. John, the brother and successor of Richard I., of the *Lion Heart*, was a miserable coward and fool in the bargain. Napoleon's son was equally deficient; and yet had either of these gigantic geniuses given birth to a son of commensurate, or even approximate talents to the parent, how immense would have been the effects upon the state of Europe."

The same may be said of the sons and daughters of Thespis and Melpomene; had Thomas Betterton, Garrick, J. P. Kemble, or Mrs. Siddons, left sons and daughters inheriting their parents genius, how different would now be the state of histrionic talent in London. Charles Kemble's daughters inherit but little indeed of either their aunt or uncle's wonderful abilities. Charles Kean is a gentleman and a scholar, but as an actor he lives and thrives only through his father's name. William Farren's son is worse than what our friend has described Richard Cromwell to have been. James Wallack's son has shown us but little yet, and certainly from him we expect but little. The exceptions then are but four:—our friend Mr. J. G. Vandenhoff's son and daughter inherit in a great degree their father's powers; Mrs. T. H. Lacy is everything we could wish, having talents commensurate with her mother's lofty and high-souled pretensions; the fourth and last is that "moral satirist, the stage Hogarth," Charles James Mathews, only son of the late Charles Mathews, who was so justly celebrated for his inimitable mono-dramatic entertainments both abroad and at home. The first wife of that eminent comedian was a Miss Strong, of Exeter, the daughter of a physician, who, at his death, left her with no provision but fair abilities and a tolerable education. In 1801, she exhibited symptoms of decline. She had before that time conceived an affectionate regard for Miss Jackson, a provincial actress, and daughter of Mr. Jackson, a gentleman who had directed his attention to the stage, and had studied as a pupil of the late Samuel Foote, once famous as an actor and a mimic. One evening, towards the close of her brief but well-spent life, she sent her husband to request that Miss Jackson would visit her on the following day. When the young actress arrived, Mrs. Mathews, propped up in bed, maintained an agreeable conversation till her husband came in, who uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure at finding her thus able to sit up and talk to her friend. She told him her present cheerfulness was the result of considerations, which she had brought him and Miss Jackson together for the purpose of communicating to them in each other's presence. She avowed her conviction that no human skill could save her; and she pathetically

lamented that she must leave her husband,—the more, as he might possibly marry some woman who would less appreciate him than she had done, and make him unhappy, perhaps absolutely wretched. She next adverted to her own affection for Miss Jackson, and to that young lady's unprotected state; and then, taking her hand, and that of Mr. Mathews, and pressing both to her own feverish lips, in a most solemn manner, she abjured them to take compassion upon her anxiety, and give her their pledge that after her death they would become man and wife. Their agitation was extreme. Mr. Mathews reproved his wife with some impetuosity for placing him in such a dilemma; and Miss Jackson, throwing herself upon her knees, besought the pardon of the dying woman for her refusal to comply, and represented the impossibility of her affiancing herself to a man for whom she entertained no feeling warmer than that of friendship. She then quitted her chamber, followed by Mr. Mathews, who besought her not to harbour a suspicion that he had been privy to his wife's intention, which he attributed to something like a delirium, produced by her feverish state. In the following May, Mrs. Mathews's illness was terminated by death.

For some time after that event there was a certain degree of distance between the widower and Miss Jackson, the natural consequence of the scene which has been described. By degrees, however, their mutual coldness wore off; and a feeling of regard was growing up between them, when an incident, or coincidence, occurred, still more remarkable than the dying woman's appeal.

Mr. Mathews's account of his impressions was as follows:—"He had gone to rest, after a very late night's performance at the theatre, finding himself too fatigued to sit up till his usual hour to read; but after he was in bed, he discovered, as will happen when persons attempt to sleep before their accustomed time, that to close his eyes was an impossibility. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, all the family being in bed; but the night was not absolutely dark, it was only too dark for the purpose of reading—indeed, every object was visible. Still he endeavoured to go to sleep, but his eyes refused to close, and in this state of restlessness he remained; when suddenly a slight rustling, as if of a hasty approach of something, induced him to turn his head to that side of the bed whence the noise seemed to proceed; and there he clearly beheld the figure of his late wife, 'in her habit as she lived,' who, smiling sweetly upon him, put forth her hand as if to take his, as she bent forward. This was all he could relate, for, in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, where (the fall having alarmed his landlord) he was found in one of those dreadful fits to which I have alluded. On his recovery from it, he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and unable to quit his room."

Whether this were a dream, or an illusion produced by what is called nightmare, of itself it would not be a surprising occurrence; what alone makes it remarkable is, that, at the exact hour at which Mr. Mathews was thus affected, a vision of the same kind occurred to Miss Jackson. "The same sleepless effect," says she, "the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope, in order to

summon the people of the house, which giving way at the moment, I fell with it in my hand, upon the ground. My impressions of this visitation (as I persisted it was) were exactly similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The parties with whom we resided at the time were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart; and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such I must call it, though my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many, before they were requested to meet and compare accounts; there could consequently be no doubt of the facts, and the circumstance became a matter of much general interest among all those who knew us."

After such a sympathy between the widower and the charming friend of the departed wife, we cannot be surprised that the wife's request, at first so passionately rejected, was at length fulfilled, and that Miss Jackson (on the 28th of March, 1803) became the wife of Mr. Mathews. But the marriage ceremony, like the passages which led to it, had something extraordinary, though not at all serious. Miss Jackson, to avoid the air of a bride, walked to the church in a black silk spencer. The colour (if philosophers will allow us to call black a colour) was somewhat startling to the bridegroom, who, with the bridemaid, was waiting for her there; but her explanation satisfied him that so far all was well. They were now expecting Mr. Denman, an actor in the York company, who was to perform the part of father, that is, to do the office of giving away the bride. The clergyman was standing at the altar, and all things were in readiness, when the principal entrance-door opened, and a sedan-chair was brought in and carried by two grave-looking chairmen, up to the aisle, straight to the foot of the altar. All were in dismay, and wholly unable to account for this strange apparition, until the head of the sedan being thrown back, and the door of it set open, Mr. Denman, with cloth shoes and flannelled ankles, was lifted from the vehicle by the chairmen. He had been seized with a severe attack of gout; but, unwilling to disappoint his friend, had resolved to attend at all risks. His crutches, which had, as it were, been looking out of the side windows of the sedan as it proceeded up the aisle, were carefully placed under his arms, and there he stood, resting upon them, with a countenance of affected gaiety, and, as if unconscious of pain, his ample person dressed in a light coloured coat of mixture then in fashion, called "pepper-and-salt."

The merriment of all parties was increased when they found, from the stern look of the clergyman, that he took the lame man and the bridemaid for the parties whom, unsuitable as they seemed for such a union, it was to be his office to couple together. At length, however, all was cleared up, and the wedding was completed without any further annoyance, except from the curiosity of a crowd, gathered round the church doors, to see the two young performers in their new characters, without paying for admission.

Mrs. Mathews was engaged with her husband by Mr. Colman, for the Haymarket season of this year, 1803, when the experiment was successfully made of forming a company of country actors, without any mixture of London leaders. On her arrival, she was very kindly

received by her husband's family in private, and not less kindly in public by the Haymarket audience, before whom she made her first appearance as *Emma*, in the farce of "*Peeping Tom.*" Her figure, so small at its first approach to womanhood, had now grown to a height rather above than below the female average, and its contour, though slender, was round and graceful. Her countenance, voice, and manner, all were attractive; and she soon became a favourite with the frequenters of the theatre. *Ophelia* in "*Hamlet*," *Fanny*, in "*The Clandestine Marriage*," *Leonora* in "*The Padlock*," *Gillian* in "*The Quaker*," *Virginia* in "*Paul and Virginia*," were among the principal characters in which she won the approbation of the public.

Meanwhile she had another interest to occupy her heart,—her young son, Charles James, the subject of this memoir, and the only offspring of her marriage, had come into this world at Liverpool, on *St. Stephen's Day*, Monday, December the 26th, 1803, just nine months after she became a wife. We should almost imagine, from the comic turn he has inherited for mimicry, and rapid personation of character, that, like Sheltz, our hero was launched into the world laughing—"His daddy laughed, his mammy laughed, and every body laughed till they cried, yes, even the lady with the *caudle*." Of the freaks of his infant years we have little to record. When a mere boy he exhibited the promise of those talents and amiable manners which have since recommended him, both in public and in private. To this object of interest his mother continued unceasingly to devote herself, and his warm affection for her repaid all the care she bestowed upon him, and the excellent line so deservedly applied to the lady whose memoir accompanies that of our hero's, may with equal justice be applied to Mr. Mathews.

When he attained the age of twelve, he was placed on the foundation at MERCHANT TAILORS' SCHOOL, by the then Recorder of London, with the intention of educating him for the church. While there, Master Mathews boarded with the head master, the Rev. Thomas Cherry. The close air of the city not agreeing with his health, he was removed just as he had gained the *fifth* form, to Mr. Richardson's school, in the Clapham Road, where he was prepared for college; but manifesting a decided preference for architecture, his father was at length induced to abandon his intention of making a clergyman of him, and as it was expedient without further delay to place him in the office of an architectural draughtsman, the idea of sending him to Oxford was relinquished, and young Mathews was in 1819 articled to Mr. Pugin for four years, and afterwards studied in the office of the late Mr. Nash, of Regent-street and Buckingham Palace celebrity.

While pursuing his studies with Mr. Pugin, he imbibed a taste for theatricals, and, in 1822, Mr. Mathews performed a character in French, "*Le Comedien d'Etampes*" (which he has since, in conjunction with Mr. Kenney, adapted to the English stage, under the title of "*He would be an Actor*)," at a "private performance," at the English Opera House (Lyceum, Strand), in professed imitation of M. Perlet, and with such extraordinary success, that his father, thinking his talents promising, rather encouraged our hero's adopting the stage as a profession, but his great love for the science in which

Sir Christopher Wren and others have shined so conspicuous was paramount, and he persevered in the study of it.

In the autumn of 1823, Mr. Mathews accompanied the Earl of Blessington to Naples, where, at the famous Palazzo Belvidere, he pursued his studies. In 1825 he returned to London, and in 1826 was employed professionally in building Hartsheath Hall, Wales, the seat of John Gray, Esq., a bridge, an inn, and one hundred workmen's cottages. Anything but pleased with the result of his labours, and feeling the urgent necessity for further exertion, our hero, in the autumn of the same year, and with a fellow-student, Mr. James D'Egville, sought Italy, that school of arts and sciences, famed for its Michael Angelo, and his inimitable pile St. Peter's, at Rome. These young men, for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the profession which parental wishes had pointed out for their adoption, travelled together for four years, visiting Switzerland, renowned for "liberty, Hofer and Tell;" Germany, famed for her children, "Weber and Gœthe;" Sicily, Istria, Dalmatia, &c. In 1828, Mr. Mathews was elected a Member of the Academies of Milan and Venice, where, as a proof of his abilities and progress in the science of architecture, I need but mention that his drawings are still exhibited. They were pointed out to the writer of this memoir in 1842, and Mr. Marshall has the very great pleasure of informing his readers, that great as are the abilities of Mr. Mathews as an actor, they are certainly equalled by his talents as a draughtsman. Let us then be proud of such a man in his present honourable though arduous profession. In the December of 1828, he again showed some predilection for histrionic amusement, and in the winter of that year he joined Lord (afterwards Marquis of) Normanby's private theatricals at Florence, and likewise those of Lord Burghersh. The parts he played were few but varied—*Falstaff*, "*Henry the Fourth*," *Buskin*, *Dogberry*, *Simpson*, "*Simpson and Co.*," *Risk*, *Launcelot Gobbo*, *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, *&c.*, *&c.*

In 1830 he caught a fever, and lost the use of his limbs. Having kept his bed six months at Venice, and his life being despaired of, he determined to return to England against the advice of his physicians, who declared that such an effort would be fatal. Mr. Mathews, however, was not to be deterred from the attempt, he persevered, travelling, by the assistance of a bed-carriage, in nineteen days to England, with an Italian servant, and was received at home in London by his parents helpless as an infant, his limbs wasted and useless, and was obliged to be carried in the arms of his attendants for some months after, when he was able to be moved from his bed; he then rallied, and by the end of the year he could walk with the help of a stick.

In the spring of 1831, being quite recovered, and was again stirring himself to business, Mr. Mathews put up for the surveyorship of the district of Bow, to which he was fortunate enough to be elected, and filled that situation in a most creditable manner. In 1832, during a trip to the highlands of Scotland, on a visit to Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, some private theatricals were suggested by way of Christmas festivities at Woburn, to take place on the return of the family to that seat. Our hero's characters at that princely estate were, *Simpson*, *Gradus*, *Splasher*, "*The Man and his Tiger*," and *Mr.*

Singleton in "*Scan Mag*," all of which, as may be supposed, were creditably sustained.

In 1833, Mr. Mathews turned his attention to dramatic writing, and in that year the piece called "*My Wife's Mother*" was produced at the Haymarket with success, and has since been performed at that theatre repeatedly. In 1834, finding architecture slow in its returns, he commenced the study of oil painting; also on March the 10th, in that year, he produced his romantic drama, in one act, at the Adelphi, called "*Truth; or, a Glass too Much*." This was also very successful. The following is the cast:—

Albert	O. Smith.	*Grossman* . . .	W. Bennett.
Alfred	F. Yates.	*Mina*	Mrs. Yates.
Donderdrink . .	Mr. Hemming.	*Alice*	Miss Pitt.

This Drama is printed, and forms No. 38 of "Webster's Acting National Drama."

Mr. Mathews continued to push his studies in oil painting with success, and in 1835 he exhibited a picture at Somerset House, the subject of which I am at a loss to remember.

In the June of this year (1835), our hero became, by his father's death, part proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, Strand, and entered upon the management of it under many disadvantageous circumstances. The late John Reeve's going to America, the late Frederick Yates and his talented wife's withdrawal from the establishment, the loss of the Adelphi favourite Mr. T. P. Cooke, and, though last, not least, the reduction of the prices of admission to Covent Garden Theatre, on the occasion of D. W. Osbaldiston assuming the management—an epoch of painful memory—October the 19th, 1835. These events, together, rendered Mr. Mathews's commencement so great a failure, that, after considerable loss, he consented to Mr. Yates letting the theatre for the remainder of the season to Messrs. Ephraim Bond* and company, the gamblers, and eventually he disposed of his share.

The renown attaching to his father's name, and the early predilections consequent on this, induced Mr. Mathews at this period to turn his attention to the study of the drama. His early histrionic efforts, made in private under the fostering patronage of the aristocracy, resolved him upon adventuring on the ordeal of public suffrage, which he did at the Olympic Theatre, then the most popular minor in the metropolis, December the 7th, 1835, without having been previously subjected to that initiatory process—that servitude of the craft—which is ever, and very properly so too, amongst those actors who understand their profession, considered a *sine qua non* for ultimate excellence.

Mr. Mathews's first appearance as a public performer at the Olympic was under the famous management of the then very popular actress, Madame Vestris; and, on that occasion, his lamented father's intimate friend, the late John Liston, undertook to introduce our hero to the notice of a London audience—a fashionable one in the highest degree—through the medium of a prefatory address, written

* Dead.

by that prop of the drama, the late Mr. W. Leman Rede. There were circumstances, says a contemporary, connected with this introduction, that at the time left on the minds of the audience an impression of no ordinary character; the father, an old favourite, had left them—Time, that inexorable tyrant, having claimed him as his own; and that father's chosen and intimate friend took his son under his professional protection, to secure him a welcome at starting in life, as hearty as that which had been bestowed upon the father and himself. As I have before stated, in the memoir of Madame Vestris (now Mrs. Mathews), our hero made his public *début* as *George Rattleton* in his own farce of "*The Humpbacked Lover*," and with Mr. Liston as *Tim Topple* in "*The Old and Young Stager*," a piece written for the occasion by Mr. W. L. Rede. It may be said of the latter production, that it served to give Mr. Mathews the opportunity of establishing himself as a public favourite. The construction of the piece was very good, and the situations were nightly turned to account by the young actor with as much advantage as if written for an established favourite. A want of confidence, however, now and then showed itself, but authors immediately set to work and turned Mr. Mathews's slight timidity to great account. Piece after piece was written to suit his peculiar style, and, as he gained upon his audience, authors employed their pens on broad and extravagant productions, in many of which Mr. Mathews was very successful. He added considerably to his reputation by his excellent acting in "*One Hour; or, the Carnival Ball*," and his versatility was shown to very great advantage in "*He would be an Actor*" (adapted from the French); in this piece he is seen as a French woman, a Welsh gardener, &c.: in the latter, he introduced the famous little ballad of "*Jenny Jones*," which told well with his audience. He was next seen in "*Patter* versus *Clatter*," and many other productions of a similar nature.

On the 31st of May, 1838, Madame Vestris closed her eighth season at the Olympic Theatre. On Wednesday, the 18th of July following, Mr. Mathews was married to that celebrated actress at Kensington Church, and immediately after the ceremony started for Bristol, accompanied by Mr. C. Peake, the treasurer of the Olympic, from whence the happy couple (Mr. Mathews in his 35th year, and Mrs. Mathews in her 41st year) sailed for the United States of America, on the Saturday following, in the *Great Western* steam-ship. For what occurred during that trip, see memoir of Madame Vestris, page 48.

Mr. Mathews suddenly returned from America, and reappeared at the Olympic on the 26th of December, 1838, in the character of *Captain Patter*, in "*Patter* versus *Clatter*." He was well received, and went through his part with as much vivacity as ever. Encouraged by the great success they had experienced at the Olympic, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews cast their eyes on the magnificent temple made great by the genius of W. C. Macready; and, on the 25th of May, 1839, Mr. Mathews signed the contract between himself and the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre. Mrs. Mathews retired from the management of the Olympic on the 31st of that month, and on the 30th of September, 1839, Mr. Mathews commenced his first season at Covent

Garden. The pieces produced, and the artists who appeared there, may be seen at full in page 52 of this volume.

The speculation, as is well known, proved a signal failure, but it is to be lamented that the chief causes were, "enormous interest paid to Jew money-lenders," "law," and the "starring system." The expenses of this undertaking, which closed on the 30th of April, 1842, and the pecuniary difficulties of the management, were related by Mr. Mathews himself before the commissioners of the Bankruptcy Court, and were afterwards published; it is useless, therefore, to relate them here; but the following letter we give *verbatim*, to prove that his difficulties were of no small amount. In November, 1843, beset with the hell-hounds of the law, and afraid to venture out of doors, Mr. Mathews addressed this letter to his creditors:—

"Gentlemen,- In justice to myself, and for your guidance, I beg to submit to you publicly the following statement:—Eighteen months only ago, I was legally relieved from all pecuniary liability, and was free as air to begin the world a new man Had I chosen to avail myself of the full power then placed in my hands, I should not now be under the necessity of addressing you; but, guided by what I deemed a strict principle of honour, I adopted another course. The frustration of all my hopes at Covent Garden Theatre, brought ruin on me, and loss to many concerned with me in that speculation. But, gentlemen, there were others, again, upon whom these consequences had no right to be visited—individuals to whom I felt myself deeply indebted for many personal acts of kindness wholly unconnected with that involvement. No sooner was I free, than I set about making the best arrangement in my power for the gradual liquidation of all these persons' claims, content to set apart, for the rest of my life, if required, the half of my profits for their satisfaction. I voluntarily, and without solicitation, took upon myself fresh obligations to the amount of 3,000*l.*, in the full reliance, that in return for a straightforward and honest act on my part, I should meet with every indulgence and assistance in carrying out my views, at least from the parties in whose favour these fresh securities were given. From that instant I have known no peace, night or day, in town or out of town, well or ill; no moment has been free from persecution. The non-payment, to the exact time, of the agreed instalments has brought executions into my house and arrests to my person, exorbitant law, and extortionate interest. By dint of months of labour, of body and mind, by the mutual exertions of myself and my wife in England, Ireland, and Scotland, I sent up 900*l.* out of our hard earnings in furtherance of the good work, and on the last night of our provincial engagements, while priding myself on the speedy redemption of my honourable undertakings, I was arrested at Liverpool on overdue instalments, came up and found an execution in my house in town, and was informed that a dozen others were anxiously awaiting my return. New embarrassments had also arisen in my absence; actions had been commenced against me for sums that had been inserted in my schedule, and from which, so far as the principle was concerned, I was released; but there being sureties for payment of these sums, they were called on so to do, and I subsequently became their debtor in the amounts they so paid, and for which latter amount I was sued by the new creditor, and from which I consequently imagined myself released, but which had escaped through some legal valve to attack me with renewed vigour to the amount of above 4,000*l.* Still myself and my wife held on our way steadily and cheerfully, in the vain hope of combatting this giant debt. Every plan I could devise was proposed, commenced, and frustrated by rapacity. The

mouths of my devourers seemed to open wider and wider in proportion to the magnitude of the food provided for them. At length, after great perseverance, I obtained the slow consent of the most important creditors to my putting aside 1,300*l.* per annum, to be paid by weekly instalments into the hands of a trustee, to satisfy the largest portion of the rapidly increasing debt, hourly swelling with hideous law and yawning interest. I removed to a house of less rent, diminished my general expenses, and really began to think that all difficulty would soon be at an end. Four months have scarcely passed under this new arrangement, and means have already been found to render it of no avail. Actions have been brought against me, upon sums comprehended in the trust-deed, but passed into other hands; nearly all the persons not included in that deed have overwhelmed me with law processes, and doubled their debts by consequent expenses. Difficulties have increased every hour, till at length the cup has run over, and the unwilling, but full conviction stares me in the face, that what I deemed an act of simple justice, was but an act of utter folly, and I can safely add, that the only remark I have heard made, the only return I have met with, even from the very parties for whom I have made these sacrifices, has been literally (will it be believed) that of "More fool you." I am almost tempted to coincide in the truth of the rebuke. Now, gentlemen, listen—I have for months past submitted to be told by people, who little dreamed of the manner in which the money was really going, that I must be "very extravagant"—that I was "living too expensively"—that I ought to be "putting something by for the future"—while I had not even enough for the present. I have submitted to see my tradespeople go away from my door unpaid for the very necessaries of life with which they furnished me—I have submitted to resort to subterfuges, for which I despised myself, to gain entrance to, and exit from, the theatre in which I was engaged, to enable me to do my duty to the public and to the very manager out of whose pocket all these claims were to be paid, but never to be satisfied; in short, for a year and a half have I been harassed, censured, sued, arrested, lectured, and drained of every farthing I could muster, earn, or borrow, and no one debt seems materially reduced by it—interest and law will swallow up everything. This, gentlemen, is the state of the case; judge of it yourselves. A meeting is about to be called, and the voucher for these facts will be produced for your inspection. A proposition will be made to you, which I trust will either meet with your approval, or elicit from you a better. All I can say is, I have done my best; I am driven from my home, and from my profession, to neither of which, I am determined, will I return, until I can present myself before the public freely and independently as I have always done, able to devote myself to its service with a mind at ease, unshackled by the torments and anxieties of a distracting involvement, which (though certainly of my own creation), I can conscientiously assert, has had its origin in the most honourable motives.

"I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"C. J. MATHEWS."

Now I know that it is not for me to give advice to such a man as Charles James Mathews, and I could have but little hope that anything in my power to say would soften the asperity of his feelings, or sooth the disquiet of that heart which, for eight years, has fought bravely, if not wisely, against the unfortunate causes of its deep emotions. It is too true that he has experienced the treachery—*managerial treachery*—and ingratitude of mankind; that he has been insulted by the basely brutal, sneered at by the malicious, and

deceived by the selfish; that he has fallen into a vulture's nest of rapacious scriveners,*

"Or where the fell attorney prowls for prey;"

and that he has felt the hungry beaks and talons of money-lenders fastening upon him; and those—alas! how many!—who live by lapping the blood of sorrow and misfortune, draining the very life of his hard earned gain; he may have feared, as he confesses, the little morning walk, or evening lounge; but, I would ask, who was it that first drew back with his own hand the curtain that had from boyhood covered the drama of his woes? who, I say? Who else but Charles James Mathews, could be found to stand forth, as on a pedestal of sand, the time-serving champion of a doubtful league, the tool of a popular—perhaps fashionable—woman. Her popularity and countenance made many great, and her popularity and carelessness made them what they are. Some have become inured to the mysteries and extravagances of that swindling craft, miscalled "men of the world," not one of whom but would rather cut the other's throat than cut the cord to save his "friend" from hanging.

"The hallowed relics of my fathers sleep;
I strive in vain the tumults to repel,
That force mine eyes with sad regret to weep,
Since my sweet childhood's lost delights they tell.
Here my loved parent passed his happy days,
In rural peace with every virtue warm'd,
While the wild country round that rang his praise,
His house denoted and his goodness charm'd.
But I, alas! to genuine pleasures blind,
Toss'd on the world's wide waves, no comfort find."

After the loss of her husband, Mrs. Mathews, our hero's mother, undertook the late actor's biography, which she executed in such a manner, as to make it one of the most amusing and popular works of the day. It appeared in the December of 1840, published by *Mr. Bentley*. Some of her reviewers were exceedingly harsh, one of which penned the following for *The Weekly Dispatch*, in January, 1841:—

"We passed our commendations on this work, with some protests on its 'spinnings out,' but on the spur of an occasion, book-making may be, to an extent, put up with, but when a second edition comes forth, we have a right to expect curtailments and corrections. The memoirs of Charles Mathews, reduced to one volume, would be a very amusing book, but in its present form it is vapid and merely a bookseller's experiment upon the empty heads and the full pockets of the gullible public." In the spring of 1844, Mrs. Mathews published many of her own reminiscences of the stage in a very agreeable volume, called "*Anecdotes of Actors, with other Desultory Recollections*," of which we have the following notice:—"Though Mrs. Mathews always writes pleasantly, and like a gentlewoman, still green-room authors and anecdotes of actors make what the American would call 'cruel small' reading, unless they chance to fall into such hands as Cibber's, or the writer treats of such a mercurial spirit as Voltaire's '*Sophie Arnauld*,' or of such a time as Fleury-*fleuri* lived through—when comedy was a serious business to the terrorists, who found

* I have known lawyers take from 75 to 90 per cent. on an average; sometimes 800 per cen. Their charges have been 2,300*l*. for what, when taxed, 331*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*. only was allowed.

incivisme in clean linen, and disaffection in the affected old *Oui-das* which had charmed the aristocratic public of the regency, and Marie Antoinette's Trianon theatricals. No such times—no such persons—are here, but Bannister, and Dignum, and Suett, and Cherry, and Claremont, and Quick's '*Spoiled Child;*' and to read of their 'whereabouts' is too hard work in these overdone days, when, moreover, as in the present instance, the tale has, in part, seen the light in the pages of the periodicals."

Mrs. Mathews has kept up her communion with literature and the drama by a variety of articles upon theatrical and other subjects, which have appeared from time to time in "*Bentley's Miscellany*."

During the twelve years which have elapsed since her husband's death, she has lived in retirement; occasionally, though but rarely, allowing herself to reappear among some of her intimate friends: to whom she is endeared no less by present feelings, than by the recollections and associations of the past.

On the close of Covent Garden Theatre in 1842, Mr. C. J. Mathews and his wife joined Mr. Macready at Drury Lane, but, through some disagreement, they quitted that theatre, and transferred their services to Mr. Webster of the Haymarket. Their first appearance there, and their progress through the provinces, will be found in the memoir of the lady, page *55*. It therefore remains for us but to speak of our hero's abilities as an actor, which to us is a pleasant task. Few, very few, are they who have made so great a progress in the profession, or have by industry and perseverance fought their way to public favour.

Among our actors, Mr. Mathews is a striking example of what is known by "stage looks." He, like Macready, is as rich in looks during his performances as a presumptuous spouter is poor, barren, and lifeless. Mr. Mathews shows you by looks and jesture that he is completely master of his subject: it lives in him. How very excellent he is in the chatty part of "*Patter* versus *Clatter*." When he has to play a Frenchman, a Frenchman himself might be deceived by the illusion, so well he dresses, and moves, and looks the character. How capital he sustains the part of *Puff*, one of the most difficult in the whole range of the drama. See again his *Sir Charles Coldstream*, in his adaption from the French, called "*Used Up*," a part most admirably acted. Mr. Mathews is an actor who never disrobes himself of his identity, to stoop wantonly to play the buffoon, in order to filch a laugh from the idle and extravagant. He is one of the most versatile comedians living, and some characters, from their peculiarity, he has made entirely his own; he possesses the great ability of rising above trifles, and of sustaining parts in a superior manner in the first walks of comedy. Mr. Mathews is five feet seven inches in height, of a slight genteel figure, with auburn hair, and a florid complexi n. Farewell, then, *pate-rag out de* Mathews; and now, my readers—

"If to his share some trifling errors fall,
Look in his face, and you'll forget them all."

THOMAS MARSHALL.

London, September 17th, 1847.

MEMOIR OF MISS COOPER, NOW MRS. T. H. LACY,

OF THE THEATRES ROYAL COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE.

"Bring *Juliet* forth."

"The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in everything she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace,
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue."

"A form wherein we behold
A lifting of the spirit above the clay."

"Her voice most clear, yet 'tis not strong;
Her periods full, though seldom long;
With wit, good-natured wit, endow'd;
Fluent her speech, but never loud."

"Therefore Heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty."

ROSALIND.

"Happy woman!
Blest with that which is so thinly scattered o'er the world—
Good sense."

FIFTY years ago, an authentic memoir of any dramatic artist, particularly if that artist happened to be a woman, and (as in the present case) a pretty woman, would have been one of the most acceptable papers that a periodical editor could have laid before his readers. In those days the theatre was one of the great lights of the age. It had been so from the time of Queen Anne, and so it continued until the war of the French Revolution, when new modes of thinking began to prevail, and new subjects to occupy those literary and intellectual circles, of which, in London, at least, the theatres had so long been the centre. The whole surface of society was then ploughed up; and has ever since worn an aspect, which, whatever may be said to its advantage in other particulars, is certainly a good deal less romantic and picturesque than of yore. The drama has thus been deprived of much of its attraction. The new excitements of real life have been found to absorb and merge the whole interests of the mimic world; and even those, who still depend for amusement upon works of fiction and subjects of art, are content to find their pleasure in the numerous novels, tales, travels, biographies, magazines, and other entertaining publications, which can be enjoyed by a reader at his—or her—own fireside, without the derangement of the usual dinner-hour—the trouble of the *toilette*, or the expense of an admission to the theatre. Add to this, the frequency of private parties, among many and numerous classes who formerly never dreamt of anything in the nature of the

"polka," "quadrille," or "*soirée musicale*," and you have a tolerable notion of the reasons why the days of the drama are palmy days no longer.

All art, whether it be poetry, music, painting, or histrionic representation, is designed as an instrument of human advance and enlightenment. That poetry, music, and painting are so, is pretty generally admitted; with regard to the stage, however, heads are shaken, and demurs are made, even by minds divested of many popular prejudices, and, we must confess, with some show of reason. But the objection lies not in the art itself, so much as in its abuse, which is, in fact, an argument against the use of so many of God's good gifts. Corrupt passions have degraded the stage, and made that impure which was not so of necessity; and considering Miss F. Cooper as one of its greatest regenerators, we regard her with honour, if not with reverence. There is a natural breadth and grandeur in her mind which enables her to take large views, and hence the impersonation of character is strongly drawn in clear, broad outline, with a fullness of finish that gives to it that extraordinary completeness for which the acting of Miss Cooper is so remarkable. She is great, and will be greater; not only because she is nobly gifted by nature, but because she takes a noble view of her art, and is not satisfied without doing her best at all times.

In her case nature and art are one; with this difference, that *art* is the representative and interpreter of *nature*. Her acting is not *acting* in its imitative sense, but *action*, the very action of nature, and therefore it is always true, always a grand and faithful conception, and one which fills and satisfies the mind; that is, the mind of honest critics, and judges of high art. This clear, earnest exposition of nature is a distinguishing characteristic of this excellent actress, and we particularly insist upon its being necessary to greatness in all walks of art, for nature and truth are the same—not rough, coarse, unassisted nature, but with every assistance of study, great experience, cultivation, and self-discipline—nature still strong, unfettered, and fearless nature. But we have said more than enough, perhaps, by way of introduction to our little memoir of this gifted lady.

The father of this most accomplished actress was the late Mr. Dalton, a native of London, and an excellent performer in smart low comedy, eccentrics, &c. Whether he was, or was not, a relation of the talented John Dalton, D.D., who adapted Milton's "*Masque at Ludlow Castle*"* to the stage, we are not in possession. Our heroine's mother was a Miss Walton, a native of Dublin, in which city her father was an eminent solicitor. The lady was, no doubt, won by the general superiority of Mr. Dalton's address in society, as well as by the fame he had established for himself as a comedian. After their marriage, both Mr. and Mrs. Dalton were principally engaged at the theatres royal Edinburgh, Glasgow, Brighton, Sunderland, &c., until the growing fame of Mrs. Dalton spread to the metropolis, when she was engaged by the younger Coleman for the Haymarket Theatre. She was the original *Sophia*, in W. C. Oulton's popular farce of "*The*

* Dalton died in 1763. The "Masque" still continues a favourite dramatic entertainment under the title of "*Comus*," having been set to music by Dr. Arne.

Sleep Walker," produced in the early part of the present century. Her histrionic abilities were of a very superior order; as the heroines of first class tragedy she was eminently successful, and shone both in London and the provinces, but principally in the latter, with great effect, during the reign of Siddons and O'Neil, with both of whom Mrs. Dalton was acquainted. Her provincial reputation may be said to have been as great as that of any actress of her day.

During the stay of Mr. and Mrs. Dalton in London in the year 1819, our heroine, now known in the profession as Miss F. Cooper, was born. At this period, the great success of many of our English actors in the United States of America, induced Mr. Dalton to make a professional trip across the Atlantic, whither he accordingly set out; our heroine being then but a few months old, and her mother had just accepted an offer from the manager of the principal theatrical circuit, which duties, domestic and professional, Mrs. Dalton remained in England to fulfil. The climate of the New World is supposed to have materially affected Mr. Dalton's health, as we find him, after a very successful *débût*, attacked with a fatal illness, of which he died in 1825. Shortly after, his widow became the wife of Mr. W. Cooper,* who had then newly entered the profession, and who has since advanced himself to the first rank of provincial talent. He is an original and sterling actor, was a great favourite in the York and Lincoln circuits, which he quitted for the Norwich (then under the management of Mr. George Smith, son of the former lessee), of which he was appointed stage manager, in the year 1843, and in which year Mrs. Cooper, the mother of our heroine, died in London. Upon the occasion of the circuit passing into the hands of Mr. W. J. A. Abingdon, in September, 1845, Mr. Cooper joined the standard of Mr. Charles Gill, who then first essayed his fortune as theatrical manager at Newmarket. We may here take this favourable opportunity to mention, that it was at this period that promising young actor, G. J. Vining, of the Marylebone Theatre, made his first professional essay as *Hamlet*, under the assumed name of Wharton. He had before performed the part with much applause at the St. James's Theatre, as a member of the HISTRIONIC AMATEUR SOCIETY.

Mr. Knowles, proprietor of the Theatre Royal Manchester, having heard most favourable testimonials of Mr. Cooper's ability, had repeatedly tendered him an engagement, which he accepted, but subsequently waived it in favour of Mr. W. Davidge; and it must be a subject of congratulation to Mr. Cooper, that the opportunity so afforded has been the means of advancing to their due estimate the undoubted talents of his friend. Upon Mr. Gill's managerial duties terminating at Woodbridge, Mr. Knowles again put forth his proposals to Mr. Cooper, who now accepted an engagement under that gentleman, and he made his *débût* in Manchester, as *Menenius* in "*Coriolanus*," Mr. Graham and C. D. Pitt alternating the hero. From that period, Mr. Cooper has remained one of the principal members of Mr. Knowles's always excellent company: his business lying principally in second old men, of which parts he is an excellent representative. As I have before observed, Mr. Cooper was a great

* Hence our heroine's professional name.

favourite at York, Hull, and Leeds, and we may conclude this sketch of our heroine's step-father, by stating that he is one of the best general actors on the stage, and would be found an immense addition to any London company in a situation similar to that held by Mr. Harvey, at the Marylebone, or to succeed the late Mr. Walton at the Princess's.

" I have stated that Mrs. Cooper's death took place in 1843; I may now add, that her health becoming precarious shortly after her second marriage, she gradually withdrew herself from the stage, and devoted much of her leisure to the comfort and advancement of her daughter's interest. The early years of the fair subject of this memoir were not, as may be imagined, passed within the sphere of histrionic life; but, on the contrary, studiously apart from the drama and its associations; indeed, so much so, that her youth may be said to have passed, like another Heloise, in almost total seclusion from the gaities of maiden life. The wealthy and estimable lady of Mr. Parry,* formerly governor of one of our West Indian Islands, received Miss Cooper under her charge, and in every instance behaved to her with strict maternal care. Their friendly bias had no doubt its due weight upon her education and naturally sensitive heart; nevertheless, at the age of fourteen, our heroine showed her hereditary inclination, "predilection for the stage." At this period (1833) her form and face gave promise of something eminently beautiful, and from out the fashionable mansion of her kind protectress, was now and then to be seen the timid, graceful girl, Miss Fanny Cooper, stepping like a frightened fawn. How estimably has she fulfilled the promise of her youth, and become a dignified example to her sex, and a magnificent member of her parents honourable profession.

Her predilection for theatrical life began to show itself in a too powerful form to the adverse taste of Mrs. Parry, developing itself in direct opposition to the views and opinions of that lady, whose intentions toward her charge no doubt extended to an honourable settlement in private life. Be that as it may, our heroine was forthwith returned to her mother's care, who set about perfecting her daughter for a professional *débût*, which took place through the kindness of Mr. Edward Barnet, at his theatre at Reading, in Berkshire. Miss Cooper was just fourteen, and her first essay was in the character of *Sophia*, in that excellent comedy "*The Road to Ruin.*" Her youth and budding beauty must have made this first attempt truly interesting and from what we have since seen, we should certainly imagine it to have been a successful one. We are, however, assured by the report of gentlemen engaged in the performance, that it was a most pleasing and promising essay, and that the worth and sterling abilities of the parents, seemed without remove to have been transmitted to the child. May the successors of Miss Cooper's amiability and virtue, and of her inextinguishable attachment to nature, keep undivided possession of the British stage in all time to come. A lapse of some months occurred before another opportunity offered itself for a second appearance; the earliest was no doubt made available, and took place under the management of Mr. Willis Jones, at Richmond, in Surrey, for the benefit of her father-in-law,

* Of Egham-park, Surrey.

Mr. W. Cooper, when our heroine sustained the character of *Christine*, "*Love in Humble Life*." This performance was witnessed by Mr. John Poole, the dramatist, and other gentlemen of literary eminence, who congratulated the young actress, and prognosticated the greatest success from her future efforts in the profession.

An offer was now made for our heroine to join the company performing under manager Downe in the YORK Circuit, which, as may be expected, was considered too good an opportunity to be rejected, for few there are who can boast of their first engagement having taken place in the first provincial circuit. Unfortunately for Miss Cooper, the management allowed her few chances of developing her talent, being invariably cast for the most insignificant walking ladies, &c., and which afford no scope for the cultivation of the essential qualifications of an actress. In truth, the management valued her chiefly for her personal advantages, and very pertinaciously argued that she was too young to be entrusted with any characters of importance. Miss Cooper was injudiciously suffered to remain some months in this very injurious position, which may be partly attributed to her mother's failing health, and which had now compelled her to retire from her arduous profession, rendering repose in every way desirous. Our heroine's position and youth doubtless affected Mrs. Cooper, whose health was daily becoming more delicate; nevertheless, there was hope for both, and indeed

"Every dark c'o id has a silver lining,"

and, with a noble resolution not to sink, Miss Cooper took heart, although she knew not then upon what plank she was to be saved. She had one true friend, however, in the manager of the Lincoln circuit, Mrs. T. Robertson, who, in her difficult and painful circumstances, offered her scope for her yet untried talent. She accordingly left the York Circuit, and in 1837, became the heroine of Mrs. Robertson's excellent company. Here Miss Cooper had a fair field for the cultivation of her beloved art, and rapidly—aye, in a few months—acquired both fame and profit. Her reputation as one of the most promising young actresses in the provinces was now fully established, and managers were not backward in offering engagements to so popular an *artiste*. Her provincial prospects were therefore as well as Miss Cooper could possibly desire, notwithstanding, reader, we now come to the most painful part of our labours—painful the more, because made so by one who has been, and is by many still looked upon, as one of the best friends of his self-abused profession.

In consequence of a strong and unsolicited recommendation from Mrs. Waylett, who had, during a starring visit to Mr. Robertson's circuit, witnessed Miss Cooper's performance of various characters with much satisfaction, an unsought offer arrived at the theatre, from Mr. Benjamin Webster, of the Haymarket. A correspondence ensued, eliciting from that gentleman the fairest promises with regard to our heroine, and expressly tendering her "the second business with a part of the first," with a positive assurance that her success would be seconded by every exertion on his part for her

comfort and advancement. Induced by such specious profession, Miss Cooper resigned her provincial prospects, which, as I have before stated, lay principally amongst the first theatres, including an ardent solicitation from Mr. Calcraft of Dublin.

Miss Cooper took her farewell of the Lincoln Circuit with a benefit at Wisbeach; the performance was Shakspere's "*As you Like It.*" *Jacques*, Mr. R. Younge:* *Rosalind*, Miss F. Cooper. As she had formerly been the favourite in the circuit, she was now its pride—all participated in her metropolitan triumph. The evening of her leave was one of general depression: the audience were sorrow stricken; it was as though a beloved child was departing; they could not applaud: theirs was a farewell of affliction: her's a departure of joyous pride and flattering hope—flattering indeed, too soon by one designing hand to be laid desolate.

Accompanied by her mother Miss Cooper repaired to London, and immediately prepared herself for the coming ordeal by which her talents as a legitimate actress were to receive the impress of metropolitan mark. The Haymarket management did not, as was expected, give our heroine the benefit of an original part, but cast her a character from which comparisons were sure to be drawn. Such conduct, though fortunately of no injury to Miss Cooper, at least showed an error in management. Her *débût* took place at the opening of Mr. Webster's second season, on Easter Monday, April 16th, 1838, in the unamiable part of *Lydia*,† in James Sheridan Knowles's comedy of "*The Love Chase.*" On that occasion Mr. E. Glover and Miss Elphinstone‡ also appeared as *Master Walter* and *Neighbour Constance*. Of the success of Miss Cooper there did not exist a second opinion. We were in the house from motives of curiosity, determined to judge for ourselves, and rest unmindful of the excellence report had trumpeted forth. For once, however, report was found to be correct, and vividly we remember the feeling excited at her entrance by her prepossessing appearance; the graceful simplicity of her bearing, heightened by the novelty and embarrassment of her situation, won an interest in every spectator. Her originality shone forth like the pure gem in its unpretending shell: to the part she gave a reading and importance that elevated her to that height where art ceases and becomes ideal nature, showing at once the purity of her deep feelings, and her refined intellectuality. There was not a look, nor action, nor tone, but what was all the most fastidious critic could desire. Heart and soul she entered into the author's meaning, showing conception so brilliant and unmistakeable, that Miss Cooper took the audience completely by surprise; she gave them no time to think of her provincial defects, but won their good will ere they knew she had attacked it, and before she made her first exit, *she had actually become a favourite*, and a tribute of the loudest and most unanimous applause followed her from the wing decisive of her fate in London. This was renewed upon every occasion throughout the performance, and, at the fall of the curtain, our heroine was summoned before it to receive the congratulations of a most fashionable auditory. The public and the press were unanimous

* Dead. † Miss Vandenhoff is the original representative of this part.
‡ Now Mrs. J. S. Knowles.

in approbation, and with all deference to the talents of Miss Vandenhoff, and however correct her delineation of the character may have been, we are bound, not only in justice to our heroine, but as faithful interpreters of the public, to state that Miss Cooper's was certainly the most original and truthful performance—the town gave her the palm.

The fairest expectations of the future seemed warranted from her success, but this flattering augury was speedily nullified by the allotment of a succession of inferior parts, not one of which afforded the least scope for her unquestioned ability, and it was not long before Miss Cooper became aware that it is the manager and not the public upon whom success depends. Mr. Webster wanted not "*an actress of first class pretensions*," but a "*walking lady*," as we shall here show. Miss Taylor,* Miss Elphinstone, and Madame Celeste, were either in possession or had claim to *all* the characters Miss Cooper had hoped to obtain, consequently the success of our heroine beyond a certain point, was not required, and the allotment of such characters as *Agnes* (original) in "*Weak Points*" (which she next sustained), *Isabella*, "*Irish Ambassador*," *Magdalen* (original), "*White Horse of the Peppers*," &c., &c., were pretty clear evidences in what department of the drama Miss Cooper's services were required. After much remonstrance with the mis-called friend of the drama, our heroine eventually refused a part of more than usual insignificance, for which Mr. Benjamin Webster, taking advantage of Miss Cooper's position, actually imposed the *small fine of* 30*l.!* and not only imposed, reader, but extorted, or exacted if you please. Her salary (not a large one, we believe), was withheld, week by week, until that sum was obtained, during which merciful process, she was often required to go on in three pieces on the same evening, and study long and important characters on the shortest notice, whenever the indisposition of Miss Taylor or any other actress took place. Thus we see how a young and talented woman was in the most ungentlemanly manner imposed upon, and yet some of our theatrical directors would have the public believe that they, and they alone, are the prop and stay of the English stage, but the public know to the contrary, and if this is what those gentlemen call managerial policy, we can tell them that it is a pitiful subterfuge, and not policy at all; and the old proverb of "penny wise and pound foolish," may be fairly applied to it. Why should the public be deprived of the talents of the greatest actresses of the day at the caprice of managers? Talent is a marketable commodity, managers, merely tradesmen that live by the sale of it; and the public voice should compel them to bring their best goods into the market, and not suffer the gold to be neglected, whilst the trade was supplied with plated goods, that bear awhile the glitter of genius, but ultimately prove neither to possess any real solidity or intrinsic value.

I need not say how our heroine was affected by this circumstance; it has, however, been the everlasting bitter in the cup of sweets that public favour presented—it has been the one blighting recollection

* Mrs. W. Lacy (Williams).

that intruded on her mirth and increased her sorrow. How truly says the poet—

"Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
But sorrow's memory is sorrow still."

A wish to emerge from a capacity that became every day more painful, induced Miss Cooper's friends to remonstrate with the management, and finding it to have no effect on Mr. Webster's most unjustifiable conduct, legal proceedings were at length instituted, and so hopeless did the case appear to Mr. Webster's advisers, that, sooner than appear in court, and have his glaring and unmanly behaviour mooted by the public, that gentleman *refunded the salary he had retained*, and, by mutual consent, her engagement for the ensuing season was cancelled: it was, we believe, previously signed for three years. In addition to the parts already enumerated, Miss Cooper performed in Talfourd's "*Athenian Captive*," sustained *Adolpha*, in Knowles's "*Maid of Mariendorpt*," and won for herself "a chaplet of fame" by her unsurpassed performance of *Aspasia*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Maid's Tragedy*," then known as "*The Bridal*."

Miss Cooper then made a provincial tour, appearing first amongst her old friends and patrons in the Lincoln Circuit, where her welcome and popularity were all that could be desired. Wherever she went our heroine was a successful feature, and fame and profit attended this most agreeable excursion, which ended just prior to the commencement of Mr. W. J. Hammond's unfortunate speculation at Drury Lane, for which theatre Miss Cooper was engaged, and ultimately became one of the sufferers. This lasted from the 26th of October, 1839, to the 29th of February, 1840, during which time Miss Cooper's services were but seldom required, and then for characters of little importance. Her next engagement was equally disastrous, she being one of Miss F. Kelly's devoted company, at the opening of her theatre in Dean-street, Soho, on Monday, May the 25th, 1840. At the commencement of that ill-judged speculation, Miss Kelly stated in her address that "she had embarked all the fruits of a long and not unlaborious life." Her stage manager was Mr. G. Bennett, and the leader of the band, Mr. Healy. "*Summer and Winter*" (an adaption from the French, by Morris Barnett) was the opening piece, supported by the following *artistes*:—*M. Geraud*, M. Barnett; *Henry Graham*, Mr. Pitt; *Nicholas O'Nib*, Lee Morton (Bourcicault); *Emily Somers*, Miss F. Cooper; *Patty*, Mrs. Franks. "*The Sergeant's Wife*" followed: *Old Cartouch*, G. Bennett; *Lisette*, Miss Kelly; and "*A Roland for an Oliver*:" *Sir Mark Chase*, W. Bennett; *Alfred Highflyer*, T. Parry; *Fixture*, H. Compton. Five nights gave a "*coup de grace*" to this luckless experiment, and we then find the fair subject of this memoir enrolled in the commonwealth at the English Opera House (Lyceum), under the management of a committee, in the following June, taking their season from Tuesday the 9th, with the following efficient and compact corps:—T. Green,* Granby, Addison, C. W. Baker,† G. Wild (Brodie), R. Romer, Fitzjames, Binge, H. Compton, Brougham,‡

* Retired. † Dead. ‡ Now in America.

Turnour, Kerridge, Lewis, Mrs. Orger, Miss F. Cooper, Mrs. W. Lacy, Mrs. Brougham, Mrs. R. Romer, Miss Fortesque, Madame Simon, Miss Smithson, H. Lane, Wilton, &c. During their short season Miss Cooper had some scope for her versatile powers, and in such characters as *Madame Darbert*, "*Three Secrets*" (from the French, by Mark Lemon*) *Gwynneth Vaughan*, and many others of the same nature, parts requiring great experience and stage tact, our heroine was very successful. She then joined the very powerful company forming for the three years campaign at Covent Garden, under Madame Vestris, who opened that famous "temple of the drama" on the 7th of September, 1840, and Miss Cooper made her first appearance there on Tuesday, the 29th, as *Benedetta*, in Mr. S. Lover's new musical drama of the "*Greek Boy*." Her success in the part was complete, and through the exertions of herself, Madame Vestris, and Mr. R. Keeley, the piece had a lengthened run. In Planche's adaption of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of "*The Spanish Curate*," produced on the 13th of October, Miss Cooper sustained the part of *Ascanio* with excellent effect, and shortly afterwards *Mrs. O'Bryan*, in M. Lemon's petite comedy of "*Fashionable Arrivals*;" then followed (16th of November) the splendid and successful revival of Shakspere's "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," in which our heroine as *Helena*, deserved and (as it does not always follow) received the unanimous encomiums of the public and the press—the general tone of the higher class of periodicals may be gathered from the following extracts:—

"It may be, and it is the fact, that no performer in the present play approaches the poetry of any one of the parts, except Miss F. Cooper, whose delicate elocution deserves the warmest praise."—*Monthly Magazine, December*, 1840.

"Even in the present unrivalled cast of the play as performed at Covent Garden Theatre, where *Oberon* is very charmingly represented by Mrs. Charles Mathews, one of the most distinguished actresses of our time; yet, it is no disparagement to say, of the four who personate the lovers, and who are all in excellent repute, that only one is really fitted for the complete realization of Shakspere's ideas."—*Halliwell's Introduction to Shakspere's "Midsummer Night's Dream*," 1841.

"In giving eloquent utterance, Miss Cooper really signalised herself; she seemed to enter into the spirit of the beautiful thoughts, and with an unaffected earnestness delivered some of the most exquisite passages of her part; she displayed grace, modesty, and fervour, three of the best attributes of female elocution. To say the voice and manner of Miss Cooper illustrated the poetry, is the best praise we can bestow."—*Morning Post, November* 17, 1840.

To add anything further to the above is perhaps unnecessary, yet, we may state, that a more perfect realization of the part was never seen, and certainly no lady of the present day, we will venture to assert, will make the attempt in rivalry; Miss Cooper held her auditors as though spell bound; as *Helena*, she, without any apparent effort, raised that part into unaccustomed importance, at once proving her fitness for Shakspere's heroines; her capacity is wonderful, and her manner of rendering that character will not easily fade from the

* Editor of *Punch*.

memory of those who were fortunate enough to witness her inimitable performance.

At the close of the Covent Garden season, Miss Cooper was induced to join the company then about to perform at Windsor, as leading lady. This was Mr. M. Penley's last season at that theatre; stage-manager, Mr. T. H. Lacy (then lessee of the Theatre Royal, Sheffield); who opened with "*Clari; or, The Maid of Milan:*" *Clari*, Miss F. Cooper; followed, in the course of the season, by a round of the principal tragic characters, with the happiest effect. The eulogiums of the local press were of the most flattering nature, and our heroine closed a very profitable engagement with her benefit, on Wednesday, August the 25th, 1841, in the character of *Rosalind*, "*As You Like It:*" *Jacques*, Mr. T. H. Lacy; *Orlando*, Mr. Fitzjames.

Upon the re-opening of Covent Garden by Madame Vestris, on Monday, September the 6th, 1841, our heroine again appeared as *Helena*, in which she was most warmly welcomed, and she sustained that character with the same effect as before. On the revival of "*She Would and She Would Not,*" she performed *Rosara*; afterwards *Miss De Vere* (original), in Mark Lemon's piece of "*What will the World say?*" *Alice* (original), "*Wrong Man;*" *Louisa Dangerfield* (original), "*Court and City;*" *Ulrica*, "*Charles XII.;*" &c.

Talent and beauty, united as they were in our heroine, created of course a host of admirers; one gentleman of the press

"Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;"

and many a titled dangler, whose strength of pocket and weakness of head made them constant green-room visitors, also

"Sigh'd, and sigh'd in vain!"

for the profession, of which she was one of the most genuine Shaksperean members since the Siddonian era, was not to be robbed of so valuable an ornament, as the following newspaper extract will serve to show:—

"On the 25th of January, 1842, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, by the Rev. G. N. Bower, Mr. T. H. Lacy, manager of the Sheffield Theatre, to Miss Fanny Cooper, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden."

With a propriety, which should have more imitators, Miss Cooper never attended the theatre unless accompanied by her mother, or a very intimate friend. Happy then must be the fortunate possessor who succeeded in inducing the fair "star" to change her name and state, though the former, at managerial request, she still retains in the metropolis. Mr. Lacy, we believe, has occasionally some few choice pupils, who receive from him lessons in elocution and instructions for the stage.

Upon the termination of the Vestris dynasty at Covent Garden, 30th April, 1842, Mrs. Lacy accompanied her husband to Sheffield, and appeared there, for the first time, on Wednesday, May the 4th, as *Madame Darbert*, and *Rosalind*, "*As you Like It:*" *Jacques*, T. H. Lacy; *Orlando*, G. V. Brooke. She afterwards visited the Theatre Royal, Doncaster and Nottingham, then under Mr. Lacy's excellent management, and returned to Covent Garden, where she was engaged by Mr. C. Kemble for the two following seasons. The

theatre opened on Saturday, the 11th of September, 1842, with Bellini's grand opera of "*Norma*," and a new afterpiece by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, called "*Gertrude's Cherries*," *Angelica*, Miss F. Cooper; she then (October 12th) played with great truth and finish the part of *Harriet*, "*Jealous Wife*," on the occasion of Mrs. Salzberg's (formerly the famous Miss Phillips) return to the stage, when that lady sustained *Mrs. Oakley*. Our heroine was then seen with much satisfaction as *Margaret*, in "*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*," &c., &c.

On the 24th of November, Mr. Charles Kemble, finding himself unable, from the insufficiency of receipts, to continue in the management of Covent Garden Theatre, withdrew himself, and, upon the company undertaking the responsibility until Christmas, Mr. A. Bunn kindly consented to receive the profits of the already paid for "Punch's Pantomime," and risk the after season. This was consented to by the Company in conclave assembled, and, at the winding up of accounts at Christmas, there appeared *a balance of about* 400*l. in favour of the commonwealth!!!*, an unparalleled miracle in such theatrical administration. This sum was doubtless appropriated to the satisfaction of the treasurer; the company never having derived any advantage whatever from the surplus.* As soon as the attraction of "Punch's Pantomime" decreased, Mr. Bunn's salaries became sympathetically homœopathic, and the season terminated with disgrace to the theatre, and a serious loss to the company.

On Tuesday, December the 20th, 1842, an amateur performance of the "*Hunchback*," and "*Charles II.*," was arranged and performed in the most able manner by Mr. John Hicklin, of *The Nottingham Journal*, Mr. Barker, jun., of *The Mercury*, and other literary gentlemen, assisted by their friends, at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham. To give every effect to which, these gentlemen engaged Miss Cooper for *Julia*, and Miss S. J. Woolgar (then at Manchester) for *Helen*. Mr. Lacy officiated as stage-manager. We need not say that both characters were supported admirably, and the latter young lady gave sufficient evidence of sterling and legitimate talent, which has since made her so deservedly a favourite with the London playgoers. Our heroine returned to London, and performed at Covent Garden on the following Thursday, and as a proof of the success in Nottingham, we have only to insert the following announcement issued by the amateurs to their friends.—

"In consequence of the rapturous applause with which the performance by the Society for cultivating a taste for Dramatic Literature was received on Tuesday evening, by one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled in the Nottingham Theatre, the Members have consented, in compliance with the solicitations of many respectable families, to give one more entertainment—the last in which they will have the honour of appearing, on Friday, December the 23rd, for which occasion Miss Cooper, of the T. R. Covent Garden, and Miss Woolgar, have been re-engaged.

"Parties occupying the boxes are expected to appear in full evening dress."

Knowles's masterpiece was again performed, and the house again

* We believe, by the unanimous consent of Mr. Kemble's private friends, the surplus was presented to him, as a bonus or token of satisfaction for the ability and perseverance which marked his managerial sway.

excellently attended. "*The Hunchback*" (says an eminent critic), is a noble play; Massinger might have written it and lost no reputation by the authorship. It generously combats and forcibly exposes a cruel prejudice which invariably fixes upon bodily deformity; concluding that nature, having been harsh in one instance, must naturally be so in another, by making crooked the mind. The plot is admirably constructed. With every scene the interest heightens: and it is not until the final one, that the author's intentions are fully known. The language is in the happiest style of pure, dignified, and impassioned eloquence; colloquial and sparkling with wit in the lighter scenes, with an occasional flash of sterling humour that smacks of the olden time. And what a pleasing moral is conveyed—a mild halo shedding its tranquil beauty over every thought, incident, and line. Indeed, the dramas of Mr. Knowles are without a spot: they breathe the noblest sentiments, the purest morality. To support such works requires the best talent of the day to represent them, and the Nottingham people can boast of seeing *Julia* and *Helen* sustained by two of the most original and accomplished actresses of the day; and we feel assured, if the metropolitans were once to see these ladies *act* the above characters, they would no more rush to see the vapid attempts of those who are now struggling through managerial delinquency into fame (?). The afterpieces at Nottingham were "*The Day After the Wedding*:" *Lady Freelove*, Miss Woolgar, and the celebrated trial scene from "*The Merchant of Venice*:" *Portia*, Miss Cooper.

In the course of that season, I find Miss Cooper's name in the Covent Garden bills for *Mary Thornberry*, "*John Bull*;" *Empress*, "*Love*" (on the occasion of Mr. Paumier and Mrs. Ryder's appearance, 6th of March, 1843, as *Huon* and the *Countess*); *Roshanna* (13th of March), "*Oberon*;" *Young Lady Lambert*, "*Hypocrite*;" *Ravina*, "*Miller and his Men*;" &c., &c. On February the 9th of that year, she performed, for the first time, before the fashionables at Brighton, for Mr. Lacy's benefit, in "*Love's Sacrifice*:" *Margaret*, Mrs. T. H. Lacy, late Miss F. Cooper; *Elmore*, Mr. Lacy; *St. Lo*, T. Green; *Jean Ruse*, R. Strickland.* She also performed *Rosalind*, to the *Jacques* of Mr. Lacy; *Orlando*, J. F. Saville; *Adam*, R. Strickland. During the summer, Miss Cooper acted at the Pavilion Theatre, *Bianca*, "*Fazio*;" *Lady Macbeth*; *Mrs. Haller*, "*Stranger*;" &c., and on the re-opening (October the 2nd) of Covent Garden, under the brief management of H. J. Wallack,† she appeared in several principal parts, such, for instance, as *Ruth* (original), in Bourcicault's (Morton) comedy of "*Woman*;" *Desdemona*; *Grace Harkaway*, "*London Assurance*;" *Julia*, "*Rivals*;" &c. We next trace our talented heroine to Brighton, where she delighted the fashionables with her inimitable assumption of *Helena*, "*Midsummer Night's Dream*;" *Juliet*; *Romeo*, T. H. Lacy; *Mercutio*, *T. Green*, &c. To deny the possession of talent, and great talent, to an individual capable of satisfactorily sustaining these parts, would be absurd; they carry their own commendation with them, and, from our own experience—in which we give place to none—we conscientiously assert, that there are not six actresses in England who could so successfully

* Dead † Now in America.

perform a similar round. Let Mrs. Lacy have fair play, and we should very shortly find her in a position deserving of her great and varied abilities. Who, we may ask, ever saw her fail in any one part? and can this be said of any other six? Certainly not. We are not inclined to mention names, but, we may also ask, can any two actresses alive, sustain *Desdemona* and *Emilia*, in the same tragedy equal to her? We believe the judges say *no*. Cast her for *Lady Macbeth*, or *Constance*, or *Portia*, and she will show you mental conception, equal to any: but lacks she the required physical strength? Give her *Cordelia*, or *Juliet*, or *Virginia*, or *Perdita*, or *Aspasia*, and she will fill you with the most ecstatic delight and satisfaction, much more so than any other; therefore, in those parts, as in many others, our heroine is unrivalled. See her in petite comedy or farce, and you will rejoice at her wonderful versatility, great telling points, correct utterance, and most of all, her original style.

In December of the same year, our heroine's talented mother, Mrs. Cooper, who had long suffered from increasing illness, departed this life, aged 53. Her last appearance on a London stage was as *Meg Merrilies* "*Guy Mannering*," when Mr. Braham made his first appearance at the *old* Haymarket Theatre, September the 13th, 1820. Our heroine was a most kind and affectionate daughter, sensitive to a degree of her parent's long and painful sufferings, and while Mrs. Cooper lived, our fair subject, ever dutiful and attentive, might have said with the lamented poet:—

"Nothing on earth shall tempt me from my mother."

After a second and short engagement at the Pavilion, both Mr. and Mrs. Lacy were engaged by Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps, for their famous legitimate campaign at the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells. As a record of that event, so full of interest in the annals of the legitimate drama, we here preserve a verbatim copy of the original bill:—

"Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps have embarked in the management and performance of Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the hope of eventually rendering it what a theatre ought to be—a place for justly representing the works of our great dramatic poets. This undertaking is commenced at a time when the stages which have been exclusively called 'National' are closed, or devoted to very different objects from that of presenting the real DRAMA of England, and *when* the law has placed all theatres upon an equal footing of security and respectability, leaving no difference except in the object and conduct of the management.

"These circumstances justify the notion, that each separate division of our immense metropolis, with its 2,000,000 of inhabitants, may have its own well-conducted theatre within a reasonable distance of the homes of its patrons. * * *

"For the north of London, they offer an entertainment selected from the first stock drama in the world, reinforced by such novelties as can be procured by diligence and liberality, intending that the quality of their novelties will constantly improve, as time will be given to procure and prepare them; and a COMPANY of acknowledged talent, playing such characters as they must be called upon to sustain at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, were those houses now devoted to the drama.

"These attractions are placed in a theatre where all can see and hear, at a price fairly within the habitual means of all.

"They commence under the disadvantage of very short preparation, and they are aware that some errors and deficiencies are inseparable from such a circumstance; they trust that their names are a sufficient guarantee for the honest endeavour to deserve further patronage, and they promise that the trust of the public, and its encouragement, shall be met by continual zeal and liberality, increasing constantly with the means of showing it. They will endeavour to confirm what may be found satisfactory, supply what may be at first deficient, and above all, exalt the entertainments to meet the good of the audience.

Stage Manager, Mr. Phelps—*Treasurer*, Mr. Warner—*Acting Manager*, Mr. T. L. Greenwood.

THEATRE ROYAL, SADLER'S WELLS.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, May 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1844.
The performance will commence with Shakspere's play of

MACBETH.

With New Scenery, by Messrs. F. Fenton, Morelli, &c.

Duncan (King of Scotland), Mr. Williams.

Malcolm, *Donalbain*,	Sons to the King,	Mr. Hield. Miss Thornbury.
Macbeth, *Banquo*, *Macduff*,	Generals of the King's Army,	Mr. Phelps. Mr. T. H. Lacy. Mr. H. Marston.
Lenox, *Rosse*, *Menteith*, *Angus*, *Cathness*.	Noblemen of Scotland,	Mr. Raymond. Mr. Aldridge. Mr. Gregory. Mr. Johnson. Mr. Stewart.

Fleance (Son to Banquo), Miss Francis. *Physician*, Mr. Franks.
Seward (General of the English Forces), Mr. Graham.
Seyton (an Officer attending on Macbeth), Mr. Knight.
Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Warner.
Gentlewoman (attending Lady Macbeth), Mrs. H. Marston.
Hecate, Mr. Clement White. *First Witch*, Mr. G. Forman.
Second Witch, Mr. Wilson. *Third Witch*, Mr. Morelli.
First Singing Witch, Miss Lebatt.
Second Singing Witch, Miss Emma Harding,
Other Singing Witches, Misses Pearce, Graham, Morelli, Martin, Oliver, and Jameson.

In the course of the Evening, An Address, written by T. J. Serle, Esq., will be delivered by Mrs. Warner

The afterpieces were the Operetta of "*The Hunter's Bride*," and a new Farce by Mr. Greenwood, called "*A Row in the Buildings*," in which Mr. John Webster (West), performed.

Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.
Doors open at Six o'clock; commence at Half-past Six.

On Monday next will be acted, with new Scenery, &c., Shakspere's Tragedy of

OTHELLO.

Othello - - - - - - Mr. Phelps.
Iago - - - - - - - - Mr. H. Marston.
Cassio - - - - - Mr. J. Webster.
Roderigo, Mr. Hudson (of the T. R. Drury Lane, his first appearance here).
Brabantio - - - - - Mr. T. H. Lacy.
Desdemona, Miss F. Cooper (of the T. R. Covent Garden, her first appearance here).
Emilia - - - - - Mrs. Warner.

"Engagements have been formed with several of the most talented Members of the Profession, of whose first appearance due notice will be given. A new Drama is in a forward state of preparation. The principal characters will be supported by Mrs. Warner, Miss Cooper, of the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Haymarket, and Mr. Phelps."

In July, Mr. Lacy, after having been one of the original supporters of the above legitimate regime, from some cause totally unknown to us, threw up his engagement,* and in October following, Miss Cooper quitted the establishment, and was succeeded by Miss Jane Mordaunt (Macnamara), who, it will be remembered, did not succeed in the line of business so ably supported by our heroine, and the frequenters of Sadler's Wells regretted much the loss of their favourite actress. An offer to "star," at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, was now made to Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, who immediately entered into arrangements for the same, and on Monday, 9th of December, 1844, the bills set forth that Miss Fanny Cooper, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, will make her first appearance in Manchester, as *Mariana*, in Knowles's play of "*The Wife:*" *Julian St. Pierre*, G. V. Brooke; *Leonardo Gonzago*, T. H. Lacy. The people of Manchester were enraptured with our heroine's original style and powerful delineation of that finely-written character, and we should certainly have been something more than surprised had not those excellent judges of the legitimate appreciated her rare and undoubted abilities: for them she had now full scope, and in the same month we find her applauded to the echo as *Maritani* in "*Don Cæsar de Bazan:*" *Don Cæsar*, T. H. Lacy. Mr. Lacy's rendering of the Spanish noble was very successful, and the run of the piece is unprecedented in provincial acting, it being performed for *twenty-four* consecutive nights to full houses as a first piece. Our heroine was then with her husband engaged to perform five nights in Sheffield, where they arrived January, 1845, playing *Master Walter* and *Julia*, "*Hunchback;*" *Richelieu* and *Julie; Stranger* and *Mrs. Haller*, &c. &c. The Manchester people—we had almost said critics, for they really are such excellent expositors of the drama—now expressed a wish to see Mrs. Lacy in Shakspere, and, if possible, as *Constance* in "*King John.*" This the manager of the Theatre Royal promised to perform, providing it met the approbation of Mrs. Lacy, who immediately

* Mr. Hield had previously left the establishment.

acquiesced, and they having concluded a re-engagement for Sadler's Wells, returned by way of Manchester, where, on Friday, the 28th of March, "*King John*" was performed. *King John*, T. H. Lacy; *Faulconbridge*, G. V. Brooke; *Lady Constance*, Miss Cooper. Of this performance of our heroine we have preserved the following manuscript, written by an old friend:—

"Mrs. Lacy performed *Constance* here last night, and I must inform you, fully realised the most sanguine expectations the people of Manchester had formed of her abilities. Her principal claim to general approbation is founded on her natural and spontaneous adoption of the best school of acting; too young to play from imitation, she brings to mind strong recollections in the old admirers of Mrs. Ogilvie and of the best days of Mrs. W. West. The present generation know but little of Mrs. Sloman, or of Mrs. Bartley. I remember them with pleasure, yet, am pleased to say that I prefer Miss Cooper's *Lady Constance* to the performance of either of those ladies. Her looks are sometimes beautiful, and always interesting and expressive, to which she adds all necessary energy and correct feeling—qualifications certainly to be admired; and there is added to this a charm which pervades her acting, and distinguishes it from any other actress that has visited our town for many years. She has made an indelible impression here."

The second season, under Mrs. Warner and Mr. Phelps, at Sadler's Wells, commenced on Whit Monday, May the 12th, with three first acts of "*Henry VIII.*," "*Turning the Tables*," and "*Fi, Fi.*" For a further account of this opening, the reader is referred to the memoir of Mr. S. Buckingham. The principal characters sustained by Miss Cooper during the season were *Katherine* (original), "*King's Friend*;" *Brancha* (original), "*Florentines*." Of her performance in this beautiful drama we have the following notices:—

"Miss Cooper as *Brancha* showed a great deal of tact and feeling, which will, we predict, cause her in future to be more warmly appreciated."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"We do not remember to have seen Miss Cooper to more advantage than in the part of *Brancha*, and we do not believe that any actress of the present day (Miss Helen Faucit excepted) could have played the gentle daughter and confiding lover more delightfully."—*Age*, *June* 8, 1845.

"Miss Cooper rendered the character of *Brancha* so naturally that there was not a dry eye among the audience."—*Weekly Dispatch*, *June* 8, 1845.

Our heroine's next part was *Rachel*, "*Momentous Question*," followed on the 16th of June by *Julie*, in a revival of Bulwer's fine play of "*Richelieu*:" *Richelieu*, Mr. Phelps. In this character Miss Cooper evinced talent of the very first class; her energy was intense, and made the passions proclaim themselves with tongues that are seen and felt, but not heard. She next performed in "*The Scapegrace*," was the original *Christian*, in "*Check to the Queen*," sustained with great applause (10th of July) *Katherine*, in Knowles's second best production "*Love*;" the "*Young Widow*" was an immense favourite through our heroine's exquisite acting of the part; she then, as *Ida*, divided the applause with Mrs. Warner, as *Josephine* in Byron's tragedy

of "*Werner;*" *Charlotte,* "*Gamester;*" *Nerissa,* "*Merchant of Venice;*" *Helen,* "*Hunchback;*" in this character Miss Cooper displayed her comic powers with excellent effect; shouts of applause followed both her entrances and exits, yet, strange as it may appear, her *Julia* in the same comedy is perhaps her happiest effort of the two; *Cordelia,* in "*Lear,*" followed; *King Lear,* Mr. Phelps; *Edmund,* G. Bennett; *Miss Marsden,* "*Match in the Dark;*" *Young Norval,* "*Douglas,*" one of the most natural and effective pieces of acting now known on the English stage; *Katherine,* "*Katherine and Petruchio.*" How opposite are these two last parts, and what uncommon ability is required to perform both satisfactorily. We presume it no longer requires the pen of a critic to trumpet forth the praises of a lady so richly endowed, and one who has so deservedly won the applause of all that have been fortunate enough to witness her exertions and success; yet, as faithful narrators, we feel bound to make a generous use of the very many opportunities we possess; we feel our power, and carry it with a high hand. Unborn ages may say, "Could this actress have been what our author describes her?" Our reply is, Yes, all; experience of the past warrants the assertion, and the better feelings of all who have witnessed her beautiful conceptions answer in the affirmative. Hear what the first female writer of the age said in our presence, after witnessing her performance of *Virginia,* in Knowles's fine tragedy of "*Virginius.*"

"What a magnificent picture of artless love, of high-souled constancy, what a fine creation of the free-born Roman maid. Can any one who saw Miss Cooper in the part ever forget it? Who can forget the first *entrê*—the sweet artlessness of the Roman virgin bending reverently to her beloved sire? What expressions of tenderness, when questioned by her father, the Roman soldier *Virginius,* the winning softness to him who unknowingly had beguiled her of her heart? Who can forget her heart-piercing and tender wail when so roughly handled by the client of *Appius.* It was terrible, that scene; and not more natural or effective than that which followed. Glory to the genius which shall succeed in giving colour to outline—which can, like her, fashion creations,—which live, and move, and glow, as were wont in the most palmy days. She has powers yet unawakened, and if managers give her the opportunity, she has yet in reserve a rich vein of talent, of the existence of which they are actually unaware; and if critics are not fired by enthusiasm, then it is because they have neither enthusiasm nor soul to be fired withal."

Jules (original), in "*My Uncle's Pet,*" was our heroine's next assumption; then *Georgette* (original), "*Little Mad Cap;*" *Beaumelle,* "*Fatal Dowry;*" *Alice de Lisle* (original), "*Judge Jefferys;*" "*Jane Shore;*" of her performance in this arduous, and certainly unamiable part, we have the following notices, the first of which was penned by a gentleman for whose experience and abilities we have the greatest regard:—

"We have more than once had occasion to notice Miss Cooper's tragic capabilities, and although from the first we had formed high hopes, we had scarcely expected them to be so soon and so entirely verified, and we presage for Miss Cooper laurels more abundant, as her flights become the loftier in her art."—*Era, March* 22, 1846.

"The greatest performance of the evening was the *Jane Shore* of Miss Cooper; we have never seen the part in abler hands."—*Lloyd's London Weekly Newspaper, March* 29.

In our day, we have seen this character sustained by some twelve or fourteen actresses, and could name the time and place of every one. Some hardly deserved the name of actress in any department; while four or five only have succeeded in the part so far as to place their names in immediate connection with that of the beautiful but unfortunate *Shore*. Miss O'Neil was very great in this character, the greatest of her day. Mrs. Bunn was, during her brief career, much applauded in the part. She showed great force and grandeur, but less pathos than O'Neil, and consequently lost much of her popularity when Mrs. West came forth with her representation of the too confiding but abandoned woman. Her manner of rendering the prominent parts of the character was touchingly tender, her natural appearance was exquisitely charming, and without Mrs. West's slight insipidity, our heroine is all in the character that made Mrs. West so exceedingly popular. She is all that we could imagine of *Jane Shore*, and in that part she is infinitely beyond anyone of the present day; indeed, we know not a second, unless Miss E. Montague might be named.* Our more favoured *artistes* could do nothing with the part. From the first appearance on the stage of our heroine in this assumption, you behold the being whom your mind could fancy endowed with every earthly charm to bind her monarch's heart. Her young and gushing beauty, her figure, so angelic, so majestic, so overpowering, she stands alone; what a beautifully moulded form. You see the lustre of those eloquent eyes which drank her betraying monarch's soul. Her long, flowing, nut-brown tresses, and her lovely transparent skin,

"She seem'd not of this earth, and yet was on it."

With down-cast eyes, she moves and trembles, and turning, sees the minions of *Gloucester*, the devouring boar; a sigh escapes, half suppressed, but deep enough to tell of the meek submission harrowing her heart—one uninterrupted scene of beautifully subduing sorrow; and how in keeping with the perfect character of the outcast, and what we should suppose *Shore* to have been. Her passion is not the fiery feeling of the wanton, that burns and ravishes the heart that owns it, but the chaster emotion of tenderness, that melts the very soul. You look upon her not as the common concubine of a droneling king, but as a being worthy of respect from all—a much-abused wife, and a basely-deserted woman, who had in an unguarded moment put her trust in Princes. You see that she is *acting* (not floundering and gagging); her truthful conception and fine original manner, tells you her piteous story; you see how great she is in her sufferings; a lovely, ardent, creature, with whose griefs we sympathise, and whose sorrows raise our pity. I have seen Miss Cooper so affect her audience that the sobs—from both sexes—have well nigh interrupted the business of the scene. This is *acting*, and effectually identifying yourself with the character assumed.

* My readers will understand that I speak only of *Jane Shore*.

Who that has seen our heroine in this character can forget the part where she struggles to *Alicia's* door, and is by her menial contemned and thrust down in the open street; in falling from this violence, a touching, deeply grievous sob, a painful "Oh!" escapes her, and with luxuriant tresses all dishevelled, she turns her head to gaze, but not in reproach, on the wretch that a week before had been her cringing slave. Her miserable condition and aspect has then its full weight upon the audience, the deep moral was told, and she made a point that was absolutely inimitable.

Her next part was *Cora*, "*Pizarro*;" then *Christine*, "*Youthful Queen*;" *Tarquinia*, "*Brutus*;" *Perdita*, "*Winter's Tale*." Of this character *The Times* newspaper of November the 28th, 1845, says:—"A more delicate impersonation of *Perdita* than that by Miss Cooper could scarcely be found. Nothing can be more unpretending, more truly feminine and interesting." *Cordelia*, "*King Lear*." "Miss Cooper's *Cordelia* is beautifully natural from first to last." *Satirist*, November, 1845.—*Sophia*, "*Road to Ruin*." The season terminated on Tuesday, May the 4th, 1846, with "*Julius Cæsar*" and "*The Rivals*;" when, through a misunderstanding between Mr. Phelps and Mr. Warner, Mrs. Warner seceded from the management of the theatre, which re-opened, after extensive alterations and improvements, under Mr. Phelps, on Saturday, July 25th, 1846, with "*Henry IV.*" (first part); *Falstaff*, Mr. Phelps; *Hotspur*, W. Creswick (his first appearance); *Poins*, Mr. Hoskins (his first appearance); *Lady Percy*, Mrs. Brougham (her first appearance); and "*Naval Engagements*:" *Miss Mortimer*, Miss Cooper.

We find during this season our heroine's principal characters were, *Margaret*, "*Love's Sacrifice*;" *Clemanthe*, "*Ion*." Her *Clemanthe* deserves our unqualified praise. We see in Miss Cooper's assumption of the part, all that truthful fire so much the theme of admiration among the Grecian youths. Her tender, impassioned, and supplicating manner when she says to *Ion*,

"And shall we never meet again?"

is still before us, and her sweet tone is yet ringing in our ears; it was throughout a piece of acting so ingenious, classic, tender, and truthful in the highest degree; whereas, Miss S. Cushman's (Mrs. Merriman) *Clemanthe* is of the modern school—mawkish, slobbering, and, like a certain lady's acting, unintelligible. Miss Cooper was then seen in *Violante*, "*Honeymoon*;" *Spaconia*, "*King and no King*;" *Charlotte*, "*Hypocrite*;" *Queen* (original), "*Feudal Times*;" *Emilia*, "*Othello*;" *Pauline*, "*Lady of Lyons*;" *Hon. Mrs. Glenroy*, "*Town and Country*;" *Arabella*, "*Venus in Arms*;" *Lady Teazle*, "*School for Scandal*;" *Mary Thornbury*, "*John Bull*" (this was an admirable performance, and well appreciated by her audiences); *Hermoine*, "*Damon and Pythias*;" *Alice*, "*Tobit's Dog*;" *Miss Wyndham*, "*Handsome Husband*." The season closed on Wednesday, June 2nd, 1847, with "*The Provost of Bruges*" and "*John Bull*." Miss Cooper was then, at a very short notice, engaged by Mr. Maddox for the Princess's Theatre, making her first appearance there on Tuesday, June 15th, as *Matilda*, in a new piece called "*Ladies*

Beware," in which her delicate and effective style of acting was peculiarly conspicuous. Her success at this theatre was, therefore, complete; and the management, eager to please their very fashionable patrons, produced "*The Bridal*," in which tragedy our heroine has been so long famed for her unequalled delineation of *Aspasia*; *Melantius*, Mr. Macready; *Evadne*, Mrs. Warner. Never, we may safely say, had the character a more fitting representative; she indeed performs with unrivalled effect the broken-hearted and unfortunate *Aspasia*; and could Beaumont and Fletcher have risen from their graves, they would have beheld the poor lost maiden their great minds had so finely conceived. She was next seen in one more of her most excellent parts—*Cordelia*—to the *King Lear* of Mr. Macready, and the *Regan* of Mrs. Warner. On this occasion Jenny Lind visited the theatre for the purpose of witnessing such exalted talent in one of the greatest of English tragedies. What must have been her feelings, of course we know not; a lesson was before her; such a one she may never behold again; it was a task she can never learn; but if she be wise, "the lesson" she will not easily forget. There is more acting in the above *artistes* than in all the tribe of Italian players put together, except Grisi and Lablache, and the latter is not greater in comedy than our distinguished countryman is in tragedy. How the fine understanding of Lablache must wonder at the negligence of our Queen towards the above English *artistes!* How disgusted he must be! How he must long in his soul to tell his *quondam* pupil that a Sovereign has duties to perform, as well as claims to urge; that native talent so exalted, so exemplary, should be FOSTERED, not DISOWNED; that *it takes long lives and many generations to produce the poetry of Shakspere and the intellect of his most renowned living interpreters, whilst the baleful influence of a single reign may be sufficient to dim their glory.* Forbid it heaven! but we would ask, what do the present generation know of Armand, Vestris, and Veluti?—what do they care, and are not their names mentioned in disgust? How different are the names of John Kemble and Kean; do we not cherish their memory, their genius, and their worth? Shall we then neglect the living *artiste* to foster spurious novelty, and afterwards lament our actor dead? No! O, no! the counterfeit from among the golden scales it takes you but a short time to discover; you know it is worthless, and do you not throw it hence? Our heroine also performed at this theatre *Emily*, in "*The Poor Gentleman*," and established in that locality a name as one of the most finished and effective actresses they had seen.

Miss Cooper was then re-engaged for Sadler's Wells, which opened on Monday, August the 23rd, 1847, with "*Cymbeline*" and "*Court Favour*:" *Lucy Morton*, Miss Cooper. In September, Mr. Phelps produced the tragedy of "*Macbeth*," from the text of Shakspere, introducing *Lady Macduff*, which was finely sustained by our heroine.

"Miss Cooper played *Lady Macduff* so judiciously as to demand our unqualified praise."—*Sunday Times, October* 3.

As Miss Cooper, or rather Mrs. Lacy, had become one of Mr. Phelps's original supporters at Sadler's Wells, so has she continued one of its most valuable adjuncts; and we take this opportunity of men-

tioning that her withdrawal from the theatre, during the joint management of Mrs. Warner and Phelps, was not, as reported, through any professional jealousies whatever; on the contrary, our heroine always declared the highest opinion of the latter's talents; and how often has Mrs. Warner said as much of Fanny Cooper? They should have been together in the above perfect integrity of Shakspere's text. In *Lady Macbeth* Mrs. Warner comes very near perfection—human perfection, I mean—and would reach it, were it not for that deep awful voice that mars all. We are sorry to take this exception in the case of a most talented and amiable woman, who is undoubtedly our tragic queen. Her attitudes are majesty itself. Thought, poetry, sculpture, painting, are all living in Mrs. Warner when she enters upon the stage. No living actress combines so many beauties for the tragic walk. We have many, too—suppose we enumerate them:—

Miss H. Faucit.	Miss E. Montague.
Mrs. F. A. Butler.	Miss O'Hara.
Mrs. C. Kean.	Mrs. R. Honner.
Miss Vandenhoff.	Miss Fortescue.
Mrs. T. H. Lacy.	Mrs. R. Gordon.
Mrs. Ternan.	Mrs. W. West.
Mrs. C. Gill.	Mrs. H. Vining.

Mrs. Stirling.

All good names and true; yes, every one of them; though we recommend the misses to get masters, for they are certainly beaten by the married, both in popularity and numbers. We have put Helen first upon the list, though we heartily believe *Julia* will be last on the shelf. To make a general and comparative summary of talent is, perhaps, something more than difficult where we are surrounded by so many. The above are all ladies of superior talent and great beauty; and as their styles of acting differ as much as their various beauties, it is as impossible to correctly define the one as the other; therefore, we are compelled to speak of them separately. Of all these ladies (save Miss O'Hara, who has not yet performed in London), our heroine and Miss Vandenhoff have had the fewest opportunities of metropolitan display. Indeed, our heroine's talent as a "tragic actress" has continually been, as it is now, debarred of fair play. She possesses wonderful versatility, and is often great in parts requiring deep, subdued emotion—*Cordelia* and *Desdemona*, for instance. I think her *forte* is juvenile tragedy, although in the first walk of comedy she is indisputably great, and certainly excels any other actress with equal pretensions to serious talent. Her *Helena* and *Rosalind* are wonderfully clever—the former unequalled. Her *Perdita* is well known. *Miranda* we never saw her attempt, but should imagine it to be second to none. Her *Lady Macbeth*, *Portia*, and *Emilia*, are performances that no actress of the present day need be ashamed of. Miss Cooper has mental conception for these parts equal to any, but in these parts her professional drawback shows itself—it is, a want of grandeur and *great* physical power (for her voice is not particularly weak). Her *Cordelia* and *Desdemona* are the best we have;

and we are absolutely of opinion, that she could sustain the "whole round" of Shakspere's heroines much better than any actress now in the profession. When we say this, we bear in mind the above-mentioned drawback "in forcible assumption;" but we care little for the weakness of the organ of speech when we know the strength of mind that regulates its tones. The majority of persons—not the judges of histrionic art—uphold the system of impulsive acting, or, to be clearer, that school of acting where the actress settles in her mind merely the broad outline of her character, and *fills up* at night *ad libitum*. This should not be countenanced, though it actually succeeds; and, in the vulgar conception, genius means success. The successful figurante is greater than the unsuccessful poet. He who succeeds in balancing a straw on his nose is more highly rated than he who fails in establishing a truth.

The general failing of those who act from immediate impulse is mannerism. Our natures do not vary with the character, or with the night; therefore, acting on impulse, we must eternally represent ourselves, rather than the author, till we tire by reiteration; whereas a studied actor, having arranged in his mind what he intends doing, goes forth to the stage to represent a creature of his fancy; therefore his acting is more consistent and certainly original. This is exactly the case with our heroine; you see her masterly conception, you observe her natural and effective style, her exquisite finish, and you rejoice that she possesses

"What grandeur can never bestow."

Actors from impulse are always unequal; if the excitement they receive from applause be less than usual, they will become flat and insipid, in the very scenes that on a preceding evening appeared vigorous and inspiring. You, reader, have no doubt detected these vapid attempts, and could name many who are now fostering themselves on the public, regardless of all honour and forgetful of shame.

Whoever wishes to know the utmost powers of our noble language, in that delightful branch of composition, comedy, in which it is unequalled, should go, and go repeatedly, to hear and study G. Bennett, Mrs. Glover, C. J. Matthews, Mrs. T. H. Lacy, &c., in their fine, thoughtful, and finished performances. Then, for *manners*, have we not three or four fine instances in Vestris, Miss H. Faucit, Mrs. T. H. Lacy, and the lady known as Mrs. W. Clifford. Mrs. Lacy and Miss Faucit do not fascinate you in a moment like those seductive syrens Vestris, Nisbett, and Pope; but as fast as they teach you to understand them, they gain upon your admiration by degrees, and would keep it for a thousand years.

We should rejoice to see Mrs. Lacy in a position where her high qualifications could have full scope for exercise. As an actress, Miss Cooper possesses great merit, and is indisputably, the best representative of youthful tragedy now on the boards. Her person is tall and genteel, but rather too thin; though, as in the case of Miss Horton and Miss Bennett, this is a "good fault;" her face is expressive and beautiful—beautiful beyond the common run of beauty—yet more virtuous than beautiful; her voice is good, though not powerful; clear, mellow, and feminine; her pronunciation is perfectly articulate,

and she is, except Mrs. F. A. Butler, undoubtedly the most correct speaker of any living actress. She is likewise very great in parts of sentimental distress, *Jane Shore* for instance, and we know of no lady more able to succeed in Miss Farren's two famous characters *Indiana*, "*Conscious Lovers*," *Cecilia*, "*Chapter of Accidents*," than our heroine.

Her extreme prudence and exemplary conduct, which has been one continued and undeviating line of rectitude, entitles Mrs. Lacy to the highest eulogium; affable to all the members of the theatre, servile to none; *she* has never *coquetted* a manager into favour, nor marted her feelings for the sake of her interest. Her character is

"One pure and perfect chrysolite."

Wherever she steps, the praises of approving friends attend her; and, wherever she is once introduced as an acquaintance, she is sure to be cherished as a friend. If you saw her off the stage, you would take Mrs. Lacy to be the most unpretending person possible. Earnestness and simplicity, a total want of self-value or parade, and a child-like disposition to be amused, and to be "let alone," are inherent in her character. She has remarkably quick observation, however, and a self-dependance and a self-possession admirably contrasting with the bustle and restlessness, and affected importance of some of the members of the large theatrical family. Her face is oval, but when she smiles, the whole expression is changed, and you immediately deem her handsome; whilst there is a placidity in her fine thoughtful eyes, which speaks of deep conviction, and a soul at peace with itself. She is the abstraction of all that woman should be; and Mr. Lacy is happy in the possession of one of the most talented, lovely, and virtuous beings in the world, and as they are both young, we hope that future biographers will have to eulogise their domestic concord as well as their professional talent.

I have not written a single line of fulsome panegyric; but, on the contrary, neglected much that might with honesty have been swelled to our heroine's account, and perhaps detrimental to those who shall be nameless. I have no favourites, and though I love to praise, I cannot flatter.

May I ask by what strange perversity of taste does it happen that when, upon one stage may be seen at once a Phelps and an Addison, a Bennett and a Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Marston, &c.; on a second a Macready and a Cushman, a Cooper, and a Montague, Mr. Conway and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Compton and Miss Stanley, &c.; on a third our tragic queen and well-drilled *troupe;* on a fourth, a Farren and a Glover, a Creswick and a Faucit, &c.; on a fifth talent suffice for any temple, and all working for the people as at Athenian acadamies of old, she, the lady who is at the head of us all in rank, our Queen, who ought to be our model and example in the generous incitement of domestic abilities, carries away to a set of ranters and brawlers the fostering encouragement of high patronage? Will it be believed hereafter that such *artistes* as those I have named are wholly deserted, and that I, and thousands besides myself, have seen her and her consort bent neck and neck, as dead-heat racers go, over the parapet of her box, looking with hungry eyes at a row of wild beast-cages on the stage of old Drury, whilst a tall fellow, dressed like Peterson's motley

showman at a fair, sped from cage to cage, caressing a tame lion, or a tiger, or a leopard, who I had just seen over-fed and drugged for the occasion! I thought, reader, of the old adage—

"Little things please little minds,"

and turned my thoughts again to those above mentioned, in whose conduct I could see so much moral grandeur, clothing them all over with glory like an immortal garment, and crying out, "Is it now our deeds are thus to pass away?" and they were answered "No." You have names that must not, shall not, wither.

THOMAS MARSHALL.

September 25, 1847.

MEMOIR OF MR. HENRY HOWARD.

"Escap'd the dungeon, does the slave complain,
Nor bless the friendly hand that broke the chain?"

BEATTIE.

"Courage, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thy immortal shield;
Close on thy head thy helmet bright,
Balance thy sword against the fight.
See where an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spread the air—
Now, if thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat let it shine."

MARVEL.

"If we must be generous, let it be from the spoils of the allies; if merciful, to the plunderers of the treasury; but be not prodigal of the blood of citizens; nor, by sparing a few bad, destroy all the good."

SPEECH OF CATO.

MR. HENRY HOWARD forms, perhaps, as fitting a subject to close the first volume of THE NATIONAL DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY, as could possibly have been selected; not only on account of the abilities he possesses, but because he is one of the youngest actors of eminence we have on the boards.

He was born on Monday, the 27th of March, 1820, and is consequently only 27 years of age, yet he has had the experience of many a veteran. His father was, and we believe is, a respectable pork butcher in the borough of Southwark, and we learn that the name of "Howard" is merely an assumption. The prenomen of "Henry" is also assumed—our hero rejoicing in the *sobriquet* of "Samuel." We are great enemies to the custom which has of late been so prevalent among young *artistes* of disguising their names. It looks as if they were ashamed of the profession; and if they are ashamed, more shame for them to adopt it. Many plead that they do so to spare the feelings of relatives; but this is a poor excuse. No man has a right to feel annoyance at the connection of a relative with an institution which has the sun of Shakspere to chasten and illuminate it, and the smiles of the best and most virtuous to encourage it; the highest aims to

ennoble it; the prospect of wealth and popularity to give it consequence; and the high character and genius of many of its members to render it respectable in the highest sense of the word. The fact is notorious, that in the statistics of crime and evil-doing the stage presents the fewest offenders; so far, then, from its being a disgrace to join the stage, it is an honour; and the blockhead who thinks otherwise, is not worth studying. Let a young man who feels himself possessed of abilities for the stage, ask a dissenting relative to provide him with the means of obtaining a respectable livelihood; and if the party refuse, let the aspirant boldly appear under that name which is his birth-right; for he has more occasion to be ashamed of his prejudiced relative, than he has of his truly honourable profession.

Some, like Mr. John Webster and Miss Laura Addison, change their names, because they think those of right belonging to them are not sufficiently romantic or celebrated to please the eye or ear of play-goers—than which no idea can be more fallacious. Did Dr. Johnson remain in obscurity because his name was "Samuel?" or Garrick, because his name was "David?" Did Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," miss the poet's wreath, because of his swinish nomenclature? Did Colley Cibber fail as an actor because of his ugliest of names? Or, did Wilks, Munden, Kean, Balls, or Buckstone think it worth their while to search the Minerva press for romantic titles, under which to cheat the public into applause? Oh, no! and the practice is altogether unworthy.

To return to Mr. Howard—for we shall confine ourselves to his adopted name—who at the age of thirteen was placed in the office of a barrister in the Temple, and in that retreat which has fostered some of the greatest men in every walk of life, he passed the period of his earliest youth. At the expiration of three years, he resolved to "scribble no more briefs," and his spirit, not brooking to be thus in London "cabined and confined," he started down the Kent-road, and determined on gratifying his dramatic propensities. He halted at Deptford Broadway, ruminated for about an hour or so, then made his way to the little theatre there, and accordingly was engaged (1837) at a few shillings per week for what is termed "general utility." The first part he was entrusted with was *The Jailor*, in "*The Dumb Man of Manchester*"—*The Dumb Man*, a part the late Andrew Ducrow was very successful in, being sustained by the late celebrated harlequin, Tom Ellar. Young scapegrace was not long in finding one of the most serious troubles of an actor's life, for after a three weeks' trial, he discovered that his salary, small as it was, did not come so regular as did the cravings of nature. Some of the "stock" finding money scarce withdrew into the provinces; our hero, with a fellow sufferer, took the rout to Bristol, and for near two years he played "little and big business," there, and at Cardiff, Swansea, Hereford, and Warwick. From attention and perseverance Mr. Howard was rather successful, and bending his way once more to dear London, in August, 1839, he obtained an engagement at *eighteen shillings* per week to make himself "generally useful" under Mr. James, of the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham Street, and then, as now, Mr. Parry was stage-manager.

It was at this period that the piece of "*The Wager*" was in the zenith of popularity, and Mr. James, amongst other managers, applied

to Mr. Lancaster,* the author, for permission to produce it. The success of this drama, in which Mr. Howard played his first important part, induced Mr. James to engage Mr. Lancaster to translate the then reigning Parisian novelty of "*The Devil's Daughters*"—a task which that gentleman duly executed—and it was announced for Monday, 11th November, 1843. On Saturday, the 9th, it was, however, discovered, that owing to the extensive nature of the scenery, machinery, and properties requisite for giving it due effect, it would be impossible to keep faith with the public, and it consequently became a question how the evil was to be remedied. Mr. Lancaster settled the matter in a few words. "You have promised a new piece for Monday," said he, "and a new piece you shall have, provided your company will engage to study the parts as rapidly as I write them." James considered it an impossibility to produce the piece within a given time, but as Lancaster was confident on the subject, the matter was agreed upon, and our author at half-past ten o'clock on the Saturday night commenced writing a piece, which was to be played within eight and forty hours!!!

It must be premised, as an additional feature to the novelty of this affair, that, before the dramatist departed to complete his undertaking, he had to write down a title, and also a list of characters, to enable the printer to get out the bill by the usual hour, and also to make out a programme of the scenery, in order that Mr. James might set to work upon it during the intervening Sunday. Mr. Lancaster then went home and commenced his labour.

At half-past seven, on the following morning, the piece was completed—having occupied a space of only nine hours and a half in conception, composition, and execution! By eight, it was in the hands of the copyist, and by ten the next day, the parts were put into the hands of the actors, and the piece rehearsed for the first and last time. The subject of our memoir, Mr. Howard, as will be seen by the cast, was entrusted with a principal character.†

The part of *Scornton* is, however, perhaps, as disagreeable a one as can be put in the hands of an actor. It stands in a bad light with the audience, and being a coward, as well as a villain, has no redeeming quality to recommend him to favour; Mr. Howard was, nevertheless, like every tyro, glad to get hold of anything at all prominent in a new piece, to be acted before a London audience, and he consequently set to work in earnest, to prepare himself for night.

It has been said of our hero, 'that no man on the stage, save Mr. John Cooper, has a more accurate or rapid study; he has been known to get a long speech by heart after only two perusals, and during the whole of his career, has never, we believe, been found imperfect on the first night of any new production. On the evening of which we speak, Mr. Howard was not only perfect himself, but was enabled to prompt his brethren, so that all went on as smoothly as if a week had been spent in preparation, and complete success ensued. Owing to the exciting novelty of the affair, he also exerted himself in an unusual degree, imparting such fire and energy (not melo-dramatic rant); such an *Iago*-like spirit to the part, that the author at once saw he possessed genuine ability, and resolved to promote it. Yet the young actor

* Father of Mr. Oxberry's first wife † The piece was shortly after printed.

laboured at that period under disadvantages which might have obscured far higher capabilities; his figure, since set by manhood, was awkward and ungainly; he suffered greatly from what is well known as "stage-fright;" his voice, naturally harmonious and flexible, was, through his own inability to govern it, monotonous; and, worse than all, he had the fatal habit of withholding the aspirate from the "h" and bestowing it upon words commencing with a vowel. • •

We know of no fault more difficult of removal, nor more totally opposed to the interests of an actor. A second John Philip Kemble with such disadvantage would be sternly rebuffed in any attempt to procure an engagement in a first-class theatre; and even if he gained an appearance, it would insure his rejection from the public. It is a fault, also, which a man may possess without being himself aware of its existence. A defective ear will sometimes occasion it. Fright often produces it, and even a mismanagement of the breath will occasion it in speakers who are sufficiently educated to know where the aspirate ought to be placed or omitted. Moreover, this is a fault which delicacy forbids most men from noticing to the possessor, consequently its commission is often fatally persevered in for want of a friendly reprover; and an otherwise clever man may nightly expose himself to ridicule, where he might prove an ornament and an attraction.

Fortunately for Howard, his defect found a timely monitor, and the actor had not only good sense enough to receive the lesson in the friendly spirit with which it was dictated, but the resolution to apply it to the extinction of the fault in question. He was, however, many months accomplishing it.

His success in *Scornton* did not advance his interest with the management, for we find him continually playing parts of very minor importance, when one of those chances opened before him which few men are fortunate enough to meet in the onset of their career. It arose from the impression made upon the late Frederick Yates, while starring at Brighton, by a new piece, entitled "*Amalderac*," which was produced there, and which the Adelphi manager thought calculated to serve his interests in London. He was at that time co-lessee with his partner Mr. Gladstone of the Pavilion Theatre, and he wrote word to that gentleman to take instant steps for securing the piece just mentioned as a treat for the east-enders. This was effected; but when the time arrived for putting it into rehearsal, Mr. Gladstone discovered that he had no one in his company capable of filling a highly important character of the Zanga school, which the author had introduced, and which was one requiring the most powerful display of almost every passion that can agitate the human bosom. Fortunately for young Howard, the author was the same gentleman we have mentioned as having taken an interest in his welfare at the Queen's, and no sooner had Mr. Gladstone mentioned the dilemma he was in, than Lancaster at once recommended him to engage Mr. Howard. The manager acted upon this advice, and our hero speedily found himself transferred to the boards of the Pavilion, with a doubled salary, and an engagement to lead the business. •

His friend gave him every instruction in the part, and on the production of the piece he produced such an impression that he was

loudly called for at the end, and at once elevated to the pinnacle of public favour in that quarter of the metropolis.

"*Amalderac*" had a brilliant run, and Howard nightly improved in popularity. It was the first time he had ever possessed the opportunity of trying the full effect of his powerful voice, and he certainly made admirable use of it. He had now also learned to govern his tones; so that the monotony before complained of almost entirely disappeared. When the run of the piece was over Mr. Gladstone had a dispute with the proprietors of the theatre, which occasioned him to secede from its management, and the property fell into the hands of Mr. Thompson Townsend. After that it was opened by a committee of actors, and so it went on from bad to worse, until eventually it was closed altogether. Poor Howard was now rather awkwardly situated. He had never received his full salary since the departure of Mr. Gladstone, and now he was without any salary at all—such is the fate of actors! at one period enjoying the sunshine of prosperity; at another, steeped to the lips in indigence. At one moment the favourite of the town, and in the next shelved and forgotten! In brief, there is no walk in life so precarious.

Howard, notwithstanding the difficulties under which he struggled, was far from regretting his secession from the Queen's Theatre. He felt that he had *advanced* himself in the profession, and he looked forward with hope to the future. After a short struggle with poverty, he succeeded in gaining an engagement under Osbaldiston at the City Theatre, Norton Folgate, where he was condemned for a time to chew the cud of disappointment and mortification. He never had the opportunity of playing a single part of importance while there, for the various authors who wrote for the theatre were so intent upon bringing out the talents of Miss Vincent, Mr. Dunn, the comedian, and Mr. Osbaldiston, that the other members of the company were favoured if either of them had half-a-dozen lines to speak in a new piece. Howard, as we have already intimated, shared no better than the rest. He continued night after night to play a series of insignificant villains, without even a variety of characteristic to impart the least degree of novelty or interest to his transition from one part to another; and so weary and disgusted did he at length become, that he applied to almost every theatre in London for a release from his irksome position. In these applications he entirely failed; the only place where he was even listened to was at the Standard Theatre, in Shoreditch, where he probably might have obtained an engagement but for the unfriendly offices of a member of the establishment who nourished an ill-will against him. He was thus condemned to linger on in his dissatisfying and unpleasant condition. But how true it is that most of the apparent misfortunes of life are in reality the stepping-stones to success! The man of experience or one read in history need not be informed of this; but to him who is apt to look on the shaded side of events, the instance about to be adduced will form a cheering illustration of the fact. Howard, whilst, as he thought, *wasting his time* in the most inglorious inactivity, was, in reality, qualifying himself for a future rise. As he had no long parts to distract his attention, he naturally turned it to what passed in the theatre, and he soon found admirable scope for useful observation in the system of man-

agement pursued by Osbaldiston and his style of acting. We do not mean to infer that Mr. O. is a first-rate tragedian, for he lacks fire, but he is certainly one of the best *readers* of an author that we have. He has sense, judgment, and education; is a good elocutionist, and would make as efficient a tutor in a college for actors as could be required. By sedulously attending to his delivery, therefore, Howard insensibly acquired lessons of the utmost value in his art. He gained an accession of ideas which he before wanted, and began more fully to comprehend the beauties and meaning of dramatic poetry. Added to this, he gathered many valuable hints from his manager in the difficult art of stage-management. Mr. Osbaldiston has a keen, artistical eye, and is an excellent judge of effect: consequently few are greater adepts in the "getting-up" of a piece, and it would have been strange, indeed, if, in such a school, Howard had failed to gain the modicum of knowledge which he was on a future occasion called upon to exercise. Still, all this did not occasion an increase in Howard's salary, or procure him better parts, and he now became morose and broken-hearted; for the young cannot bear these things like men who have been long tried in the world. He also became more nervous than ever, and if he happened to be cast a longer part than usual, he experienced such an attack of stage-fright that he was rendered totally incapable of doing it justice. Reader, if you wish to experience what stage-fright is, go and commit a highway robbery, get taken to the Old Bailey, see your twelve worst enemies in the jury-box, with the shade of Judge Jefferies on the bench, and you will then have some idea of this most terrible of all feelings. Yet, even then, it will be as mild an imitation of reality as a foot asleep is of the tortures of the gout. Many of the oldest and most popular actors undergo it whenever they appear in a new piece. They feel as if the eyes of the spectators were burning holes in them, and it would be far less agony to dance a hornpipe barefooted on hot bricks or broken crockery-ware. It may be easily conceived how this dreadful malady—for so it may be termed—was likely to mar the efforts of a young actor like Howard. He felt this himself; and feeling that his sense of wrong and ill-treatment was likely to increase it, he renewed his attempts to gain an engagement elsewhere, but again without success. Fate had, however, destined Mr. Lancaster to be his benefactor; and that gentleman stepped forward just in the nick of time to turn the tide of our hero's fortunes.

The period of which we speak was peculiarised, to coin a word for the nonce, by a mania for management amidst classes and persons whose education had been anything but theatrical. This was traceable to the immense success experienced by Rouse in pushing the fortunes of his "Eagle Saloon," the history of the rise and progress of which bears a close similarity to that of all the minor theatres. He had opened his establishment as a concert-room, and after a time introduced recitations and dialogues. From these he insidiously progressed into farces and interludes; and, lastly, finding that his innovations were tolerated by the magistracy, and patronised by the public, he openly launched into every species of amusement represented at the regular theatres. His method of evading the law was ingenious. As the statute then stood, no second information against

an unlicensed theatre could be entertained while a previous one was pending; Rouse, therefore, got a friend to take out a summons against him each week (always applying for the last at the very moment the first one expired), so that, by keeping an information continually hanging, like the sword of Democles, over his own head, he prevented common informers from putting a stop to his proceedings. To avoid the shame of being thus openly eluded, and, as it were, laughed at, the magistrates even granted him a license; and he then built the splendid erection which is now licensed as a regular theatre. The effect of this step was instantaneous. Every man who could procure a license immediately turned his premises into a theatre; and, to the terror of managers, the Albert, the Yorkshire Stingo, White Conduit House, the Earl of Effingham, the Bower, and a hundred other establishments, arose to subvert the best interests of the stage, by nominally charging lower prices, but in reality gaining far higher terms than the regular houses, by forcing each customer to drink weak gin-and-water at high charges. To strengthen this usurpation, the ranks of the leaders were strengthened by the defection of regular and popular authors, actors, and actresses, from the legitimate houses to espouse the interests of their opponents. Mr. Campbell, a gentleman who had acquired thirty years' celebrity at Sadler's Wells and other established theatres, became acting manager at the Eagle. Miss Forde, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and Mr. Frazer, of Drury Lane, joined the same concern. Freer, the idol of the east-end play-goers, joined the Albert. Ellar, Saker, Edwards, and a host of other clever and eminent men followed these examples; and, after a short period, the instances became so familiar that an actor was no longer considered to have lost caste who imitated them. At this moment the fate of the drama might be said to tremble in the balance!

The excuse of these gentlemen was:—"*Kean descended from Drury Lane to the Grub Street Theatre, an unlicensed house; and John Reeve and Davidge left the Haymarket and the Surrey to do the same. Why, then, should we hesitate, when those very men were afterwards received with open arms at their old quarters?*" From this plea a deep lesson may be learned of the influence of example. But we must hasten to resume the narrative of which we have only in appearance lost sight.

Among the speculators who flooded the new theatrical field was Mr. Samuel Lane, a gentleman who made some noise at the Standard Theatre, and an unlicensed saloon. Having taken the Britannia, a house duly licensed for singing and dancing, he constructed a sumptuous theatre in the grounds appertaining to it, and formed the resolution of engaging a regular dramatic company and author, in order, as he expressed himself, "*that the public should have nothing else but the real thing.*" To his praise be it spoken, his terms were in most instances liberal, in most cases exceeding those of the Surrey; and he thus became enabled to gather together men whom, in ordinary circumstances, he would not have been able to have tempted. His dramatic writer for the season was Mr. Lancaster, to whom he also committed the task of selecting for him the best unoccupied talent that was to be found. Armed with this authority, Lancaster determined

to gratify a wish he had long nourished of bringing a few neglected members of the profession forward in life, and proving to the world how often men of real ability may have been pining in obscurity at the very time when the demand for genius has been at the highest. The first choice he made was Mr. Henry Howard, in whose powers he felt so much confidence that he at once offered him the stage-management of the concern.

The part of *Warwick*, which was the first character he sustained here, was written more in the legitimate style than any he had previously appeared in; and being written to suit his style of acting, displayed him to the highest advantage. The astounding run of this piece, and the fact of Howard being called for nightly, carried his name all over London; and while actors looked on with envy, managers began to inquire who the young aspirant was who thus drew public attention to a suburban saloon, whilst they were performing to empty benches. About this time Mr. Egerton was making up his company, and, attracted by Howard's fame, requested Mr. Neville, of the Surrey Theatre, to visit the Britannia and engage our hero, provided his abilities equalled the report of them. Mr. Neville saw him in *Warwick*, and the result was an immediate engagement; he stayed but to appear in one more new piece—"*Dibdin's Glory*"—and then departed to gather fresh laurels in the provinces.

After the Liverpool (Amphitheatre) and Manchester (Queen's) season, which consisted of some three or four months, he was engaged to "star" with that experienced and fortunate manager, Mr. Watkins Burroughs, at Chester, and, while playing there, Mr. M. H. Simpson, of the Birmingham Theatre Royal, engaged him to lead the business, on the termination of the late S. Butler's engagement. Prior to his *débût* in Birmingham he came to London, where he had an illness which threw him back very much. He appeared once at the Albert Saloon for a benefit, and then progressed to Birmingham, where he became a great favourite, an instance of which is thus related by a correspondent:—"The evening's performances were '*Love's Sacrifice*,' dancing, and '*The Dumb Man of Manchester*.' In the first piece, Butler (who 'was starring it' that week) played *Matthew Elmore*; Howard, *Paul Lafont*; and Miss Saker, *Margaret*. The three parts were admirably sustained, and at the fall of the curtain the house resounded with loud calls of 'Howard,' 'Butler,' 'Miss Saker.' Butler, being the 'star' of the evening, appeared first, leading on Miss Saker; they were warmly greeted; but scarcely had they made their bows when the vociferations of 'Howard, Howard,' were renewed with ten-fold violence. He did not, however, appear; and, after a lapse of about ten minutes, the curtain ascended, and on came (if I recollect rightly) Mr. W. Rignold and Mrs. Webb for a Scotch dance. Words cannot convey an idea of the yells, hisses, and uproar that ensued, and which continued until the curtain was lowered, and a strange and unknown figure, most miserably attired, with soleless shoes, *sans* stockings, a dreadfully crushed 'tile,' and, in short, the very incarnation of ragged wretchedness, appeared at the stage door, and advancing a few steps towards the foot-lights, cast a half-imploring, half-abashed look at the audience. For a moment the storm of voices were hushed, and the queer figure contemplated with feel-

ings of fun, curiosity, and conjecture. He raised his hat, and had just uttered the words, 'Ladies and gentlemen,' when the features and voice were recognised, and such a roar of laughter, mingled with clapping of hands, followed, as I never heard before within the walls of a theatre. It was Howard, dressed, as the mendicant, *Edward Wilton*, in the last piece, or, I should rather say, *undressed*, for his 'unmentionables' were without braces, and were held up by one hand, his mud-besprinkled coat had only one arm in it, his face was ghastly pale, a beard of apparently three weeks' growth, and a large black patch over his right eye. In a few words he explained, that having to dress hastily for the last piece, and (I think he said) the dressing-rooms being at some distance from the stage, he had not, till that moment, been made aware of the compliment which the audience had paid him. He concluded by getting close to the stage door, and then, 'gathering up his rags,' and assuming the *soi-disant* pathetic look and tone of the well-known street orators and 'broken-down tradesmen,' who have 'got no vork to do,' and who are so often met with in the streets of all large towns (and particularly Birmingham), said, 'I do assure you, most respectable people, it is truly painful to my feelings to appear before you in this ere disgraceful and degradin' situation;' he then, with a most comical bow, disappeared amid convulsions of merriment."

In this town he remained two seasons, and became a great favourite with the play-goers. This was Mr. Howard's last provincial engagement, and, on the termination of which, he was engaged by Mr. W. Batty for the re-opening of Astley's Amphitheatre, in 1843, making his *débût* in Mr. George Almar's (Elmer) successful Spectacle "*Affghanistan War.*" When the period at which the season usually terminated approached, Mr. Howard, not being aware that the future license for the theatre would extend throughout the entire year, made terms with Mr. Conquest, and seceded to the Garrick Theatre, where he was very popular and much respected by the management. He afterwards fulfilled an engagement with D. W. Osbaldiston at the Victoria, and is now leading the business for N. I...e, at the Standard Theatre, where the most appalling and wo... melo-drama forms the staple commodity of entertainment. In ... ungenial atmosphere of blood, blue-fire, and rant, he has but litt... scope for the exercise of his abilities in the higher walks of his art; but we are not without hope of seeing him speedily transfered to better ground than the regions of Shoreditch; and we are positive such managers as Mr. Phelps or Mr. Maddox would find our hero a great acquisition to either Sadler's Wells or the Princess's—a removal which his talents assuredly merit.

Mr. Howard is about five feet nine in height, and possesses a manly, well formed figure. His voice is at once powerful and harmonious, and rendered by practice tolerably flexible. His features are remarkably handsome, and he is well suited to fill the eye and ear pleasingly. Legitimate tragedy is decidedly his *forte*, but he has much to learn before he takes a lead in a large house. We mean seriously in saying that the aid of a dancing and fencing-master would be serviceable to him, as his port, despite the advantages of figure, is ungainly, and he wants dignity. This is never more ap-

parent than when he has to unbend in a kingly character. These, however, are trifling drawbacks. The germ is in him, and it will be his own fault if he do not blossom according to promise. Let him cultivate his talents, natural and acquired, and we doubt not of his becoming one of the best actors in his line. He must, however, avoid the saloons as an experienced pilot avoids shoals and breakers.

THOMAS MARSHALL.

September 29th, 1847.

LITERARY PENSIONS.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has, in the most prompt and gracious manner, conferred a pension of 200*l.* per annum on the widow and family of the late Dr. Chalmers. *Mr. Leigh Hunt.*—The general literary world will also rejoice to learn, even at this late day, that a pension of 200*l.* a-year has been granted to Mr. Leigh Hunt. *The Children of Thos. Hood* have also had their just claims upon the country acknowledged by the continuance of the pension of 100*l.* to them, which was so ephemerally enjoyed by their parents. Poor Hood died a few months after the grant in 1844, and his widow in 1846. Lord John Russell has shown the greatest kindness towards these two orphans, and when first the lapse of the original pension was brought to his notice, it was not within his power to renew the grant on the children, the whole fund at his disposal for that year having been expended; but he presented a gift of 100*l.* from the royal bounty, and he has now carried into full effect his benevolent purpose by this prompt recognition of the literary distinction of T. Hood. Tom Hood the younger is at the University College School, where he has already distinguished himself. *Father Mathew* has also been awarded a pension of 300*l.* a-year, in consideration of his services for the promotion of morality.

While talking of these matters, it may be remarked that the system of literary pensions now in vogue is likely to undergo a complete revision early in the ensuing session. Lord John Manners has intimated his determination to take up the matter, and there is little doubt he will be supported by a large majority of the house. Preparatory to this movement, Mr. Duncombe has obtained an order for the returns containing the names of all persons to whom pensions have been granted since the establishment of the separate fund of 1,200*l.*, specifying the grounds on which they have been granted, to the 20th of June last; also, of all pensions, granted as above, which have fallen in, whether by death or the resignation of the recipients. Mr. Duncombe endeavoured to procure from the Minister a statement of the names of applicants for pensions and the grounds of refusal; but Lord John Russell, with a delicacy somewhat over squeamish, refused to afford the information sought for. Among the unsuccessful applicants has been Mr. Sheridan Knowles for a considerable time back. People are disposed to ask why?—especially when they find such delightful evidences of frugality as those that figured in the last returns, where certain gentlemen are rewarded in the middle of the nineteenth century because their ancestors assisted

Charles the Second to escape from England three hundred years before.

Lord John Russell—say the newspapers—has offered Mr. Sheridan Knowles 100*l.* This is perfectly true. It is equally true that Mr. Knowles, disgusted with the paltriness of the sum, indignantly refused it. Assuredly the offer was small enough; but then, it must be remembered, the munificence of the English Government allows only 1,200*l.* a-year in pensions for the reward of art, science, and literature. Lord John's apology may be this—he had no more than the 100*l.* to offer. But why, it may be asked, do not the Whigs—those great-souled lovers of art and letters—come before Parliament, and ask for larger funds? They are never mealy-mouthed when they require a pension, or an enlargement of pension, for any royal or political personage. They are only hesitating, modest, cautious with the public money when it is merely genius that, in approaching old age, languishes and starves. Mr. Knowles may be truly considered the victim of Whig apathy and Whig jobbing. At this moment he ought to enjoy the place of Deputy-Licenser, since we must have such an anomaly in our boasted freedom of press and freedom of speech. But no; the Whigs permitted Mr. Charles Kemble to nominally remove the office from himself to his son John, in whose knowledge of Saxon a stonger claim was recognised (for we know no other) to the post of Licenser of Plays, than in the fact that Mr Knowles was merely the writer of "*Virginius*" and the "*Hunchback.*" It is true, that at a late hour Mr. Leigh Hunt has received a pension, and will get back some of his own money paid, years ago, to the Tories. Yet has the grant been so long deferred that we cannot but suspect that the Whigs were at length quickened in their justice by the fact that Mr. Hunt's claims upon the gratitude of the country were about to be advocated in a manner not altogether agreeable to the feelings of a Whig Cabinet on the eve of an election; when even smallest graces on the part of a Government go for something. To return to Mr. Knowles. We hope that his case will be publicly discussed by the people of the various cities and towns that from time to time have, we know, pressed his claims upon the Minister.

ERRATA.—In page 179, read the "snuff-box" as presented to Mr. Davidge, and not to Mr. C. Bass; ditto, read *clear* for clean in third line of Mr. Davidge's letter. In page 182, read *Mr. Marshall* for C. F. Marshall, and in same page, third line of song, read, If absence *no* sad, for the sad.